

Birthday Girl

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29120910) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29120910>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	방탄소년단 Bangtan Boys BTS
Relationship:	Min Yoongi Suga/Reader , Min Yoongi Suga/Original Female Character(s) , Min Yoongi Suga/You
Character:	Min Yoongi Suga
Additional Tags:	Noona Kink , Romance , One Night Stands , Noona Romance , First Time , Fluff and Smut
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-01 Completed: 2021-10-13 Chapters: 14/14 Words: 79625

Birthday Girl

by [btsarmy9593](#)

Summary

you have a one night stand on your birthday. you're pretty sure it's a one night stand.
but then there's texting, and dating, and...feelings.

Notes

warnings: first time, blood (a little), protected sex, fingering, hand job (i actually cannot believe i'm listing these things), awkward conversations about these very things, realism and unrealism, kissing, touching, foreplay, yoongi looking like that(!),

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Birthday Girl Pt. 1

“Slow down,” you breathe, desperately trying to say the words properly. It’s difficult, with his teeth lightly scraping the skin of your neck. You know your neck is sensitive, but for some reason every touch of his lips, tongue and teeth sends shocks through your system like the one time you’d tried to fix a light switch.

But better.

“Hmm?” He hears you, lifts his head to meet your gaze. It’s dark and you regret the choice of rendezvous venue as you want to see him under lights, every facet of him illuminated for your starving eyes.

“I need...you to slow down.” Your words are clearer this time, you hope. Never mind that you are speaking in a breathy voice, the one your acting teacher said was the ‘orgasmic voice’ and never to use in a scene.

Even with the lack of light, you can see those feline eyes of his squint with confusion. “Slow down? Do you not want to...?”

“I do.” God, you are so eager and not cool about this. “I really do, I just...” How do you explain this? Should you explain it? He’s clearly here for one thing and one thing only.

And that is not to hear your backstory.

He tosses his head to get the few strands of midnight black hair out of his eye. It’s swept back, his forehead, pale skin on display. When you’d seen him across the dance floor, you’d almost swallowed your tongue.

No one should be that beautiful.

He wasn’t dancing then, or now. But with a tumbler in hand, the liquid dark, he seemed to be watching someone else on the dance floor. A woman, most likely. One infinitely prettier than you, entirely younger than you for sure.

At your age, everyone seems younger.

“You should go talk to him,” your best friend says in your ear. You jump at her voice, having forgotten that you were out for your birthday, going dancing on your request because it had been so long and you love dancing. You love the freedom of not caring when the rest of your life is piles and piles of care. “Ask him to dance.”

“Are you looking at him?” you shoot back, before taking a gulp of your cocktail. “If I wanted a picture for the definition of ‘out of my league’ all I need is my camera and him.”

She snorted. “You never know unless you try.”

You look back at the man, who is now smiling, obviously at whoever is on the dance floor that has him entranced.

“I don’t know if my ego can take rejection.”

“Don’t you mean your libido?”

You glare at her, but she laughs, reminding you that this is your very best friend who loves you now and even when you were both stupid college freshmen; you the overdramatic one, she the nerdy quiet one.

“Where is your husband?”

She points down the bar to her equally nerdy, but loving husband who is paying for your drinks. He seems to know you both are talking about him and he looks over. With a crooked grin, he waves at you both.

“Go on,” she encourages you again. “You’ll regret it, you know you will.”

She’s right. She’s usually right. You take another way too big swig of your drink, finishing it up in a stupid amount of time.

“You both will still be here when I return broken and embarrassed?”

“Of course.” You love that she doesn’t deny your cynical words. She’s known you for twenty years, she’s used to it. Straightening your shoulders (you can hear your mother’s voice in your head about posture), you start toward him.

At least you feel like you look pretty. For you anyway. If he’s had a lot to drink, you might look easily like an eight with blurred vision. For now, you think you’re probably a six.

As you skirt the edges of the writhing crowd, you feel the pull of the dance floor. If he says no (when he says no and laughs at you), you’ll go and dance anyway. You’re usually better without a partner. Most men have no rhythm and you do. A little.

You get bumped by one very enthusiastic dancer and it causes you to look down to make sure you’re okay. When you look up, his eyes are on you.

They are so dark.

In the rules of clubbing (as much as you have learned the twenty times you’ve gone in as many years), if you make eye contact for more than half a second, the guy takes this as invitation. To approach you, try and dance with you, maybe more with you.

He doesn’t.

In fact, he cocks his head to the side, like he isn’t sure why you’re looking at him. Then he sips whatever drink he’s been working on the whole time you’ve been aware of him. But his eyes don’t leave you.

That’s a good sign, right?

You’re close, you have to weave through people now to get to him. He has gone back to watching the crowd, now leaning back against the wall like this is a normal thing to do at a club.

“Hi.”

You’re a foot away from him, to his right and that’s the best you can do?

He turns from whatever or whoever holds his attention to you. He’s even more beautiful up close, the flawless pale skin, dark eyes and hair. The perfectly curved pink lips. You think he might have on some makeup which is surprising to you, but you like it. You like that he’s probably better at

makeup than you are.

He nods to respond to your hello. He doesn't look disgusted, but he doesn't really look interested either.

"Wanna dance?" Your voice squeaked, you heard it. You know your face is flushed, both from alcohol and this whole embarrassing yourself thing. "It's my birthday."

His lips part at the admission. "Yeah?"

His voice is low, and gravelly. For a man who looks more delicate than harsh, his voice is a contrast.

"Yeah. Do you dance?"

He shrugs one shoulder as he stands up from the wall. He hasn't laughed at you yet, or dismissed you. This is encouraging.

"On occasion." He cuts the distance between you by a few inches.

"So, would you like to?"

He drinks the rest of his glass and sets it down on a side table. He holds his hand out to you.

You stare at it in fascination.

"Come on, birthday girl," he says, wiggling his fingers. You nod, swallowing, and take his hand. He pulls you toward the crowd, seeming comfortable with the change in his plans. He bumps shoulders with a guy, a bright, laughing guy. You wonder if this is who he was watching earlier. The bright guy glances at you in between spinning a girl away and grabbing another to dance with. He smiles at you, a happy, delighted grin that makes you smile back even before you can tell yourself not to.

"My friend," your dance partner tells you, his mouth at your ear. You freeze, unaware he'd gotten that close. You turn to face him, and he lets go of your hand to rest both hands on your hips.

It's like fire.

He's a good dancer, letting you set the distance between you, or so you think. But as the hip sways and undulations continue, you feel his chest at your back and you know that he is as much a part of this getting closer as you are.

"Are you gonna tell me how old you are?" he asks in your ear. You shake your head, adamant. "I can guess."

You shake your head again then bite your lower lip when his mouth touches your bared shoulder.

"Come with me," he whispers.

So here you are, with your back pressed against a wall, outside the club, a foot from a streetlight, but clothed in darkness for privacy. Your best friend saw you leave with him and held up her phone to remind you that she's there if you need her.

"Tell me," he says in that same soft dark voice. "Slow down?"

You laugh to deflect your embarrassment. "I just, um...this doesn't happen very much and I want to

savor it. Every second, millisecond.” You give him a weak smile. “So I can remember for a long time.”

There’s a slight grin in response. “Okay.” He ducks his head again, mouth at your neck, tongue wetting your skin. You moan and clutch his arms as though he will anchor you.

“What, um, what is your name?” you ask when he comes up for air. His hair is mess (your fault) and his lips are so red you want to suck on them forever.

“Yoongi.” He grasps your chin with his hand so you won’t look away (why would you?). “Yours?”

You say it as he scoots closer, aligning his body with yours. You shudder at the slight weight, the pressure, the insistence of his lower half.

“I like your name,” he says, brushing your hair out of your face.

“I like yours too.” You cup his face in your hands, fingers tracing every curve of his cheeks, nose, sharp eyebrows and lips. “You’re absolutely gorgeous.”

The eyebrows rise up. “Yeah?”

You nod. He turns his head to kiss your palm.

“Same goes, pretty birthday girl.”

Every time he says ‘girl’ something inside you feels wrong. You love it and yet you feel deceitful. He grinds into you and you close your eyes, feeling things that are new and scary and wonderful.

“Yoongi, I think...I should tell you something.”

“Okay.” He takes advantage of your closed eyes to kiss each lid, lightly, as one hand unzips the side zipper of your dress to heat your skin with his warm hands. His fingers lazily follow the curve of your waist as you open your eyes.

“My age. If we’re going to...” You can’t even say it. You’ve been an adult for so long and you can’t say it. “You should know.”

“I can see the grey,” he replies, touching your hair with his other hand. “It’s pretty. Kind of looks like moonlight in the club.”

“I’ve been growing it out.”

“You don’t have to tell me.” He kisses you. “It doesn’t matter.” This is said against your lips, words that he’s letting you taste. He hums as though you need a serenade.

“You sure?” Your voice is a whimper.

“Mmmhmmm.”

“Well, there’s another thing.”

He lifts his head, and you wonder if you’ve annoyed him. “I’m clean.” There is no annoyance, and he’s so calm. How is he so calm?

“Yeah me too, because well...” You have to say it. Good communication, right? “I’ve never--”

Now the eyebrows really shoot up. “No?”

You shake your head. “No.”

He half-laughs incredulously. “Look at you. Why not?” You open your mouth, but he shakes his head. “Not my business. Sorry. But....you sure? With me?”

“Please?”

He takes you to his place: a big, run-down house that he shares with a few guys. You send the address by text to your best friend and she replies with several thumbs up emojis. He greets the guy who is playing some video game in the living room, decked in only shorts on the couch. The guy looks up and sees you, but goes back to his game.

Yoongi never lets go of your hand.

You took a subway to get here, sitting next to him under the harsh lights. He watched you as you fiddled with the strap on your purse. Under these lights, you knew the grey was very noticeable as were the faint lines marking your face.

But he’s still holding your hand.

“You can say no,” he said. “I’ll make sure you get home.”

“You’re too nice.”

He grinned then, this wide grin of teeth and gums and it makes him seem younger, more innocent. Ironical since you’re the inexperienced one.

“You just let me feel you up outside the club. I can be nice.”

He chuckled as your face heated, but he squeezed your hand.

“You’re cute.”

His house is a mess, not dirty per se, just messy with clothes and stuff around. He’s leading you down a hallway.

“Drink?”

“I’m okay.”

He looks back at you as he stops outside a door. “Sure?”

He is so beautiful, both amusement and concern in his eyes, that you can’t help but lean in to kiss him, fascinated by the shape of his lips, hoping to commit them to memory. He responds, tongue slipping past your lips as he turns the doorknob and backs into the room. He pushes you against the door to make sure it shuts.

He takes your other hand in his, just holding them both.

“You had your hand in a fist,” he says, explaining. “Relax.”

You laugh, but it's a little hysterical. "Sure, sure."

He grins again, kissing your cheek as your breath stutters.

"So, since it's your birthday, what do you like?" He leans back to give you space, though you're still pressed against the door.

"Um? Like cake?"

He laughs, before shaking his head, his eyes crinkling with mirth. "I don't have any cake in the house. I meant..." His hand moves to push down one of your dress straps, and along with it, your bra strap.

"Oh."

He clicks his tongue at the indentation left by the set of straps and kisses the grooves, licks them and you whimper.

"So you like that."

"I like weight."

He looks up at you. "Weight?"

"Um, on me." Your face must be redder than a stoplight at this point. "I like touching."

"Yeah, me too," he teases and takes you by the hands again, leading you over to his bed. His room isn't big, and it's covered in books, and papers. Clothing is folded, but in a laundry basket. There's a guitar case in a corner and some electronic set up on his desk that means nothing to you.

He sits on the end of his bed, his thumbs rubbing circles into your palms.

"What do you do?"

He tugs your hands to sit next to him. "Graduate school, bookstore, sell plasma and produce music." He smiles as though that isn't too much for one person.

"That's a lot."

"You?"

"It's pretty boring."

"You're not boring." He holds one hand in his lap, massaging it. You don't know how he knows just how good it feels.

"Professor. Assistant."

"That's not boring."

"Oh, if you saw the papers I grade, you would disagree."

He chuckles before kissing your shoulder again. "You taste good."

"So do you," you say. "I don't know what to do, beyond kissing, by the way."

He bites you and you yelp before he looks up, gaze dark with heat.

“So I get to teach you?”

“I guess?”

He presses his hand against your shoulder, coaxing you to lay back. You do, trying to gracefully move up the bed. His eyes watch the hem of your dress as it keeps going up. You move to pull it down, but he grabs your hand to stop you.

“But--”

“I wanna see.”

It’s just your legs. You don’t think anyone has seen so much of them other than your doctor. He climbs up once your head is on his pillows. He sets one hand on your thigh and the other on the bed to brace himself above you.

“So...you get to say stop at any time, okay? And I’ll stop.”

You nod, wondering if you have a double chin in this position. His hand tightens on your thigh and you tremble.

“Okay,” you say. “Will you tell me what you like?”

“I’ll like anything, birthday girl,” he rumbles before settling in between your legs. Your eyes flutter at the weight of him on top of you. “Good?”

“So good.”

He half-smiles at you before moving to meet your lips with his. His other hand cups your neck, his thumb rubbing along your throat. You don’t realize it, too entranced by every swipe of his tongue, nip of his teeth, but you’ve wrapped your legs around his narrow waist, instinctually holding him close.

“So,” he murmurs against your mouth. “I’m gonna touch you now, okay?” His hand on your thigh is dangerously close.

“Do you want to?” You wrinkle your nose. “I mean--”

“Yeah, I do.” He presses a quick kiss to your lips before his hand slides beneath your underwear. You go rigid. “Relax.”

“You say that like it’s easy.”

He laughs, his face in the curve of your neck and shoulder. “I’ll be gentle.” One finger touches you there and you make a noise. “Okay?”

“I think so?”

You feel his shoulders shaking with laughter. He is gentle, you’ll give him that, but it’s so odd that it takes a little while before you get it. Why he’s doing it and why you might like it.

You do like it.

“Oh shit.” A feeling, one that you’ve felt in small doses and have ignored and waited to fade starts to build. His fingers (there’s two now) are doing something that you can’t describe, but it’s a lot and you’re pretty sure this is what you’ve read about, seen in movies and heard others speak about.

“Yoongi.”

“It’s all good,” he says, mouthing your neck as you stiffen. Everything is feeling like it’s speeding up, building in your body with your heart pounding, your stomach tensing, all in anticipation for something, something out there.

He does something with his fingers and it happens.

It happens, the elusive thing that everyone and their fucking mother talks about, and you aren’t sure your body can handle it. It shudders like an earthquake and there are aftershocks. You can’t breathe, but you’re breathing and all you’re aware of is the bliss and his mouth still on your neck.

“Oh wow.”

He snickers, removing his hand and wiping it on the sheets before getting up on his knees to hover over you.

“Yeah?”

You’re staring up at him and his smug little grin. “Is that...that?”

“Yeah.” He does that head tilt thing. “Wait, you haven’t?”

“No.”

“Damn. You’re just letting me have all your firsts.”

You blush, but he kisses you before sitting back on his heels and removing his shirt, unbuttoning it and tossing it to the floor. You sit up, shakily, hands reaching out to touch him. He lets you, lets you trace each curve, ridge, and plane of his chest and sides. He shivers once or twice and you go back to those places to see if he’ll shiver again.

“I can...” You nod toward his pants.

“Have you done that?”

You huff. “I think you should just assume I haven’t. With anyone or anything.”

He licks his lips, the irrepressible grin unable to be contained. “Okay.” He takes your hands and leads them to the button on his jeans. You undo them, your fingers tremble a little. The zipper goes down and you do the same with the pants. He takes your hand again and sets it there, over the fabric of his boxers. You breathe in through your teeth.

“You’re...hard.”

He snorts a laugh before getting off the bed to shed his jeans and boxers. You stare.

“Still good?” he asks.

“Think so.”

He climbs back on, taking your hand again. You grasp carefully, more worried that you’ll do something wrong. He makes a sound that you can’t interpret. You move to let go, but his hand closes over yours.

“You’re fine.” His voice is lower than possible and he guides your hand on the correct motion, the correct pressure. It’s interesting, and odd. You aren’t really sure you enjoy it, but he really does and that seems to make it okay by you.

The sounds he makes, eyes closing, head back are all fascinating. You’ve seen this in imitation in films, read idealized versions in books, but the actual is both beyond your imagination and also very mundane.

Eventually he pulls your hand away and you look at him in surprise.

“Dress, off,” he says in that low voice of gravel. You wonder if what he was drinking made his voice like that or if this is always how he talks. It’s both comforting and absurdly sexy.

“Dress off?” you repeat like a parrot, but then his words sink in. “Um. Sure?”

He pulls you to your knees on the bed, fingers grasping the hem of your dress. “Damn sure.” and without giving you more of a warning, he strips it up and off of you. Your arms instinctively cross over your chest and stomach. You’re aware that your arms offer little shield to anyone’s eyes, but you are no flawless canvas for admiration. You have marks, etches in your skin that tell the history of good and bad choices.

Can a stranger even see the story told?

“Hardly fair,” he says, taking one arm and pulling it from your chest. “I’m naked and you’re not.” His eyes seem bright with gentle hilarity. So you undo your bra, wanting immediately to lay down so your body might be shown at its best. But you don’t.

His eyes drop to your underwear and the eyebrows raise in a question ‘those too, right?’. And you peel those off, embarrassed by how damp they are.

“Hey birthday girl,” he whispers, drawing your gaze back to him and not at the discarded clothes on his bedroom floor. He’s leaned in, lips breaths away from yours, hands lightly drawing down your arms to your thighs. “Kiss me?”

His lips are parted, and even in the mostly dark bedroom, they’re pink and it’s easy to surge forward to kiss him. To put your arms around his neck as he pulls you close, making you gasp with skin on skin contact. He’s warm, skin soft over firm, but your brain is beginning to sputter as the movement of his tongue in your mouth brings back that build.

Then you feel him, and your head jerks back, eyes wide. Pressing at your most vulnerable, and you force yourself not to move away. It’s reflex, to pull away from intimacy. Years of protecting and shielding.

His hands rub up and down your back, soothing. You relax a smidge.

“Should...we get a condom?”

He smiles at your faltering, mouth taking yours again as he hums his agreement.

“I mean, I’m not...on any birth control.”

His smile gets wider. “Guess you’ve never needed it.” He tilts his head toward the nightstand. “In the drawer.” He loosens his hold on you so you can reach over to open the drawer. There’s a box

and you see it's got a ripped opening, and you wonder what person made him disregard the package's actual opening, desperation apparent. You wonder if he remembers that person. If he'll remember you.

You pull out the foil package and offer it to him. He doesn't take it, watching you with what you would call fondness if you'd known him for more than a couple hours. His thumbs are enjoying the curve of your hip bones.

"Guys like it when you put it on," he tells you, voice hushed.

"I feel like I should be taking notes," you reply, both truthful and in need of some levity. He chuckles as you open the package, though your hands are trembling.

"I'm sure I have a notebook around here somewhere."

You look up from the open foil to his face. You're struck again at his beauty, how you wish you were an artist, a creator instead of a repeater (for what is teaching but sharing what's already been?). To try and capture the slope of his nose, the roundness of his cheeks, the sharp figure of his eyes and the hills and valleys of his lips.

"Did I lose you?"

You pull out the rolled latex and set the empty packet on his nightstand. With trepidation, you roll it on him, trying not to touch him too much, despite already being familiar with his length, ridges and heat.

Should you ask for permission? You're still not sure if you like it just because or like it because he does.

"I like your hands on me."

You bite your lower lip at the suggestion in his words and finish the unrolling. You don't pull away, letting your fingers again trace him. The condom isn't like the velvet of his skin.

"Are you still okay?"

You nod. "Should I lay down?"

He kisses you. "Probably best. I'll be gentle." His brow furrows with worry and as you lay back, he follows you, hovering, hands braced on the bed. You smooth his forehead with your fingers.

"I trust you."

They're simple words, but something flashes in his eyes at them. A heat, one hotter than you've seen. He takes your mouth aggressively before sliding in. You tense at the intrusion.

"Relax, jagi," he mumbles on your lips. You kiss him back, hands on his shoulders to collapse him to you. You want that weight back.

He does and the rest of him goes in.

It hurts and though you try to hold in your gasp of pain, he hears it and immediately lifts his head from your chest to kiss you.

"I'm sorry." You feel the words more than hear them.

His chest on yours feels good and the pain, the sharpness of it subsides. His mouth leaves yours and finds your breast and you arch up.

“Oh my--” you cut yourself off because you’re not really sure you should be invoking a deity right at this moment.

His laugh is on your skin, his tongue wet. Breathing is difficult.

“I’m gonna move now.”

“Yep, okay,” the squeak is back in your voice and when he moves, you feel full. Oddly, like this is an attaining you never realized you wanted. You’ve wanted sex, sure. But this sensation feels complete.

“Okay?”

You meet his eyes. He’s moving slowly and you can tell it’s not easy in the movement of his jaw muscle, the wrinkles in between his eyebrows.

“Yoongi.” You raise up, one wince from the soreness, and kiss him. “Keep going.”

He moves quicker, an out and in and it is so strange, but so normal. Your body recognizes the act though it’s never experienced it. He mutters compliments, words like ‘tight’ and ‘good’ and you hope so. You hope it’s good for him.

You hope that you aren’t bad at this.

“It helps if you move up to meet me.” His husky voice slides over you like English toffee, all warm and dark. You lift your hips, trying to follow his rhythm and after a few mismatched meetings, you think you’re doing it right. Because he groans and hisses out a ‘that’s right.’

His fingers reach for a place and you whimper at the touch. You enjoy the strokes, the way he fills and brushes inside you, but you can tell it’s not like earlier. The tension is present, but it’s not growing. Then the pads of his fingers brush just there and you shudder.

Your fingernails dig into his back and he goes faster, fingers working and you’re making sounds you’re sure you’ve never made before: whimpers, moans, high pitched whines. You want to keep your eyes open to watch him, to sense everything going on, but they shut as the speeding train in your body gets closer to the wall.

His hits first. Your eyes pop open and you see the expression of release, the tremor through his frame, the pinched-shut eyes. He collapses again, without your help and you let out an ‘oof’.

“I’m sorry.” It’s several minutes before he speaks.

“What on earth for?”

He giggles, turning his head so his mouth is no longer on your shoulder. “You didn’t come.”

“Oh.” That’s why you feel off. A little unfinished.

“Give me another few, and I’ll eat you out.”

The bluntness of his words startle you. “What?”

He laughs against, mouthing at your collarbone. “You know what that means.”

“I do.” You are extensively read after all. “But...I don’t...”

He lifts his head just a touch so you can both look at each other. “Too much?”

You nod, a little shamefully.

He kisses your cheek before dropping back on your chest. “No worries. Next time. You like my fingers, though?”

Your mind is still stuck on ‘next time,’ but you answer his question. “Um, yes. You don’t have to. I already--”

“I want to.” He rubs his face against your skin like an animal would and it’s so soft that you melt.

He rolls over, pulling out of you and you react at the loss, your muscles stiffening. He rubs your arm before getting up to remove the condom. You sit up, scrambling for the sheet to cover you as he slips back on his boxers. He looks back at you, grinning before crawling back on the bed. He pulls the sheet away playfully before resting next to you.

“Really, Yoongi, I’m just fine and--”

He kisses your jaw when his fingers go back in, seeking the place that undoes you.

“You’re so cute, birthday girl.” His eyes are at half-mast, contentedness making him glow. You’ve gripped his upper arm as he continues his ministrations, not in a hurry.

Your once in a lifetime experience happens for a second time and you can’t help but hide your face in his chest when he’s done. When you’re done.

“I’m gonna clean you up, okay?”

You acquiesce, still breathing heavily into him. He drops a kiss on your hair before leaving the bed and disappearing out the door. You take the minutes that pass to calm down, to take stock in your surroundings. The sheets all twisted and damp. The scent of musk, sweat, and sex.

This is what sex smells like.

You roll onto your back and look at his ceiling.

Now what?

Your phone is still in your purse and you start to move when you realize that you hurt. You sit up too fast, dizzy, but search in the sheets.

It’s just a bit, but it’s blood.

You get off the bed and start to strip the sheets, horrified at the mess left behind. You know you’re probably panicking, but you can’t help it.

When the door opens again, your arms are full of sheets.

“What are you doing?” he asks, head cocked to the side.

“I...cleaning?”

You’re also still naked. Though the sheets hide most of you.

He walked over to you, wet washcloth in one hand and towel in the other. He pushes down the sheets so they fall. He leads you back to the bed, only letting go to lay down the towel, and then he maneuvers you onto it before kneeling in front of you.

You are frozen in embarrassment.

“How much do you hurt?” He pushes your legs apart gently and you try to relax. He wipes your sensitive skin, removing remnants. He stares and you don’t understand.

“Why are you looking?”

He lifts his gaze to yours and rises up on his knees, hands on your thighs and you’re being kissed thoroughly.

“Do you still hurt?”

“A little.”

“You should go to the bathroom.”

“I should?”

He grins, cupping your face in his hands. “Yeah.” He gets up and grabs a t-shirt from his drawer and hands it to you. You tug it on.

It smells like laundry detergent and stops mid-thigh on you.

“It’s down the hall.” He picks up the towel and washcloth and tosses them in a hamper by what you can assume is a closet door. He gestures to the bedroom door. “Go on.”

When you go out, the lights in the house are off, though you can still hear the distinct sounds of video game gunfire. There’s no one to see you and you’re grateful for that. You hurry to the open door at the end of the hall. You shut and lock the door before closing the lid and sitting on the toilet.

You need a moment.

It’s potent: the memory of it. You lose your breath again at the recall of touch, sound, taste.

Eventually, you do what you came to do, wash your hands and rinse your face. Your makeup is mostly gone anyway.

When you get back to his door, you knock softly and you hear an answering laugh.

“Come in.”

The bed is remade, the hamper overflowing with the sheets from earlier. He’s still in his underwear, gathering your clothes before setting them on an office chair.

“I should go.”

He looks at you then, eyes inscrutable. “You don’t have to.”

You move toward your clothes. “You’re way too nice.” You pick up your purse and fish out your phone.

Three texts from your best friend.

“It’s pretty easy to be nice to you.”

That draws your eyes from your phone back to him.

“I don’t want you to feel obligated.”

“To let you stay in my bed?” He walks up to you. “Trust me, I don’t do anything I don’t want to do.” He takes your chin with his thumb and index finger. “But if you need to go, I get it.”

Why do you feel like crying?

“I’ll call an Uber.” You look away, and his fingers fall from your chin. You make arrangements in the app and text your friend that you’ll be on your way home soon.

He says your name.

“I’ll get out of your hair.” You can feel the words not quite working in your mouth. You are going to cry and you don’t want to do it in front of him. He doesn’t deserve that. You turn away and quickly dress, ignoring the embarrassment at him seeing your naked body again.

You feel gross, but safer.

You fold his shirt before turning back to give it to him. He takes it by the sleeve so it unfolds before pulling it on over his head.

You glance at your phone again.

Only a few minutes.

“I’ll go.” You take a deep breath. “Thank you, um. For being so sweet, and well, everything. Yoongi.” You savor his name, enjoying the rhythm of it.

He shakes his head before coming right up to you to kiss you softly. “Thank you, birthday girl.” He continues to kiss you, your rigid posture softening in the warmth of him. You feel your phone taken out of your hand before he draws away.

“What are you doing?”

“You’re local, right?”

“Well, kinda. I live outside the city.”

He’s opened your contacts and is adding himself. Min Yoongi.

He added himself.

He saves the info and slips it back in your hand. In the back of your mind, you notice he doesn’t message or call himself. He gives you his number, but doesn’t take yours.

“There.” He grins at you, more gums than teeth before resting his hands on your shoulders. “When you’re back in the city. There’s a lot we didn’t do.”

You know he hears the catch in your breathing because his grin widens even more. He kisses you, brushing his nose along yours before taking your hand. He leads you out of his room, down the

hall and past the video game player who looks up and then back at the television.

You do notice he smirks.

Your ride arrives the moment you both walk out the front door. He squeezes your hand.

“You good?”

“I think so.”

He pulls you close, mouth seeking yours and finding it easily. He still tastes good.

“Be safe.”

“You too,” you reply though it makes no sense. You walk carefully down the stoop and along the sidewalk to the curb. You glance back once and he’s standing there even though it’s chilly enough that he should at least be in long pants.

He lifts his hand in farewell and you nod before getting into the vehicle and shutting the door. You watch him through the window as the driver pulls away, and you wonder if maybe you should have stayed.

Maybe you would have enjoyed having breakfast with him.

Your best friend is still awake when you text her that you’re home. You promise to call the next day (she insists the next morning even though it is technically morning) to ‘debrief’. You promise to before you decide that shower over sleep wins the debate in your head.

But before you get under the hot water, you send one text.

:: home and safe.

When you get out of the shower, there’s an answer.

:: good. sweet dreams, birthday girl.

Part 2 - Housewarming

Chapter Summary

Two months later.

Chapter Notes

a/n: So, i debated if I'd continue with this. mostly because i like the ending of the first part. if you did too, feel free to disregard this installment. But it popped into my head this weekend and sometimes the muse is demanding. Much love to @sasseone and Ana for love and hype.

You leave a note on your door that says 'no need to knock, come on in.'

It isn't that the music is loud, or even that your house is full of people. Maybe ten friends and colleagues in all, but with soft instrumental to fill the gaps, and a lot of talking (mostly about work and the state of the world), you don't think you'll hear anyone knock or press the doorbell. It's a safe neighborhood and pretty much everyone you've invited is already here.

You didn't think he'd come.

The texts back and forth for the last two months aren't especially exciting in content, but that doesn't change the little jump your heart makes every time you get an alert from him. Sometimes he tells you what he's working on for school, sometimes about a ridiculous book he found hidden at his job, sometimes just about his day.

Sometimes that he thinks of you.

You don't know how much to believe him. You want to believe him, but he's a young, very hot man who can and probably does get laid whenever and wherever he wants. You don't harbor any cruel thoughts about this. His life is different than yours.

You told him you've bought your very first house, about the stresses of moving, but how much fun you are having picking out things to decorate. You don't know if any of this bored him, if he's too polite to tell you to stop being so incredibly lame, because he texts back; sometimes an appropriate emoji and sometimes a diatribe about a good lighting fixture.

It was a one night stand and yet...

So when your house is finally without boxes and open paint cans, you throw a housewarming party. You tell him about it, about the cheese you buy and pastries you pick up from your favorite bakery in town. He mentions how good it all sounds.

So you invite him.

He says maybe and you let that go because while the texts are an indication that he hasn't

forgotten you, you don't expect to see him again. Certainly you assume that his willingness to be with you for one night was due to alcohol, nighttime inhibition, and perhaps a charitable nature.

You don't expect him to come.

"Uh, he came," your best friend says, interrupting your tangent about how *Beowulf* is similar to a modern comic superhero and that's the only way to get the students interested. You turn to her, eyebrows up in confusion and she nods toward your front door. You turn to look, welcoming smile on your face.

It's him.

He's not alone, nor empty-handed. You can only assume the guy with him is Hoseok, his best friend, vaguely familiar to you from the night at the club as the dancing bright guy you smiled at. He's bright here too, wide smile and loud laugh as he nods at the people they pass coming in.

He's here.

"Go," your best friend nudges you and you move, mostly on autopilot and years of southern hospitality training. You bypass two of the professors you work with, and the head of your department (friends in a work sense, though you don't share much personal with them). Do they know who just walked in? Who he is to you?

Who is he to you?

"Yoongi."

He looks away from one of the framed sketches you've put on the wall to you. His grin is a little shy, but warm.

"Hey there." He offers the bottle that he carries. "Hoseok picked it out. I think they two of you have similar taste in alcohol."

"Sweet and bubbly, right?" That's Hoseok. He's carrying a small pot, with the pointed green of a succulent nestled in it. "Aloe plant. Easy to take care of."

"Thank you, um, you didn't have to--" You meet his gaze, those dark eyes that you still see in your dreams. "Thank you. I have wine and um, food. Please help yourselves. I'll go put this in the kitchen."

He follows you, quiet and your best friend eyes you and you shrug. You look back to see Hoseok helping himself to a plate before you set the bottle and plant on your counter.

"I didn't think you'd--" You begin and turn to see him leaning against the counter, looking up at the hanging pots from the ceiling. "You're here."

He smiles. "It's okay?"

You nod. "Completely. I'm...really glad to see you." You are. In fact, you sometimes have wondered if you made him up, his beauty, his gentleness. But here he is. In a pair of black jeans, spotless white t-shirt, and maroon cardigan. His hair covers his forehead, different than that one night, making him seem far more soft than intimidating. "You're still beautiful."

His gorgeous eyes widen at the compliment, and you see a light pink rise in his cheeks. He looks away, but he's smiling.

“Did you think I’d be a troll?”

“I did have drinks that night.”

He laughs and looks back at you. “You look different like this. But still...still a pretty birthday girl.” The nickname brings back the memories, the sensations and you know your face heats like a radiator, but you ignore it.

“This is my ‘professional adult gathering on a Saturday night’ outfit.” You’re wearing a long grey skirt, loose and free, with pastel pink top. Your hair, still edging toward grey, is up in a thin scarf you’ve wrapped like a headband. You probably look more bohemian than anything.

His smile hasn’t faded and you’re grateful for that. You’ve moved into hostess mode and you want him comfortable.

“Hey Min!” Hoseok pops his head into the kitchen. “The little cakes are delicious.”

“I should introduce you,” you say and slip by Yoongi, but he takes your hand. You halt, looking over at him. He squeezes your hand before letting go. You don’t ask why, wondering if the gesture is for you or him.

It’s easiest to introduce the duo to your best friend and her husband. They know exactly who he is, but thank all the deities, they don’t indicate that. Her husband perks up when Yoongi mentions producing music and his graduate study work, and the two of them get into a detailed conversation about Swedish death metal. Hoseok asks your best friend what she teaches.

“English Lit.”

“That’s what you teach, right?” he asks you.

“More writing than literature,” you say, eyes watching Yoongi as his hands wildly gesture something about beats to his interested audience. “She works at the private college in the next town. I’m at the community college here. Yoongi says you dance?”

Hoseok smirks at you, obviously remembering when he saw you too at the club. You roll your eyes in an effort not to show embarrassment.

“Yeah, I teach classes and train at a company in the city. This is my one night off this week.”

“And you came here?” you ask as your best friend laughs next to you.

Hoseok opens his mouth and places a hand over his heart in shock. “It’s the best offer I had all week.”

You feel like you know him a little, Yoongi’s texts often telling a one sentence story about something Hoseok did that day or the night before. He’s funny, a bundle of energy, and a very loyal friend.

“I’m honored by your presence,” you tease back. He winks at you before taking another bite of the aforementioned mini cakes. You look around the room to see some of your guests looking a little out of place, so you excuse yourself to go and talk to them.

You don’t forget about him being there by any means. In fact, sometimes you think you can feel his gaze on you. Your mind is going through a thousand scenarios about why he’s here, why he even wants to be here, and what does it all mean. But you do your duty of mingling, discussing the

recent political climate (not a fun topic), and how students these days have no appreciation for the beauty of language.

None of it is new. Nothing except him and his best friend showing up with bubbly wine and a plant for you.

Your heart squeezes at the gesture, and you wipe your eyes carefully (eyeliner is too hard to put on to mess up so quickly) and you dismiss your reaction to your colleague by saying you were thinking again about the ending of *A Tale of Two Cities* (everyone knows it makes you cry and you're not embarrassed by that).

You hear Hoseok's laugh and your eyes search out to find he and Yoongi still in conversation with your best friend and her husband. You could kiss your friends both for being so wonderful. Everyone at this get together is at least thirty-five and above, and you know that Yoongi is not, and you assume Hoseok is not either. Not in looks, temperament, or even clothing.

You don't want to return to your twenties (what a mess you were), but you miss how wide the world seemed then.

Your best friend and her matching half are making them feel welcome. No wonder she's (and he) is your best friend.

He looks up and sees you watching. Even from this distance, his eyes are still so powerful, so dark. You don't by any means think you know him well, but you hope that a gaze like that means he still thinks of you. Sees past your presentation as hostess, and underneath.

Figurative and literal.

It's nearly ten pm and people start to leave. They have church in the morning, or a pile of grading, or brunch with the family. You thank each person, offer the occasional hug (that southern upbringing) and wish them safe travels.

"We're gonna head out," your best friend tells you as you move to escape the front door position. "We'll drop Hoseok at the station."

You blink with this information, your brain weary from the social-ness of everything. You are at heart more of an introvert than your hostess-ing would reveal. "Wait, what?"

Hoseok is behind them, still munching on something.

"Please tell me you gave him some leftovers," you say loudly enough that he can hear.

"You're trying to make me feel bad, but I'm a broke dancer, so you've wasted your breath," he answers with a swallow and grins at you. Your best friend hugs you, as does her husband and then as does Hoseok. "Feel free to save any leftover food for me whenever you head into the city. I'll totally take it off your hands," he says, hugging you tight. You laugh before letting go.

"What a charitable soul you are."

"Don't forget it." He winks at you again and follows your friends into the night. It's like the distraction of them was enough to make you forget that he hasn't left. That he's still here.

You shut the door and turn around to see him picking up empty glasses and paper cocktail napkins.

"Hi."

“Hey yourself,” he answers, balancing several paper plates in one hand and four empty cups in the other (that’s incredibly hot). He makes his way into your kitchen and you follow.

“You want to see the rest of the house?” Oh god, your voice totally makes that sound like more than just a house tour and though the thought is in your mind, you do not mean to sound that way. You open your mouth again to establish that fact, but he washes his hands after tossing the stuff he’s carrying into the trash and says:

“Okay.” He dries his hands on the dish towel that says ‘I Teach Therefore I Drink.’ He slides his hands into the pockets of his jeans. “Lead on, house-owner.”

Your house is not big, three bedrooms, two bathrooms and an attic. But you love it, and show him the bedroom turned office with nonfiction bookshelves. Then you take him upstairs to the guest bedroom, with more bookshelves (the classics here) and mementos of your travels and childhood. You show him the unfinished attic with your old dollhouse in need of repair and your Super Nintendo system that still works.

“We should play it,” he says, eyes gleaming at the old console.

“Prepare to be beaten. I can finish Aladdin in an hour. Or I could.” It has been a few years, but you’re pretty sure your muscle memory won’t fail you.

“Big talk for the professor.”

“Assistant professor,” you correct, leading him out of the attic and back downstairs. When you reach the bottom: “All that’s left is my bedroom.”

The words make both of you pause. Your hand is in his.

“So show me.” His voice is always low, but you recognize this octave of it. It sends you back to the night of your birthday.

“Is that why you stayed?” Are you easy? Is it expected that one time together means an open invitation? You don’t know what or how to feel about this. Everything regarding him is uncharted territory and you have a horrible sense of direction even with a map.

He looks at your joined hands. “Only if you want. I also...” He stops and smiles almost as though he’s self-reproaching. “I just wanted to see you. Somewhere else.”

“Why?”

“I like you.” He makes eye contact for one second before looking away, embarrassed. His ears redden and your heart squeezes again.

“The age gap--”

“Why does that bother you so much?” he asks, returning his attention to you. He steps closer so his other hand can rest on your shoulder. “Do you mind that I’m almost twenty-eight?”

“No. I mind that I’m not.”

He lets out a sigh. “I can’t really help you with that.”

“I know.” You tilt your head to rest your cheek on his hand and breathe in. “You smell so good.”

“Can I stay?”

You open your eyes to see him closer. Most people look awful up close, the imperfections blatant at only inches away. You can see a few, but they aren't really imperfections if they only make you find him more attractive.

"Only if you want to."

He rolls his eyes at you. "I told you before. I don't do things I don't want to do. Minus taxes and cleaning the bathroom."

You giggle before leaning in to kiss him. His hand tightens on your shoulder, his other hand bringing yours to wrap around his waist. He lets go to cup your face, kissing back.

The two months in between have not decreased his potency.

"Show me your bedroom," he whispers against your lips. You nod, content to leave the rest of the cleaning up of the party until the morning. With another brush of lips, you take his hand and lead him down the hall toward your bedroom. You flip on the light on the nightstand.

"I'm shocked. There are more books."

You elbow him lightly. "I told you I'm boring."

"And I still don't believe you," he answers easily before tugging out the hair grips holding your scarf headband in place. He places them on the dresser by the bed and gently pulls off the headband. You wince as your head is a little sore from the tightness of the fabric for the last few hours.

His fingers glide into your hair, massaging lightly and you practically purr. He chuckles.

"How did you know?"

"Older sister."

You open your eyes to watch him as he concentrates on your hair and you can't help it. You move in and kiss him again. His hands stop to slide down to your neck and back. His tongue tangles with yours and you press closer. Are you more bold now? Knowing what you know, one night making you oh so aware?

You can feel him, a subtle, probably unconscious push to relieve the pressure mounting.

"So, I..." you begin, a little breathless. He moves to your neck, obviously remembering how that rendered you so pliant. "I bought condoms."

You can feel his grin on your skin. "Yeah?"

"They're unopened, but--"

He lifts his head. "Unopened?"

You make a face. "Did you think I'd become insatiable after you?"

He laughs and slips his hand under the back of your shirt, causing you to shiver at the warmth he brings.

"I was hoping."

You don't ask, or let your thoughts go to where they want to. How many has he been with since he was with you? How many condoms in that ripped open box have been used in two months? Or is it a new box entirely?

What is it like to be a regular sex-having person?

His mouth is back on your neck, teeth scraping and you moan. Those feelings, those sensations are coming back and like before you want to savor them. Your hands scramble for his hips and you press him closer, right there. He groans into the crook of your neck.

"Not insatiable, huh?" He refocuses and takes the hem of your blouse and starts to lift it. You raise up your arms, and remember that you aren't wearing pretty underthings and you really hope he doesn't mind. You help him out of his cardigan and t-shirt, noticing a light bruise near his hip bone.

"What did you do?"

"Uhhh, I might have run into my desk after pulling an all-nighter for a project." He sounds sheepish. You make a sympathetic sound before bending down to press your lips to it. You feel his stomach muscles tense at your touch.

"Did I hurt you?"

He coughs, "God, no." You look up then over to where his jeans are strained.

"Oh." You contemplate it for a second, wondering if you're up for it. "Want to teach me again?" You unbutton the top button.

"Do you mean?"

You undo the zipper. "Should I brush my teeth first?"

He lets out a laugh that seems almost like a hiccup. You tug down his pants, settling onto your knees (your books are not just classics and nonfiction, there's romance too).

"You don't have to."

His boxer briefs are still on and you look up at him. "I'm not so sure about the swallowing thing."

He covers his mouth with his hand. "It's okay. You don't have to." Is he laughing?

"Do you like that though?"

"Fuck, you're..." He kneels down so you're eye-level. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

"But I want to make you feel good, too." You need him to understand that above all, you do not want to be selfish. You don't want him to regret being with you. Even if it never happens after this. You lack experience, but you like him enough to make up for that, you hope.

You aren't stupid, probably a bit naive. You know what this is. This isn't a relationship. It's sex and maybe a little friendship. Your dreams of happily-ever-afters faded when you hit thirty. By the time of your last birthday, you had firmly let go of ever getting a chance to dance with your father at the reception.

"You do," he replies. "You will. No matter what. I'm like most guys...pretty easy to please." He

half-smiles, smoothing your hair as though that will reassure you. “But if you want to try...”

You nod. “If you like it...”

“Yeah, I do.” He huffs a laugh before standing back up. You pull down his boxer briefs. And there it is. “Your hand is good,” he suggests.

You remember how to do it, the pressure and the rhythm. It’s fascinating to see it stiffen with your touch.

“Yeah, uh, good.”

You look up at him. “I’m a quick learner.”

He grins, even though he’s sweating. “Just be gentle to start.”

You nod and look at it again. You can’t say that you are dying to, but you’re curious by nature and if it makes him feel good, why not?

So you kiss the tip. It’s a little salty, very human smelling.

“You can be a little more aggressive than that.”

You laugh and open your mouth to take him in. It’s odd. You don’t know what you expected, but it’s not this. It’s not bad either. You are really aware of your teeth; you hope they aren’t abnormally sharp. Your tongue runs along him, almost of its own accord, curious.

Salty.

He groans a little. “You can, um, go forward and back.”

You pull back for a second, mouth empty. “Ohhh, so you simulate the motion of sex?”

He shakes his head. “You really are an academic, huh?”

You poke his length lightly. “Don’t make fun.”

“Not making fun. Enjoying,” he responds. “Would enjoy more if you’d...” He cuts off when you take him back in your mouth. Again, you’re stupidly worried about your teeth, but you move your head forward and back, taking more of him, then less of him. His hand curls into your hair, guiding you kind of like he did the last time. “You can go tighter too.” His words are full of air, like he’s working on breathing and that encourages you. You move all the way forward until he hits the back of your throat and you gag a little. “Careful.”

You nod, and realize that there is absolutely nothing dignified about this. You’re definitely getting messy and so is he. Your lips close around him and his fingers tighten in your hair.

“I think I’m gonna--”

You nod again.

“So if you don’t want--”

You shake your head. In for a penny, in for a pound as they say. You don’t think ‘they’ meant for the phrase to be used at a moment like this. He is trembling, his hand so tight in your hair that you think maybe he is using you as an anchor.

Then he comes, in your mouth and you work hard not to pull away as instinct would dictate. It's not a long period of time, and there's something about feeling him deflate and groan so heavily that makes you a little proud.

You did it.

You swallow and try not to make a face (it's gross). He drops to his knees and meets your lips with his. It's desperate and urgent, his tongue seeking the edges of your teeth and the curves of your tongue. He pulls you to him, skin on skin and you shudder at the heat and damp of his body.

"You did good," he says in your mouth. "So good."

You try to smile smugly at him, but he's still kissing you, hands divesting you of your bra, before his lips trail down your neck down the center of your chest. You worry for his back, bent over like that.

"We could get on the bed?"

He raises up, cheeky grin in place. He pulls you up to your feet, and pushes you playfully toward your bed. You climb on (it's high) and he follows, ditching his jeans and underwear, crawling over you and his mouth finding your breasts. It sends a shock through you and you gasp way too loudly.

"Sorry."

"Why?" he asks, moving to your other breast. "You can be as loud as you want."

"I guess I thought since I'm kinda loud in my real life, that I'd be quiet during...holy shit!" He's bitten you, not hard, but it zings intimately. "Guess not."

He rests his chin on your sternum, grinning up at you. "You're loud?"

"I'm not shy...not normally anyway. Approaching the devastating hot guy at a club, however."

He smirks before kissing along your sternum, down to your stomach (he doesn't seem to mind that it's nowhere like the flat bellies you see in magazines and on screens), to where your skirt (still on) starts. He pulls at the waistband, looking at you for permission. You nod and he pulls it down and off, falling somewhere on your recently vacuumed floor.

He's staring at your underwear.

"Wait," you connect the dots. "You want to..."

He nods. "Of course I do." Like you're crazy for questioning him. "You'll like it."

"How do you know?"

He taps his fingers up and down your thigh and you shiver at his touch.

"You trust me?"

You do. Still.

"I do."

"Give me a minute. If you don't like it, tell me to stop." He rests both hands on your thighs now,

gently pushing them apart.

“Should I ask my Alexa for a one minute timer?” You’re being absurd and you know it, but you are so nervous. So so nervous about this.

His laugh rocks his whole body, and he moves to kiss your mouth, resting his body on top of yours. “Cute.” And before you can respond to the compliment, he’s back down there, and you feel his lips somewhere very different.

There are no words for this.

“Yoongi,” you breathe, his name being the only thing you can come up with to say. He adds his tongue and you make an inhuman sound. “How, I...”

“I guess you’re not gonna tell me to stop?”

You wildly search for his arm to hit, annoyed, but he does it again and you have to grab the comforter to hold yourself from levitating. You know you’re sensitive, not just from the lack of experience, you just are, so it doesn’t take long for you to be hit with that release. He’s still there, not in any hurry, while you feel like you’ve exploded into stars.

When you can focus on your ceiling you feel him move up your body, rubbing his face into your stomach before resting his head near your collarbone.

“Okay?” he asks.

“I think my legs are still trembling.”

He kisses along your collarbone before lifting himself up to look down at you. “I think I like teaching you.”

You need a few more minutes to recover, but when you really have your breath back. “I have to ask,” you say slowly. “Do you actually like doing that?”

He cocks his head to the side, gauging you for something. “I like what it does to the girl. To you. And it’s not bad.” He moves to nuzzle your neck. “Kinda wanna have you again, but sleepy.”

You smile. “Maybe being almost twenty-eight means your endurance isn’t as good.”

“Blasphemy,” he mumbles. “My birthday is next week. I’m not there yet.”

“It’s next week?”

He nods, not lifting up, already on his way to dreamland.

“Happy early birthday then. Do you want something to sleep in?” You stroke his hair, soft and shiny.

“Only if you keep doing that,” he says, patting your hand that still played with his hair.

You get up and dig through your bottom drawer for old sweats, knowing your hips were wider than his. You toss a pair onto him and he grumbles, sliding off the bed to put them on. You pull off the comforter and take it to the washer, throwing it in for tomorrow’s laundry.

“I have an extra toothbrush and--”

“You’re okay with me staying?”

You pause at the bathroom sink. He’s in the doorway, in your old sweats, scratching the back of his neck.

And you remember when he’d asked you to stay and you hadn’t. But that was then, before the texts, before the bottle of wine and the plant. Before laughing with his friend and seeing him talk to your friends.

“If you want. I have stuff for waffles.”

“Oh, well, if you’re offering waffles,” he says, coming into the bathroom to grab the unused toothbrush out of your hand. He kisses you. “I’ll stay.” And he hip checks you out of the way, taking the toothpaste and applying it to the toothbrush.

He brushes his teeth, and you watch him, not sure if you’re being creepy or what. You’ve never seen anyone other than friends and your family brush their teeth and it’s domestic. With his hair messy, eyes tired, and in your sweatpants. He spits into the sink and rinses his mouth, then hands you the toothpaste with a grin. He pads out of your bathroom and you hear the creak of your bed as he gets in. You quickly brush your teeth, wash your face of makeup and clean the rest of yourself up, switching into your pajamas that hang on the back of the door. You wonder if cotton pants and t-shirt are really the thing to be wearing if you’re sharing your bed, but you don’t really own lingerie.

There’s never been a need.

“I’m gonna make sure everything’s locked up,” you say, and hear a muffled response. You go through your first floor, relocking the doors, shutting off the lights and blowing out the one scented candle still going. When you return to your bedroom, there’s a man-sized bump on the left side.

You wonder if you’ll actually sleep.

You climb in carefully, not wanting to wake him if he was already out. But his arm reaches out and wraps around your waist, pulling you close. He kisses you before burrowing back into the pillow.

“G’night,” he mumbles.

“Good night.”

You do fall asleep, but it doesn’t happen until his hand finds your hip and rests on it.

--

You always wake up ridiculously early, even on a Sunday. You wake up to find your fingers laced with his resting in between the two of you. He’s breathing deeply, still asleep. You don’t panic at the sight of someone else in your bed. You remember. You remember him so well that you’re pretty sure that he was in your dreams to manifest next to you this morning. You carefully remove your hand from his and slip into the bathroom. You brush your teeth and take a quick shower.

He’s still asleep when you grab jeans and a t-shirt.

You know that students tended to sleep late, and you aren’t about to wake him. You instead drift around your house, finishing the cleaning and starting the coffee. One of his many texts had mentioned a love of americanos, so you set up your Nespresso maker for espresso and turned on your electric kettle for hot water. Then you pulled out the waffle mix.

You're stirring up the batter when you hear movement down the hall.

"Can I use the shower?"

"Of course," you call back. "Clean towels in the closet."

You expect him to take a shower first, but he's coming into the kitchen, turning you around, taking the bowl out of your hands, and kissing you with minty breath.

"Good morning," he murmurs before kissing you again, hands wandering under your shirt. You gasp and that only makes the kissing deeper and more thorough. You can actually feel your knees getting weak. "Why are you out of bed?"

"I promised waffles."

"Mmmmm, you did." He grabs you by the hand and pulls you out of the kitchen. "But there's other things to do in the morning."

"Other things?" Your voice is about two octaves too high.

"We haven't made use of that box of condoms you so thoughtfully bought." He tugs you into your bedroom before pulling off your shirt. "Wanna grab them?"

"Uh..."

He smiles at your confusion before drawing you close for a few more kisses. "Where's the box?"

"Top drawer."

He leaves you with a kiss on your nose and you wonder if the mood is right with the sun streaming through your closed blinds. He pulls out the box and sets it on top of the dresser, opening it (the right opening) before seeing that you haven't moved.

"Do you not want to?"

Your mouth opens then closes. "I don't..." You're really distracted at how much light is in your room.

He tosses the foil packet on your bed, walking up to you. You're topless and a little cold, so he aligns his chest with yours, his body hot. He feels good and you relax a little.

"We don't have to, but..."

"You want to." You don't need verbal confirmation because he's already ready. You can feel it. You don't think you flush as bad as you would have two months ago, but you wonder if one ever gets used to this. Being wanted.

"I do," he whispers, mouth at your ear. He kisses the lobe and you suck a bruise on his neck, as though you can't help it. He mutters a quiet 'fuck.' "I'm really a fan of your mouth."

You snicker. "Should I take that as a compliment? You did say you were easy to please."

He draws back from you, eyes narrowed playfully. He maneuvers you onto the bed, placing his knee between your legs as he grabs the condom package. He offers it to you.

You pull down your sweats over his hips and then open the package. You pause when he takes

your hand and places it on him.

“Please?” he asks, and it’s so sweet and you are reminded how ridiculously you’re beginning to like him. You stroke him, watching his eyes close in bliss and then you roll on the condom. He opens his eyes and starts to undo your jeans, taking them and your underwear off together. He can see you so much better in the morning light and you resist hiding yourself. He gazes with a smile, before running a hand up your leg and thigh. The fingers near their destination, but he waits until you nod.

Your head falls back when he slips two in. He curls them, slides them, as though he’s relearning you there. He remembers quickly, pulling those sounds from you and you’re so glad you don’t have that close of neighbors. Soon you’re more than ready for him. He braces above you, taking your hand to guide him in.

Oh this feeling. This fullness. You haven’t forgotten, but you have at the same time. You wince at the stretch, but it doesn’t hurt like last time.

It wouldn’t, of course.

“Hey,” he says softly as though he can see you drifting away to ponder the loss of your virginity. You focus on him and he leans down to kiss you softly. “Okay?”

“Very,” you reply as he starts to move. You remember his words from last time and work to meet his hips at the same pace he sets. He grins through his slight labored breathing. He pulls you up so you’re both sitting. You blink at him, surprised.

“Something new.” Another kiss and the pace increases. You can feel more of him like this. He reaches deeper like this.

“Oh!” It’s not very eloquent, but you’re overwhelmed and he laughs, kissing your neck, pushing against you. “I think, um…”

“Yeah, I can tell.” He reaches down to add to the feeling, fingers stimulating and you can barely hold on to him. It doesn’t take long and then you’re shuddering in his arms, feeling boneless and much like a ragdoll as he continues a little longer and finds his own bliss. You fall back on the bed, taking him with you. He’s not heavy, and feels so good like this.

“Okay, that was good,” you say, once you can speak again.

“Agreed,” he says, crossing his arms on your upper chest before resting his head to look at you. “So…my birthday.”

“Your birthday.”

“Wanna come? Just some friends at our house.” He licks his lips. “You could stay the night.”

There are a million questions in your head. Would his friends be weirded out by you being there? Does this mean that you and he are more than well, whatever you are? Questions come quickly and leave just as fast. Skipping around like bees during pollinating season.

But what comes out of your mouth is:

“Do I get to call you birthday boy?”

Part 3 - Birthday Boy

Chapter Summary

warnings: coitus interruptus, kissing, touching, (not so much stuff this chapter), frank conversation about hand jobs, reference to marijuana, drinking (all of age), tangents about the current music industry, Taehyung and Jin make an appearance!

You don't know who answers the door. To be fair, you've only met Yoongi and Hoseok. And there are two other guys Yoongi lives with.

But due to the smile, the height and broad shoulders, you guess that this is Seokjin. He looks at you for a whole two seconds.

"Yoongi's noona, right?"

You have no idea what a noona is, but there's no insult on this man's face. You wonder what he sees. You have rushed from a department meeting that was pointless (most were). You checked your makeup in the rearview mirror of your car before walking up to the front door, and though you fixed it, you're very aware that you look like you've been working all day. Something about your face just seems to show that today was a full day. The eyeliner is soft and smudged and the blush isn't makeup, it's just your complexion.

He gestures to the large handled paper bag you hold. "I can take that?"

"Oh, no, I've got it. You're Seokjin?"

He really smiles at that and steps back to let you in. That's when you hear the low beat of music, chattery voices.

You freeze.

"How many people?"

"Maybe ten, maybe more." He waves you in. "It's cold, noona." You hurry in, not giving yourself the time to debate on just leaving the bag and taking your car back home. "What's in the bag?" He moves to peer in, and you instinctively close the bag and draw it away.

"It's not *your* birthday, is it?"

Yoongi's stories are primarily of Hoseok, but sometimes Seokjin and Taehyung make an appearance. Seokjin is the eldest and the only one working full time. And the one who gets the biggest bedroom since he pays the most rent, has the long-distance girlfriend, and sometimes cooks for all of them.

You and Yoongi have definitely texted more in the week between your housewarming and his birthday.

You still don't know what it means.

“Boo,” he pouts before jerking his head for you to follow him. You swallow down your nerves as you walk into the living area you haven’t seen since the night of your birthday.

It’s more than ten people. Some are on the couch, others standing in corners, all drinking out of bottles, cups and even a few wine glasses. There’s a strong smell that you know merely because it doesn’t smell like cigarettes.

Maybe you won’t stay long.

A few people look over at you when you come in, but not one of them is a familiar face. You aren’t shy by nature, but you aren’t hugely social. Not since going into education and most of your energy is drained by students, colleagues, and grading.

“Drinks are in the kitchen. And food is...” Seokjin’s hands encompass the whole room. “Everywhere.”

You smile at how put out he looks about that. “Thank you. Um, I have...” You indicate the bag.

“He’s probably in his room. He’ll be out soon.” Seokjin gets pulled away by some people and you are alone. In a room of more than ten people, you feel very alone.

But you hear your name and see a wave from the kitchen. The hand waving at you is attached to bright orange hair (it wasn’t that color last week) and a smiling Hoseok.

It’s like you can breathe again. You weave through the bodies, apologizing when your bag hits the knees of a couple who look two seconds away from either fighting or well...the other thing.

“You made it!”

“I’m sorry I’m late,” you begin as he brings you in for a tight hug. He smells a bit like beer and citrus. “I had a meeting run late.”

“No one cares if you’re late,” he says easily. “What’s in the bag?”

“Where’s the birthday boy?”

“I think he’s showing someone a new track he’s been working on.” Hoseok tries to also get into the bag, but you take his hand and remove it with your best professor face. “Mean. What do you want to drink?”

“Oh...water?”

He rolls his eyes, but grabs you a bottle from the cooler on the counter. He opens it for you and hands it to you.

“All these are friends?”

“Friends of friends. Classmates of Yoon’s. People we work with.” Hoseok shrugs and leans against the counter near you. “You look good.”

You blink at him, surprised at the compliment. “Oh. Thank you? I like your hair. It’s very bright.”

He laughs, sipping his wine. “That’s what I was going for.” He looks past you. “Tae! Come here and meet Noona.”

“What is noona?” You ask quickly before you turn around.

He seems like he's easily the youngest with messy dark curls, dove eyes and wearing a shirt about three times too big for his frame. He isn't smiling at you. In fact, he looks like he might murder you and get away with it.

He's the handsomest murderer you've ever seen.

"Noona is Korean for older sister," the newcomer explains.

"But I'm not..."

"We use it for any older woman we're close to." He still isn't smiling. Maybe he will murder you. "I'm Taehyung."

"I remember you from last time." The guy playing video games. "Nice to meet you."

"Huh."

You could hear Hoseok giggling behind you. Apparently he'd been drinking awhile.

"Um, I brought," You set your bag on the counter. "I went by the farmer's market yesterday. And I brought..." You're sort of ushered out of the way by both Hoseok and Taehyung start to pull out what you'd brought. "I remember being in grad school and never eating anything like fruit or fresh vegetables. Yoongi mentioned that Taehyung likes strawberries, and he loves tangerines?"

"You brought the minicakes?" Hoseok holds them in his hands like they're the holy grail of processed sugar. You grin.

"I had to."

"Strawberries?"

You look at the young man who pulled out two small cartons of strawberries. "They looked really good."

He sets them on the counter, takes one and without washing it (which you bite your tongue about) takes a bite, chewing slowly.

"Are they okay?"

He swallows, and licks his lips. You're trying not to stare at his jawline.

Do young attractive men just congregate?

And then he smiles at you, a smile that shows you white teeth and radiates delight.

"Noona, you can come visit anytime." You feel like you just received a pardon from the king himself.

"Food is the universal language," you reply, smiling back. "Don't eat all of them, though."

"Yoongi-hyung is hiding in his room. Snooze you lose." He takes both cartons and leaves the kitchen.

"Alright then." You turn back to see Hoseok has already eaten two of the minicakes. "You gonna save one for the birthday boy?"

“No.”

You reach out and steal one. “Just one for him, okay?”

“One what?”

The voice pours over you like a warm bath, all heated, and relaxing. If he was a bath scent, you’d put him as lavender, good for everything.

You spin around to see him two feet away from you. He’s wearing ripped black jeans, green t-shirt and headband. His eyes are a little unfocused, but when they meet yours, his lips turn up a touch.

“You’re here.”

“I am,” you say ineloquently. You clear your throat before turning to pull out the last few things. “Tangerines, local farmer’s market. And…”

“I love tangerines.”

“You do,” you answer, glancing once at him. He seems surprised, eyes wide, though the hint of smile is still present on his lips.

You do not need to be thinking about his lips.

You return to the bag and pull out the bottle. “I talked to the shop owner and told him the things you like about whiskey and he said, this was the best single malt and very smooth.” You offer it to him. “I had to believe him because I have no idea.”

“You bought me whiskey?”

“You like whiskey.” Right? You can’t believe you could have made that up. Sometimes you think you’ve made him up. His combination of sharp eyes, soft face, rough voice and careful hands.

“I do, I just…” He takes the bottle, his hand covering yours. His smile is a little crooked, more of a smirk than anything.

“Happy Birthday.”

He stares at you. You really wish you could learn to read him better.

“Have you already had a lot to drink?” you ask when he doesn’t say anything. Then you remember the cake. “Oh, before Hoseok eats all of them. It’s birthday cake.” You hold it out.

He puts the bottle on the counter before wrapping his fingers around your wrist and bringing the minicake up to his mouth for a bite. His lips touch your fingers.

“Jeez, Min, you can at least wait until I’m not here,” Hoseok grumbles behind you.

You’re pretty sure there’s nothing redder than your face right now. You get a cocky grin from Yoongi as he chews and takes another bite. The cake is breaking in your hands, but you can’t move.

You’re extremely grateful that the kitchen only has a doorway leading to the rest of the house, and it’s not open plan.

He tugs you closer, getting the rest of the cake, even the bits that stick to your hands. While your

tongue has been in his mouth, your fingers never have and you wonder how this feels even sexier than just kissing. His teeth scratch the pads of your fingers.

You definitely felt that somewhere other than your hands.

“Fuck, dude, I thought you weren’t into PDA,” Hoseok says, moving past the two of you, and heading out of the kitchen. He looks back at you and winks.

Yoongi is still holding your hand.

“Hi.”

He kisses the middle of your palm. “Hi.” His eyes now work their way up and down you. You’re basically in work clothes, to your dismay. Hair up in a high ponytail, black skinny pants and a red top, which after the day you’ve had, inches to fall off your shoulder. You must look a mess.

You should have at least brought another outfit to change into.

“Good party so far?”

“Yeah.” He doesn’t let go of your hand for another few seconds. “You came.”

“I said I would.”

“I know.” He looks away from you, rubbing the back of his neck. “But I know you’re busy.”

“Well, you spent time with me on my birthday...seems only fair--”

His eyes are back on you and you wonder if it’s your imagination that they look darker.

“I did that.” He squeezes your hand before letting go. “So, let’s open this up?” He unscrews the cap to the whiskey. “Glasses right there.” He nods his head to the cabinet behind you.

You grab one.

“You too.”

“I don’t really like whiskey.”

He pouts as he takes the glass from you. “Lame.” He pours about two fingers into the glass before screwing the cap back on. Before drinking it, he crouches down and opens a lower cabinet. You watch as he hides the bottle behind a--

“A bread maker?”

“We never use it. Tae’s mom gave it to him, but without instructions. We’ve tried, but it always turns out awful.” He stands back up, shutting the cabinet door with his leg and reaching for the whiskey. He sips it slowly, eyes closing.

“It’s good?”

His eyes open and he moves the glass to your lips.

“Yoongi,...”

“Try,” he whispers and you think that you should worry he has you completely wrapped around his

little finger. Your lips part and he tips the glass. You get just a little and it burns as it goes down your throat. You wince, moving to wipe the rest off your mouth. He grabs your hand to stop you, tilting his head back just the slightest in an invitation. You glance up at the doorway at his back and no one is there before leaning in to press your lips to his.

You can hear your breath when his tongue traces your lips, removing the leftover whiskey. He sucks in your lower lip before drawing back, eyes sleepy.

“Come on.” He heads to the doorway, looking back to see if you follow. You can only nod, grabbing your water to follow.

--

In some ways, conversations among those in their twenties are not much different than the ones you have with your peers. There are some references you don't get, but you expect that from teaching (you are not getting a tiktok no matter what your students say). But most of it is about work, school, politics, the environment, and the state of the music industry.

Okay, that last one is new to you, but it makes sense with the birthday boy's interests.

You don't have anything to contribute and there's more than enough people talking. You feel more out of place than you had anticipated, but you're not going to bring any extra attention to yourself. You've found a spot on the carpet near the couch. Taehyung had offered you his seat, but you shook your head, happy to be maybe a little overlooked.

Yoongi has found a place near the television, his back to it and he's arguing about some technical thing that you think has to do with adding beats or drums or something with another guy.

A few times he's met your gaze and in those milliseconds, you feel like you're back in school and the cute boy in your class has seen you.

Though the cute boy never glanced away with a small smile before.

“What about you?” the girl over by Yoongi pipes up. “What do you think about the recent rise in mass produced music? There's no single artist anymore.”

Her eyes are on you, and most everyone's is now. You've been nursing your bottle of water for nearly an hour, counteracting the remnants of pot smoke still in the room. You don't see anyone actually partaking, so you assume it's in one of the rooms, eking out.

You know a headache is coming.

“I don't have much of an opinion. I don't really listen to current music.”

“What do you listen to?” Maybe it's the fact that she looks too much like a girl you remember from college who had jeered at your ‘immature’ writing, but she sounds sneer-y.

“Oh, I grew up on oldies.”

There's a snicker and you feel your face heat.

“My parents are older, so i probably know 50s and 60s better than people who grew up during those decades.”

“What is your decade then?” another person, a guy this time asks.

You guess your grey is really noticeable.

You look at Yoongi who has switched to beer. He smiles at you, seeming unbothered by the direction of the conversation. Though, other than Hoseok, who knows his relationship with you?

You don't even know.

"The 80s."

"Oh man, did you listen to punk or hair bands?" The guy from earlier doesn't seem to be offended by your admission.

You laugh. "I was a kid. I listened to whatever my parents played. But I really like 80s now. Especially the early hip hop? I mean, what I know I like. Run DMC will always be good."

Apparently that was the right thing to say, because that started another discussion of if hip hop versus rap was even a discussion anymore as the industry continued to water down good music for marketability.

You're grateful for the change of focus, but you do notice a few of his friends are looking at you oddly. You can't help that, right? Should you have lied? You did know more about oldies than most people of the correct age.

The smoke is not helping.

You stand up and move back to the kitchen to find the recycling for your water bottle. You glance at your watch and realize you've been here two hours. You've eaten a few chips, but the day is catching up to you.

The headache is full fledged now.

You find the bathroom (you vaguely remember from before) and pat your face with water and dry it.

There's a knock on the door and you open it to find Yoongi there.

"You okay?"

You smile at the soft concern in those gorgeous brown eyes of his. "Yeah. Um, the smoke."

He looks behind him, where the light from the lamps illuminates the haze.

"Fuck, I think that's some guys from work. I smelled it, but--"

"I'm not judging, I'm just..." You sigh. "It's just been a stupid long day. I should go." You move to pass him, but he takes your hand.

"You could stay?"

You look down at his hand around yours. "I could." You look up his arm, the veins prominent, up to his eyes, the hair held back with the headband. "But I have an eight o'clock class."

A little pout forms on those lips, and you laugh.

"I'm really touched you want me to stay."

His thumb runs over your knuckles. “Consider it an open invitation.”

It floors you. The tenor of his voice, the roughness, the look in his eyes. You know he’s been drinking for awhile, but other than the pink in his cheeks, he seems sober.

“I hope your birthday is everything you wanted.”

He sucks air through his teeth before walking, hand still holding yours. You glance at the living area, most people aren’t paying any attention, but a few eyes are on you as Yoongi pulls you into his bedroom, shutting the door behind you both.

“Yoongi, they can--”

“I’m not embarrassed. Why are you?” He has moved into your space, pushing you back against the closed door.

“I’m not. I’m not. I just...don’t want you to be made fun of.”

He takes your other hand in his, lifting them both against the door. “I’m not a kid. I can fight my own battles.”

“I know you’re not a kid.” You push a little against his hold, but he’s firm. He presses his hips against yours. “I really do know.”

“Yeah?” There’s a glint in his eye, a challenge. “Prove it.”

You give him a look, despite the shakiness of your breathing. “That’s not a subtle way of seducing me.”

He lets out a laugh, before his forehead rests on your shoulder. “It was worth a shot.” He moves just enough for his lips to slide over your bared shoulder. His hands push up yours above your head, making his body completely fit against yours. You bite your lower lip so you don’t gasp or moan.

He nips at your skin before raising up to brush his nose against yours.

“This is a much better way of seducing me.”

He smirks at your words. “Did you really bring Tae strawberries?”

“I would have brought Seokjin something, but I wasn’t sure what he liked.”

He shakes his head. “It’s my birthday.”

“That’s why you got a bottle of whiskey and tangerines.”

He presses even closer, one leg parting yours and touching you right there. “And you?”

“And me what?” You’re so breathy, it’s embarrassing.

“I get you.”

You don’t even realize you’ve closed your eyes until they open when he says that. He flexes his thigh and you whine. His smile is dark, like his eyes.

“You’re always so sensitive,” he says, flexing again. “You make me feel like anything I do works

for you.”

“So far it does.”

He rubs against where you ache and you let out the same whine, louder this time.

“People are right outside.”

“So, don’t be loud,” he says softly, letting go of your hands to lift you and guide your legs around his waist. He used the door to take some of your weight. Your arms drop to his shoulders and you pull him close, your mouth desperate for his. He hikes you up on his hips, moving away from the door and to his bed. He lays you down, careful not to fall on top of you, but he does anyway when you reach for him, grabbing him by his shirt. He laughs.

You start to undo his jeans, but his hands hold yours still.

“I was just going to--”

“Yeah, I teach you how to do a handjob and you think you have all the skills in the world, right?” he teases. He leans down to kiss you, his own hands slipping under the hem of your blouse to touch your stomach. You tremble. He lifts the shirt so he can kiss your stomach. “Guess you’re not leaving?”

“I can stay a bit longer.”

He grins up at you. “We’ll have to be quick then.” He tugs at your pants. “How do these come off?”

“Side zipper,” you reply, laughing as you pull on his t-shirt. He lifts his arms, so you can rid him of it before he finds the zipper and undoes your pants. You assume he’ll peel them off you quickly, but he doesn’t. In fact, he’s taking his time when he adds his lips dragging down the newly exposed skin. “Yoongi...”

“Yes jagi?”

“Jagi?”

“Korean, jagiya,” he murmurs, still brushing your legs with his mouth. “Like...a nickname.”

“A nice one?”

He pulls off your shoes, then pants before moving back up to where you’re perched. “Sweetheart, darling...”

“Jagiya,” you whisper back, fingers sliding through his hair as he gives you a soft kiss before getting rid of his jeans. “I like that.”

“Mmmmm.” He tugs on your shirt. You lift your arms so he can take it off.

“I like you.”

He pauses on his knees, straddling you. He looks down at you.

“Yeah?”

“You said it last time and I realized later I didn’t answer and I felt awful and--” He kisses you quiet, one hand on your neck, the other pulling off your underwear. You feel him now, already ready. He grabs a condom from his nightstand, and you glance over.

It’s the same box. The same ripped opening.

You don’t really know what that means.

“Yoongi!” Someone yells from the other side of the door and you both freeze, Yoongi’s thumb stilled in its motion of rubbing gently along your throat. “It’s your party!”

He rolls off of you, condom package still in hand. “Fuck.”

“You should go.”

He sighs and looks over at you. “I’m sorry.”

“Why?”

“Do I need to explain it?” His expression is very much of a child who just got his toy taken away.

You smile and kiss his shoulder. “It’s okay. Kissing you is always wonderful.”

He bites at your lips playfully before getting off the bed. He tosses your clothes at you while putting on his own. You’re only half done when he goes to the door and looks back.

“Your hair,” he says with a smirk and slips out.

You finish dressing and reach your hands up to your hair. Your ponytail is half down and you pull the hair band out. You see his own headband still on the ground and you realize that it’s likely most everyone will know what happened in here. Or almost happened.

You should be embarrassed.

You hear video game music (what you think is video game music, though it’s unfamiliar to you) and you decide that’s a good time to leave his room. As you open the door, you can see most everyone with their backs to you, watching something on the television. You hurry to the kitchen, finding your purse that you’d hidden earlier with the prized bottle of whiskey.

Your headache has returned tenfold.

You have to walk through everyone (it is a video game, of some kind) to get to the front door. You see Hoseok over a few heads and you wave at him. He waves back. His face is so red, you aren’t sure he’ll remember even doing that.

“Hey.”

You turn at the door to see Yoongi behind you. “Hi.”

“Text me? When you’re home?”

“Course.” You adjust your purse strap. “Have a good night, birthday boy.” You lean in to kiss his cheek. “I’ll see you?”

He nods, his hands in his pockets before opening the door for you. You are reminded of the first night, when he walked you to the door. It’s been a little over two months and you still aren’t sure

what exactly is going on.

He shuts the door behind him and you look at him in surprise that he's out here with you.

"Kiss?"

You grin at his request and wrap your arms around him to kiss him. He smiles against your mouth before kissing you back, his tongue tangling with yours. You hold him tight.

"Good night."

"Good night," he whispers before letting you go. He stays on the porch like he did before, watching you until you drive off.

When you curl up in bed later, there's a text on your phone.

:: wish you'd stayed.

Part 4: Weekend (15 hours)

Chapter Summary

“Drink?”

“Oh, just water.”

“It’s Friday night,” he admonishes, the bottle open and he takes a sip.

“Your point?” You move past him to grab the plates from the table and bring them to the stove. You open the rice cooker, stepping back from the waft of steam.

“The weekend has started.”

“And I have grading and you have a project...” you say, scooping rice on both the plates.

“We’re no fun, is what you’re saying.”

You glance over to see him looking grumpy, but his eyes twinkle with mirth.

Chapter Notes

warnings: smut in the form of handjob, fingering; some cursing, DOMESTIC
YOONGI, MUSIC PRODUCER YOONGI, mentions of food, being southern, reader
insecurities still present, reader’s inner monologue still ongoing,

Birthday Girl Part 4: Weekend (15 hours)

Your cell is ringing (well, technically vibrating because you always forget to turn the sound back on after classes) and you almost don’t check the name because there are only two people in the world that actually call you.

Your mother and your father.

But thank goodness you do check your screen.

Yoongi.

He’s never called you before. You’ve never talked on the phone with him before. What on earth does this mean?

Does it mean anything?

You swipe your thumb across the bottom of the screen. “Hi!” Too perky, way too happy. What is wrong with you?

“Hi.”

Long pause.

“Everything okay?” Are you his emergency contact? Why would a guy you aren’t in a relationship with put you as his emergency contact?

Why is your brain allowed to think?

“Yeah. I just...” You wonder if his brain is full of questions and thoughts scattering around like butterflies on speed, or if how he speaks: thoughtfully and measured, is how he thinks. “I have kind of a weird favor to ask?”

Well, that didn’t make your brain calm down one bit.

“Um, sure.”

There a self-conscious chuckle on the other end. “Jin’s girlfriend is coming out for the weekend. It’s their anniversary. Hoseok and Tae have places to crash. Normally I would too, but I’ve got a big project due on Monday and I need space and quiet and--” He doesn’t need to say anymore. You know what he’s asking and your response just comes out:

“You can stay here.”

It’s in your nature to be hospitable, and it’s not like your guest room gets much use.

“Yeah? I have headphones so you won’t hear what I’m working on or anything.”

“Yoongi.” You can’t help your smile. “It’s fine. Do you need to bring your equipment?”

“Some of it. I promise you won’t even know I’m there.”

That doesn’t sound appealing.

“Really. It’s completely fine. I can come pick you up after work on Friday?”

“No, no. I’ll take the subway.”

“Let me come pick you up. It’ll be easier.”

There’s a sigh. “Sure?”

“Sure.”

“You are a lifesaver.”

You hang up a little later and as you do you look at your kitchen table *slash* mail dump *slash* desk.

You’re going to have to clean.

“I put clean towels up here,” you say as you help him with his overnight bag. Yoongi is carrying all the electronics – you’re glad because you are terrified you’d break something. “The house is old,

so you'll have to run the water for a bit before it gets warm."

"No problem," he replies, following you into the upstairs guest room and setting said electronics on the small table and chair in the far corner. "This table wasn't up here at your party."

"I brought it up. I figured you'd need a desk." You place his bag on the bed. "You should be warm enough up here, but I have space heaters if--"

"Hey," he interrupts you. You close your mouth and he smiles. "This is great. Thank you."

"Of course." You clasp your hands together in front of you. "So... have you eaten?"

He looks up from pulling out cords from his bag. "You don't have to feed me."

You shrug. "I don't. But I have food. And I'm going to eat." You smile timidly. "It's just stir fry."

He walks over to you and takes your hands in his. "I love stir fry. Can I help?"

You shake your head. "Go ahead and get all set up. It won't take long." You look down at your joined hands. You've never particularly liked or disliked your hands. They're pretty indistinctive. Wrapped in his hands does nothing for them except highlight the beauty of his. The masculine veins, the smooth skin, the line from knuckle to joint to fingernail. Perhaps it's because you know what those hands feel like against your skin that you say: "You have such beautiful hands."

He's blushing, but he doesn't let go. "Thanks."

You're blushing too. "I'll go start dinner." You want to kiss him. You want to hug him. But you hadn't when you'd pulled up in front of his house. He was already waiting with his things and dismissed the idea of you getting out to help him. And now the affectionate greeting would seem weird, right?

You really still have no idea what the two of you are.

You take your hands away reluctantly from his. "Right." You smile and head out of the guest room, forcing yourself not to look back at him.

You wash and dry the veggies, chopping them as you listen to the creaking of the house as he walks around up stairs. You've only been in this house two months, so other than your parents who came to visit a few weeks ago, you aren't used to hearing anything other than yourself.

It's not awful. It's a little weird.

The stove fan is loud, so the creaking disappears when you turn it on and quickly fry up the thinly sliced beef. You relax some as you mix in the vegetables, soy sauce and fresh ginger. You hum to yourself as you stir.

"Smells good."

And you jump about a foot.

"Sorry, sorry," he says quickly, moving to you to help pick up the broccoli that flew all the way to the microwave. He tosses it in the sink and rinses his hands. "I didn't know you couldn't hear me."

"I'm sorry. You're fine. I was just... zoning out." You know you're all red, embarrassed at yourself. He steps in next to you, shoulder brushing yours.

“Can I help?”

His eyes are so warm.

“I’m almost done. I should have asked if there’s anything you don’t like or are allergic to.”

He presses closer, shoulder and upper arms flushed together. “Nope. No allergies anyway.” He moves a stray piece of your hair off your cheek and behind your ear. “I can set the table?”

“Okay.” As he grabs plates from your cabinets; “Oh, there’s some beer in the fridge if you want. I always keep some for my dad.”

“You want to give me your dad’s beer?”

You laugh at the horror in his voice before turning to see him in your kitchen doorway. “I can replace it.”

“Still. It feels wrong.”

“You don’t have to drink it,” you tease.

He opens the fridge. “Shit... he’s got good taste.”

“He does.”

He looks over at you with a smile. “I’ll have one and go buy some cheap stuff tomorrow.”

“It’s fine. I never drink it. Have as much as you want.” You open a drawer as you pull the skillet off the hot range. “Here.” You hold up a bottle opener. You feel him take it out of your hands, the contact brief. But you savor it. You savor how close he is.

“What about you?”

“Hmm?”

“Drink?”

“Oh, just water.”

“It’s Friday night,” he admonishes, the bottle open and he takes a sip.

“Your point?” You move past him to grab the plates from the table and bring them to the stove. You open the rice cooker, stepping back from the waft of steam.

“The weekend has started.”

“And I have grading and you have a project...” you say, scooping rice on both the plates.

“We’re no fun, is what you’re saying.”

You glance over to see him looking grumpy, but his eyes twinkle with mirth.

“Basically.” You ladle the veggies and beef over, dipping the spoon to catch some of the sauce.

“There’s plenty left if you need more.” You offer him a plate before taking yours back to the table. You grab a glass and fill it with water before sitting across from him.

You watch him take a bite.

“Good?”

“Really good.”

You nod and help yourself to the food as well.

“So, what’s your project?”

It’s nice. Having dinner with someone and talking about the ins and outs of the day. He’s working on a thematic project, where the songs he creates must somehow connect under one idea. He’s had only over a week to work on it, though he thinks he’s close to the end.

“Do you have a final project? Like a dissertation?”

He nods before swallowing another bite. “Yeah, I’ll work on that through the summer.”

“So you’re almost done?”

“Nearly,” he answers. “Part of the requirements are hours in a studio working for an actual professional. I have to secure that position before the summer.”

“When do you sleep?”

He laughs. “Every chance I get.” He rests his chin on his hand. “Did I mention you’re a lifesaver for doing this?”

You are learning to say ‘thank you’ when given compliments – although your face still heats. “I do have a question. Do I need to check in on you? Are you the type of musical genius who forgets to eat?”

He looks abashed which tells you that you hit on the truth. “Uh... I do forget to eat, but you don’t have to check in on me.”

“Have you met me? I’m a Southerner. I have to feed people. If you deny me this, I might lose my Southern card. You can’t take that away from me.”

His answering smile, all teeth and gums, fills you with a strange sort of pride. Sometimes you can be funny. Sometimes you can be a lot more than the insecure, timid mess you are usually around him.

You want to show him more of you.

“Don’t feel obligated,” he says softly.

“I don’t want to mess up your process though, or inspiration. Should I just knock on the door and leave food outside it? Or come in and make sure you’re still functional?”

He chuckles as he gets up to clear off the table.

“Yoongi, you’re a guest.” It’s a protest, though slight. You could watch him do domestic-y things all day.

“And you cooked.”

“And you have a project to finish.” You stand up and get the rest of the dishes. “I’ll clean up. Go do what you need to do. Out of my kitchen!” You point dramatically toward the stairs, trying to

look stern, but smiling.

He rolls his eyes, amusement lighting those lips of his. He sets the dishes in the sink before looking over at you. “You can come in and check if I’m still functional. I apologize ahead of time if I’m rude.” He waits until you’re next to him at the sink before kissing your cheek. You both look at each other for a few seconds.

“Is this you preemptively atoning for being rude?” You wipe your hands on a spare towel, offering it to him. He takes it.

He grins, nose scrunching up. “Can I atone more?”

He still wants you. You don’t think you’ll ever get used to that.

“I wouldn’t stop you,” you whisper. “I’ve been thinking of kissing you pretty much since the last time I kissed you.”

His eyes close and he curses under his breath. Eyes back open. “You can’t say things like that.”

“Why not?” Is he serious? Should you not? Your father told you when you were young that guys like a mystery. You should have realized then that you’d end up single at your age.

“Makes me wanna forget the project and just have you all weekend.”

It hurts. The want in his voice, in his eyes. You might get used to this, but it can’t last. You keep reminding yourself to stay in the present, to enjoy, to know that moments like these are just moments and worth it no matter the outcome. But it hurts.

“As a professor, I would be remiss in letting that happen.”

“Assistant professor,” he teases before kissing you. He pulls you in with his arms wrapping around your waist. You hold him close, hands sliding into his soft, soft hair. His mouth opens with the touch of your tongue and you try and hold on to this feeling; the wet, the heat, the urge of his body against yours.

“You always feel so good,” you murmur against his lips. With a soft, almost chaste kiss, he draws back, but doesn’t let go.

“You do too, jagiya.”

You know your smile is silly at the nickname. He bumps noses with you before loosening his hold of your waist.

“Go work, music genius.”

He rolls his eyes, one hand squeezing your hip before letting go. “Thanks for dinner. And letting me stay.”

“Any time.”

Fuck, did you just say that?

Something flickers in his eyes. “Be careful. I might just take you up on that.” He drops another kiss to your mouth before leaving the kitchen. You don’t move until you hear the creaking of the stairs as he goes up.

Then you breathe.

You like the end-of-the-day chores actually. The setting the dishes in the dishwasher, the wiping down counters, the picking up of discarded outerwear (at least during the winter and fall). There's a debriefing about it, a quiet come down after the long day, the long week. Having Yoongi in your house, in your space, as appealing as it is, is also something that overwhelms.

A man, not your father, in your house.

You pause in your cleaning to listen for any movement. There's some, so slight. You wonder if he'll ever explain in simple terms how he goes about producing music. You're not sure you understand the first thing about it.

But you'd like to.

It's several hours later when you knock lightly on his door, then open it just a hair. You can see him, the back of him, sitting at the table you'd set out, head bobbing to some unheard beat (headphones are in place). You debate on bothering him when he slides the headphones off his ears so it hangs around his neck.

"Yoongi?"

He turns to see you and smiles. "Hi."

"Hi." You enter. "I'm going to bed and I just wanted to say that anything in the fridge, pantry, whatever is free game. Make yourself at home."

"Bed?" He glances at his phone for the time. "Really?"

"I have early classes every day," you reply. "Don't make fun."

He presses his lips together as though holding himself back from just that. "Sure."

"You good?"

"Yeah. I'm good."

"Okay. Good night then." You nod and start to leave.

"Good night kiss?"

You turn to find him a foot away from you, playful smile on those lips. He cups your face in his hands, lightly brushing his mouth on yours. You sigh.

"I hope you get a lot done, but don't forget sleep."

"Mmmmm, I'll try not to," he answers, eyes still closed, his lips touching yours with each word. He kisses you again. "Sweet dreams, jagi."

You open your eyes, one hand wrapping around his. "You too."

He watches you for another couple of seconds and you stare right back. Another quick kiss before he lets go.

"Night."

“Night,” you say and leave him to his music. You wonder as you walk down the stairs if you should have offered your bed for sleep if he wants. You want, but you aren’t sure if sleeping with no sex is something beyond whatever you have with him.

Besides, it’s been a very long day and sleep is really your favorite thing about Friday nights.

You aren’t really a light sleeper, but when you hear movement, it wakes you up.

You rub your eyes and slide out of bed when you hear the sound of a kitchen cabinet opening. You glance at your radio clock. It’s three am.

The light is on in the kitchen and you can hear a low voice mumbling something.

“Yoongi?”

He looks over at you, eyebrows pushed together in concern. “Did I wake you? I’m so sorry.”

Glasses. He’s wearing glasses.

Also, why are you both whispering when it’s only you two in the house?

“It’s okay.” You are stuttering, you know. But right in front of you is Min Yoongi, with messy hair, pajama pants, huge t-shirt and black-rimmed glasses. “Did you need something?”

“Just water.” He grabs a glass and pulls out your filtered pitcher from the fridge.

“I should really put a minifridge up there with bottle water. I’m so sorry. I didn’t think that you’d have to come all the way down for anything above tap water...” You can’t believe you didn’t think of this before he came. Why you hadn’t when your parents were here.

“Hey, it’s okay.” He takes a gulp of that water and you just know that you’re staring at him, his neck and how it moves.

It’s a bit like having living art in your house.

“Are you going to bed?” you ask, trying for that not to sound like anything but a question a person would ask their guest.

He smirks anyway. “Maybe.”

You know you blush, but you roll your eyes anyway. “Made progress? On your songs?”

He walks to where you stand in the doorway, eyes trained on yours. “A bit. Why? You wanna listen?”

“I’m pretty sure my lack of knowledge would make my thoughts pretty unhelpful...or needed.”

He’s in your space, that adorable nose of his touching yours. “Maybe I just want to know your thoughts.” He takes your hand in his, leading you away from the kitchen. You hit the light switch quickly, stumbling after him. He never lets go as you both walk up the stairs. Your view from following behind is, well, very nice. “You’re staring.”

“It’s a good view.” You try so hard not to be embarrassed by your ogling, but it’s hard. He looks over his shoulder, the smirk making his lips so tempting.

“Thanks.”

The guest room doesn't really look like your guest room. All the music-making items are on the table, cords plugged into two different outlets. His bag of clothes is on the floor, open. His recently worn outfit is folded on the rocking chair. The bed covers are messy like he's already tried to sleep, but failed.

He leads you into the chair at the table, sitting you down. He leans over you to fiddle with his laptop, handing you the large headphones. You place them over your ears delicately. You assume everything related to his school work is probably not cheap.

“So this is the most finished one,” he begins before pressing a key. Your ears are immediately filled with a repetitive beat, low and rolling. You look at him, then back at the laptop as the layers of melody and soft words come in. It's definitely rap, or hip hop, but unlike what you've heard before.

It's much more thoughtful, though the words are lower in volume, and you strain to hear them. It's almost like the words are more afterthought, the sound of them only there to enhance the music, not the other way around.

You look up to find him watching you closely. His lower lip is between his teeth, though he gives you a small smile.

Soon the headphones are silent. You remove them from your ears.

“I love the strings.”

His eyebrows rise. “The strings?”

“The underlying violin? Or possibly viola... I'm not sure. It adds something more epic about the song. I have no idea what the words were, but I think that's okay. It's more a feeling.” You take a breath. “It's very different from anything I've listened to.” You think maybe you've said too much. You know what it's like to get feedback. How something you've put your heart into had someone callously dismiss it. You hope you haven't done that. His expression makes you think you should keep going. “I don't think one listens to it to be comfortable. It's off-putting, but good? Like I'm meant to be on edge, to question. To ponder. I wish I could have heard the words better.”

“Those are still in progress.” His voice is a low rumble and you shiver despite the perfectly acceptable temperature in the room. “You liked it?”

You nod. “I did. I have no idea what goes into making something like that, but it felt very cohesive. I don't know, I'm rambling.”

“I like your rambling.”

You blink a few times at him as he holds out his hand. You take it and stand up out of the chair. He turns you to sit in it.

He's going back to work.

You hand him the headphones which he takes, but he doesn't let go of your hand.

“I'll let you work.”

He tugs on your hand suddenly, and you falter, losing your balance at the surprise, and his hands

find your waist to steady you while pulling you onto his lap. Your eyes widen.

“Was that on purpose?”

He grins, his hands clasping at the small of your back. “Can’t put anything past you.” He leans in to kiss you, light as a breeze. “I’m glad you liked the song.”

“I really did. I’d listen to it again. You never told me what your theme was for the project.” You aren’t sure why you’re talking, not with his face so close.

“Being lost,” he answers, his hands teasing the back of the waistband of your pajama pants.

“That’s like one of my biggest fears,” you say, shivering at the touch of his fingers. “I like your glasses.”

“Yeah?” He wrinkles his nose as they are beginning to slip down and you push them back up for him.

“I got Lasik two years ago, but I kinda miss my glasses.”

“I bet you looked cute.” He kisses you more firmly this time, and you take a moment to just breathe him in. How he still kind of smells like the garlic from your stir fry, but more of whatever is his detergent and something like sandalwood. When you both draw back, his glasses are fogged.

You carefully remove them and set them on his laptop. “Can you still see me?”

“You’re a little blurry,” he replies and moves closer, mouth opening against yours. “Better.”

“You’re shameless.” But your heart is fluttering so much, you wonder how it doesn’t just leap out of your chest to migrate south.

“And if you think I wasn’t going to try and have you while staying in your house, then you aren’t as smart as you seem, pretty assistant professor,” he murmurs. “Unless you said no. You aren’t saying no, are you?” He’s lifted his head to put a few inches of space between you.

“Have I yet?”

The answering grin is his wide one, with gums and upper teeth. The one that makes your heart turn to mush.

His hands unclasp from behind you, sliding down to push you closer, groping your ass enough to make you squeak. He laughs into your mouth, kissing you deeply, tongue tracing yours. You tremble in his arms, moving closer until you feel him against you and hear his groan.

You move your hips a little, testing as he runs his hands under the back of your shirt and up your skin. He groans again, hardening against your caressing.

“Can I?” you ask, one hand seeking him over his flannel pants.

“Fuck,” he breathes on your mouth before his head falls to where your shoulder and neck meet. “If you want.”

You slip your hand under and grip him firmly. He shudders.

“I won’t last, jagiya. It’s been too long.”

You stroke him gently. “Why?”

He lifts his head, eyes dark and sleepy. “Want you too much.”

You hold him a little tighter, feeling his shaking as you stroke. You kiss him, your tongue matching pace with your hand. His fingers dig into your skin in retaliation and you realize your legs are tightening around him, your hand moving quicker and his head has fallen back, baring all that neck to you. Slowing down, you lean in and press your mouth to where his pulse beats. It’s racing. You nibble at the pale skin.

“Fuck, fuck,” he growls. “I’m gonna--”

And he does.

You wait until he lifts his head to see you. You wonder if you look as pleased as you feel. The whole thing is still odd, but to see him fall apart like that. Because of you.

You’ve never thought you could have that kind of effect on anyone.

He looks wrecked. Skin dewy, cheeks flushed, breath heavy.

“I can throw a load of laundry in the wash.”

He chuckles and molds his hand to the back of your neck, bringing you in for a kiss. His other hand removes yours from his cock. His lips drift from your lips down to the curve of your jaw to near your ear, taking the lobe lightly between his teeth. You let out a sound that probably sounds more like a choking cat than anything sexy. He laughs.

“I’m sorry,” you say quickly, covering your face with one hand. He’s gently wiping your other hand on his pants, fingers tracing the length of each of your fingers.

“Don’t,” he whispers, his voice hoarse from groaning. “My ego has doubled in size since meeting you.”

“Oh great.” You drop your hand to look at him. He’s smiling, radiating that sleepy contented look.

“What do you want?” He rests his arms around your waist, like you sitting on his lap is completely commonplace.

“Want?”

“You asked me to dance a while ago, but I don’t think you’ve asked for much else.” His breathing has returned to normal. “What do you want? Right now?”

“You’re tired, I’ll let you sleep.”

“Jagiya.” He presses his lips to your collarbone. “Let me make you feel good, too.”

It’s probably the late hour, the proximity high from getting him off, but you answer without thinking. “You being here makes me feel good.”

He scoffs, unconvinced.

“I’m serious,” you defend yourself, cupping his face in your hands. “I like just... being with you.”

Is it too much?

“Also, I think you need sleep, jagiya,” you say, testing the nickname carefully. His eyes widen and you feel his cheeks warm in your hands. It gives you courage. “Do you want to sleep in my bed? With me?”

“Fuck yes,” he answers, moving to kiss you. “Let me change and I’ll be down in a bit.”

You keep your lips on his, lightly brushing, savoring. “Okay.” But you don’t move off his lap, nor does he go to stand. His hands grip your hips, your mouths still moving together. It’s so little, but the repetition, the unhurriedness of it heals years of quick and urgent moments that never were repeated. Seconds, minutes, hours go by it seems, and you’re just there, on his lap, kissing him.

If you could freeze this moment in a snowglobe...

“Hey,” he says against your lips. “I thought we were going to bed.” He smiles sleepily. You kiss him again before easing yourself off his lap. There’s an answering pout.

“If I’m asleep before you get down there, please don’t take it personally.”

He laughs and nods, getting up and stretching his arms above his head. You look away from staring too long at his arms and the sliver of skin showing his stomach.

“I’ll... yeah,” you mutter because what do you say to that smirk of his when he catches you leering. You hurry out of the guest bedroom and down the stairs. You stop in your bathroom, picking up a few things and jamming them under the cabinet before looking at your ‘it’s 2 am and I woke up’ self.

Dear god, it’s amazing that he ever finds you attractive.

You rinse your face and hands before drying them on the hand towel. You hear the movement upstairs and make your way into bed. Your head is on the pillow and you stare at the ceiling, listening. You’re too wired to fall asleep. But you close your eyes anyway. He doesn’t say anything when he comes in, just goes to the other side, lifts the covers and slides in next to you.

You count to ten, wondering if you should do anything. His arm wraps around your middle, pulling you close.

“Night,” he whispers, kissing your shoulder before resting his head in the same spot. You don’t move, hyper aware of how close he is. The last time he was in your bed, just his hand was on your hip. This is much much more.

His breathing evens out and maybe you relax a little. And maybe you rest your hand over his arm, reminding yourself that someone wants to be in bed with you. Your eighteen year old self, that one Valentine’s Day morning when you woke up and looked forward to sharing a bed someday, would finally be satisfied.

So many years later.

--

You wake early even when you wish you could sleep in. It’s frustrating especially now when there’s a warm body next to you, inviting. He’s spooned you some time in the early morning hours.

You lay there, trying to fall back asleep, trying to savor these first time moments, but to no avail. You carefully slip away, going to your bathroom for the morning routine. He doesn’t move. Not

when you change into your walking clothes or leave a post-it note on his phone he'd plugged in next to your bedroom bookshelf.

You look at him before you leave, his hair covering his eyes, lips and cheeks pink. You shut your bedroom door quietly.

There is no text from him as you walk. You never thought you'd like walking, especially morning walking, but since you'd decided that it was entirely possible you would be on your own when you got old, you pursued a lifestyle change: healthier food, daily (almost) exercise. You did not want to be a burden on others, so you would do your best to stay active. The change had been hard and you still did the occasional pint of Ben & Jerry's Phish Food when life warranted it, but the walking became natural. In fact, on days you didn't, you often felt unbalanced.

Walking with or without earbuds piping in music or podcasts helped your brain process. You got your best ideas on your walks. You worked through your problems on your walks.

Lately, you think of Yoongi on your walks.

How could you not?

From the first night, those two months of intermittent texts, to the housewarming party, to his birthday party; your walks include his presence now. Not just the sensory memories of his mouth, his hands, his everything, though that does often make an appearance.

More just him. And how you are sucked back into the sixteen year old girl you once were just learning how to flirt, to banter, to show that you're interested.

A lot has happened between sixteen and now.

How when your phone lights up with a text from him, your heart both freezes and leaps at the same time. You're thrilled that he's contacting you, but half of you wonders if this is the final text. The one that says 'Oh yeah, the age gap? Ew. A fluke. You're so boring. Bye.'

You doubt he'd be that cruel, but your imagination has its own ways of coping with years of unreturned feelings.

How when you see him, you still have to remind yourself that he's real. That he likes you (you avoid how to define that 'like' for your own sanity), likes seeing you.

Likes kissing you.

When you finally get back to your house, it's still quiet. It's starting to drizzle outside (your hair will be a fizzy mess in 2.5 seconds). You peek into your bedroom to see that he has not moved since you left and your heart squeezes for the millionth time since knowing him.

You know better than to get attached, but since when do feelings ever follow your brain?

You return to the kitchen, starting up the Nespresso maker, and pulling out milk. It's a Saturday, which means you can indulge a little with breakfast, so you grab eggs and leftover spinach to make a frittata.

It's nice to have someone else to make food for. You're reminded of this every time someone comes to visit (parents, friends), but it's a little different with him.

You suppose it would be.

You're halfway through your homemade latte and about to put the skillet full of milk and eggs, salt and spinach, into the oven when you hear the creaking of old wood floors. Your heart speeds up and you question if there will be a time where it won't respond to his presence. If you'll ever have a chance to know.

"Morning," he croaks out as you close the oven door. You glance over your shoulder to see him, still in his boxers and t-shirt. His hair ruffled, eyes barely open behind his glasses.

It's too much for the soft plushie that is your heart.

"Hi," you greet, hoping to keep at least 90% of your thoughts out of your voice. "Americano?"

He nods, shuffling in like a man of three times his age. You set up the espresso and your kettle before remembering to turn on the timer for the frittata. He hugs you from behind as you press start on the timer. You close your eyes when he presses his face into your shoulder and breathes in.

You hope you don't smell bad from your walk.

"How do you wake up so early?" he mutters against your t-shirt.

"Unfortunate habit of the educator," you reply, your hands covering his at your waist. "I'm making a frittata?"

"What the hell is that?" He still has his face buried, but now in the curve of your neck.

"Like quiche, but no crust. Eggs, parmesan, spinach..."

He lifts his head. "No meat?"

You laugh. "I have some leftover ham I can fry up."

"You don't have to."

"Obviously," you tease. "I do." You turn around toward him, intent on going to the refrigerator to get said ham. But his hands trace down to your hips, holding you steady. "You want ham or not?"

He's looking at you, those eyes only slightly more open than earlier. He's stunning even in this disheveled state.

"Kiss?"

You don't think you're ever going to say no to him.

When your mouths meet, you can taste that he thoughtfully brushed his teeth before, mint flavor strong. You feel the oven handle press into your lower back as he pushes you into any inert thing to make sure his body fits to yours. You grunt at the pressure, the remnants of sleep fading at his body's insistence.

"Not to be a one track mind," he begins, but there's laughter in his voice. "But how long on the whatever you're making?"

"Twenty minutes," you manage to say in between kisses. He's such a contrast to past kisses. All leisurely, both delicate and consuming. You could repeat the same tongue strokes, lip tugs, his thumb just gliding over that crescent shape of your right hip bone for the rest of your life.

“Not enough time,” he murmurs, reminding you of what subject you’re even discussing. He lifts his head. “And I should probably get back to work,” he says and pouts at the same time.

You feel your body’s disappointment before it connects in your brain that he’s not continuing, but you nod at his words anyway. “Of course. I can bring you a plate and mug.”

He shakes his head, that thumb still tracing your hip. “A little delay and a little burnt eggs is fine by me,” he states and it takes you a second to understand his meaning, and by then he’s pulled you toward the living room, where your couch is.

“Wait, I...” and you’re unceremoniously flopped onto your back on the sofa. He’s on top of you in seconds, hands sliding up under your shirt, fingers under the edges of your sports bra. “I’m gross.”

“No you’re not,” he says as though that’s the most ridiculous thing he’s ever heard. He kisses you before breaking away to divest you of your shirt and then bra. It’s moving quickly, his hands seeming everywhere. At some point, his glasses are gone and you can’t seem to focus on anything but the rich brown of his eyes. Though you want to tell him his work is far more important, his mouth is expertly teasing your breasts and fingers pulling down your sweats and underwear. Then his mouth brushes below your navel, right where you know that no matter how much you diet or workout, that area will never be flat.

He doesn’t seem to care.

“I should take a shower--” you try again, despite that you’re vibrating, trembling with his speedily tactile ministrations. His fingers slide into you, and you know you should be embarrassed that you’re already so ready to be touched there, but he’s grinning as you squirm.

“I’ve been thinking about getting you off since last night.”

He says it proudly, triumphant that you’re gasping and moaning in such a short time. He leans back over you, fingers still unraveling you. His lips touch your nose.

“This is adding to my preemptive atoning for being rude and thanking you for breakfast,” he whispers, grin silly.

“This is not a bartering system I’m used to,” you bite out as he withdraws his fingers before you can break. He nibbles at your lips, tongue swiping away any other words you might have wanted to say before his fingers return and in seconds, he’s swallowing your cries and rubbing away the trembling of your limbs. When he lets you turn your face away, embarrassed at the gathering tears in your eyes, his fingers are still there.

“What are you doing?” you choke out.

“Again.”

You turn your head back, looking at him with shock. “Again?”

“Again, jagiya.”

Your legs are closing, trying to get him to stop because it’s so much, too much. “But... why?” Your voice is hoarse-sounding, a shadow of normalcy.

He rolls his eyes, his lips flattening as though annoyed, but the sparkle in those eyes tells you different.

“Because more is better,” is his only answer before he dips in a third finger. You can feel yourself clench, the tears that were in the corner of your eyes, slipping down your cheeks. “Let go, sweetheart.”

The ‘sweetheart’ is surprising, and you do. You take a breath (as much as you can) and then you crest again, stronger this time. The shout you make is horribly loud and calls on deities in a very unholy way.

He removes his hand before laying on top of you as you shiver, the remnants of your climax still tingling through you. He wipes away the leftover tears, kissing your cheeks and then lips.

“Okay?” he asks, nearly as breathless as you are.

You try and nod, not sure your voice actually works. His smile is so smug that you roll your eyes and he snickers before kissing you again.

The timer goes off and he bounds up off of you, his own state very noticeable in his boxers, but he just shakes his head before heading into the kitchen.

“Shit, the espresso’s gone cold.”

Part 5: Weekend (10 hours)

Chapter Summary

warnings: SMUT. sex w/o a condom (you'll see why), dry-humping with a happy ending (ugh, i hated just writing that, isn't there a prettier way to describe that?), kissing, new positions, talking!, caring, snuggling, cuddling, rants about students writing crappy essays, you have been warned that i cannot help how attractive this yoongi is,

Yoongi eats a third of the frittata. And most of the ham you cooked up. You know it's probably a huge step back in the progress of feminism to enjoy him eating your food so fully, but you can't help it.

"I'll clean up."

"Yoongi," you start and he points at you with a stern look.

"I can take a few minutes to clean up." He picks up your plate, placing it on top of his. "Maybe it'll give me inspiration." There's a small laugh on his part as he walks from the table to the kitchen. You don't move, watching his walk as though your eyes can only stay on him.

Which is true.

"Inspiration? Doing the dishes?"

He turns on the water and you get up, grabbing the rest of the dishes. He fills the sink with soapy water, taking the extra plate from you.

"Sure. Your house..." he trails off, testing the water temperature before looking at you. "Your house is calm."

"Calm?"

He shrugs, starting to wash. "I think maybe it's living with the guys, but it never seems peaceful there. Here it's just... still." He rinses off a plate and sets it in the drainer. "It's nice."

"It's boring."

He makes a face at you. "It's nice." He flicks some suds in your direction. You yelp more in surprise than the actual feeling of bubbles on the front of your shirt. "Go shower or something. I'm working here."

You resist arguing that you'd like to watch him elbow deep in dishwater, hair disheveled with glasses on, for at least an hour more. That might be too much and you're very much trying to not overdo it with him.

You've probably said too much already. But he's still here.

It makes you want to hope, but you have a track record that tells you otherwise.

“I’m going to the farmers’ market later. Do you want anything?”

He rinses another dish and sets it. “Will there be tangerines?”

You grin at his lack of subtlety. “There can be.”

He shrugs nonchalantly. “If there are...”

You lean over to kiss his cheek, beyond charmed. He turns his face after, lips near yours. You freeze, realizing that again, you initiated.

You still don’t know if that’s okay.

“Again,” he whispers. You swallow, moving in to brush your lips on his. His mouth parts so his tongue can touch yours and you can feel yourself tensing... again... even after two orgasms a half hour ago.

Is it because it’s all built up? So many years of not seeking your own pleasure and you just explode every time? Or is it him?

Is it only him?

His tongue slides along yours and you whimper. It makes no sense that tongues can do this and make you feel like this, but you move in closer and all of a sudden your back is wet with his dish-soaped hands, but you don’t care. You just want to keep kissing him until your lips are numb. You feel the wall at your back and his wet hands have moved down the back of your pants, gripping and pushing you where he’s so hard.

You move your head away to speak. He doesn’t seem to mind, lips trailing to your neck.

“I, um... went to my doctor last week.”

He grunts against your skin.

“I got an IUD.”

His head pops up at that, eyes wide and pupils black. “What?”

“I got--”

He shakes his head, hands drifting up your back and molding to your sides. “Sorry, I know what you said. Why?”

You shrug, feeling more embarrassed than you thought when you’d imagined telling him about this.

“Since we’ve been... you know and it seems to continue, I thought... it’d be wise.”

He’s staring at you, eyes still dark, but a small smile on his lips. “Sex. We’re having sex.”

Your face is so hot.

“I know. And I didn’t do this with the expectation that we’d necessarily be always doing this.” Is this the talk? Did you just start THE TALK while in your kitchen, in your walking clothes and him still in his pyjamas with dish suds on his fingers? “So, please don’t think that I’m trying to make you--”

"I haven't been with anyone else since your party," he interrupts casually. Your heart stops.

"Really?"

"Yeah." His smile grows. "Have you been out every night, taking home unsuspecting men?" He's teasing, but there's a flicker in his eyes you don't quite understand.

You scoff. "I'm not sure what world you think I live in, but that is definitely not happening." You pause and risk it again. "I don't want any other men."

His fingers, previously following the curve of your waist, freeze and dig into your skin enough to make you jump.

"You want me?" he whispers as though to confirm.

You nod, eyes meeting his despite your fears. You do this. You tell the truth, you open up and sometimes (most of the time) it does not end like a pretty little story. It just ends. Quickly and abruptly.

"I want you, too," he replies to your nod. You tremble at his admission. It seems like more than just wanting sex. But you aren't sure. You're never sure and you're afraid to ask him to clarify.

Let yourself have this at least. At least for the time he's here.

His fingers lessen their pressure and he kisses you softly. "Can I have you now?"

"I still haven't taken--"

"You smell like sleep, the rain and my cologne," he murmurs against your lips. "And eggs."

You laugh and he goes deeper, pulling you close for a kiss that literally makes you curl your toes, and you feel very firmly that nothing has put a damper on his desire for you. Your hips move of their own accord and he lets out a curse.

"Bed?" he asks, his mouth only millimeters away from yours.

"Bed."

He's still kissing you as he drags you toward your bedroom. He nearly trips as he discards his boxers, allowing your hand to find him immediately.

"You are entirely too comfortable with your hand on my dick," he says. "Not so shy, huh?" he takes off his shirt as you do the same with yours. "We could try something different this time?" he starts as you sit on the bed.

You still and he notices.

"Um, what did you have in mind?"

He tilts his head to the side, taking you in, as though he's not standing in your room, stark naked. He reaches out to pull off your pants and underwear, tossing them aside.

"Wanna be on top?" he asks.

"Oh. Um... do I?"

He laughs and gets on the bed, lying back, head on the pillow. He gestures for you to come close.

“Condom?”

“Oh, I thought, with my IUD, you don’t have to--”

He cuts you off, rising up to kiss you. It’s not gentle, or soft. It’s pure heat and teeth. You gasp, grabbing at his shoulders to not fall back. His hand is there, seeing how much his kisses and his words affect you.

“Sure?” He breaks away to check with you. “You did buy a whole box.”

“You’re making fun of me,” you say, pouting a little which holds no influence as you’re also panting.

“I’m teasing,” he says, fingers sliding in and out. “I’m teasing because you’re cute.” He kisses you before drawing back both his mouth and fingers. You shudder. “Go on, jagiya. You control this when on top.”

You look down at his cock, flushed and hard. “I just get on?”

His laugh is louder, a bit breathless and you know you’re probably redder than anything, but you really do need the occasional guidance.

“Yes. Pretty much.” He links his fingers with yours. You nod and take him in your other hand, lifting to your knees. When he first touches you there, you remember it’s been a while since you’ve been together like this. Since your party.

“You’ll tell me if I do it wrong?”

“I don’t think you can, but yeah, I will.” There’s still remnants of humor in his voice, though it’s strained and deep. You sink down on him carefully, sucking in your breath at the feel (not unfamiliar, but still so surprising).

How do people get used to this?

And it’s different, without the condom. Warmer. And you can tell that for him, it’s very different.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” it’s a litany of the word coming out of his mouth, his head falling back. “Fuck.” He lifts his head after a second. “You can move.”

You nod again.

“You look like you’re about to take notes again.”

“I am,” you say hotly, eyes shutting tight when you lift and slide down. “Mentally.”

“Sweetheart,” he says like the word is natural. Like that is your name, and only you will ever be called that. You force your emotions back down. “Stop thinking so much.”

You open your eyes to see his on yours. He holds out his other hand to you, so now you hold both hands, fingers interlaced. You move up and down again and he lets out a groan.

“Good girl.”

You bite your lower lip, continuing the movement, feeling his quivers and watching his chest

increase the speed of his breathing. You watch this man, who you care too much about and know so little about him, let go of one of your hands to grab your hip, positioning you just so.

He's moving too now, his rhythm different than yours, but you feel it. That strange build that you know you'll never get used to, it starts to run along your limbs, back and forth like electrical currents. You lean forward, wanting to kiss him, but the move shifts where he's hitting you and you choke out a gasp.

It practically zings through you.

He lifts up to meet your lips. "That's it. You're doing so good." The words are separated by gasps and barely have the strength of his voice, but you relax (as much as one can) and when you let go of his hand, needing to cup his face and kiss him back, he comes.

And then you do too.

You feel him inside you, everything and it should be gross, but you're shivering from that speeding train and the release.

He's inside you.

You feel the tears in the corners of your eyes but you ignore them, leaning down to kiss him, hoping that it'll just feel like sweat, not tears. He wraps his arms around you, trembling.

"Did you like that?" he breathes into your ear.

"Did you?"

He cups your face in his hands so you two can look at each other. "You let me come in you... that's pretty amazing."

He can be so blunt.

"Now what?" This is new and you have no idea what's actually the process, post-coital.

He smirks. "You're probably gonna want to shower and wash the sheets." He kisses you on the nose. "But you don't have to move any time soon."

"Okay." You rest your head on his chest. "I did like it. It was more intense." You aren't really sure those are the right words. It felt so much more everything. More intimate.

"Good." He kisses the top of your head.

"You know you have to go work," you say reluctantly.

"Shhhh, let's not think about that."

You kiss his chest, the tears still wanting to fall. You wonder if you'll make it out of this without your very first broken heart.

--

You do take a shower because there are a lot of things about having sex without a condom that romance novels really don't cover. Like what trails down your legs.

It's so weird and yet, you like it. You like this change.

But as you walk the farmers' market, you remind yourself that it's just sex. Sex with fondness, maybe.

You should be happy with that.

There's no sounds when you get home. You unload your produce, putting several tangerines in a bowl with a few napkins. You take the bowl upstairs and set it by the door. You listen but don't hear anything so you head back downstairs.

You eventually get situated in your office, pulling out your school laptop and opening up the website to view and grade the newest batch of essays. You look at the first paragraph of the first one and sigh.

Is it that hard to follow the basics of essay structure?

Apparently it is for this freshman who decided to use a fragment and slang in the very first sentence. There is also no thesis statement you can suss out.

You resist banging your head on the keyboard.

You open a playlist, gearing yourself up for battle against comma splices, incomplete thoughts, and general misunderstanding of the difference between language appropriate for conversation versus academic writing. Your mind slips from the inhabitant upstairs into the world of teaching and constant repetition.

"Hey."

You jump about a foot at his voice (hard to do while sitting, but you manage it). He laughs and you see him at your doorway.

"Your phone is blowing up, by the way." He waves it in his hand before coming in.

"Did it disturb you?" You're a little horrified. "I usually put it on silent, though the vibrating makes noise too. I'm so sorry."

"I didn't hear it until I started coming downstairs," he says quickly. "Though your BFF does want to know how the sexcapades are going." He turns your phone so it'll light up with notifications and yes, right there is a text from her.

Word for word what he just said.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry. I swear, I just said you were coming over to do work. I didn't insinuate that we'd be--" He kisses you to shut you up. You melt as his hand strokes your hair.

"You should tell her you've lost all feeling in your body." He sets your phone on your desk. "If you want to be accurate."

You see his smirk and eyebrow raise of arrogance, and you relax. "And yet I'm still working fine."

"Don't challenge me, jagiya. I have to finish two more songs." He's still stroking your hair, standing next to you. "Hungry?"

You glance at the time. "It's late. I'm sorry."

"Stop saying you're sorry," he says. "I was hungry so I thought I'd raid your fridge. That's all. Do you want me to make you something?" He's turned you in the swivel chair so you're facing him,

still playing with your hair.

“You want to cook?”

“I like cooking.” He leans down. “When I have time and ingredients anyway. Thanks for the tangerines.”

“Of course.”

“So, can I make you something?”

“You don’t have to, I can--”

“I want to.”

He’s keeping his eyes on you, making you feel very small. “Okay.”

He grins then.

“How’s your work?” you ask, noticing his legs are still touching yours.

“Good. Very good. I hope.” He shrugs, dropping a kiss to your forehead. “I’ll go make lunch.” You watch as he leaves your office, stunned more than anything.

You actually don’t get more work done. You text your best friend back that there are no sexcapades (she doesn’t believe you, rightfully) and she asks you a question that you cannot answer.

You sit there for about three minutes before getting up and heading to the kitchen.

“Mustard or mayonnaise? Or both?” he calls as though you’re still in your office.

“Neither.”

He turns at your voice, eyebrows up. “Neither?”

“Nothing or hummus.” You lean against the door frame, watching him as he opens the toaster oven to pull out freshly warmed bread.

“So, why do you have mustard and mayo then?” he asks as he moves to the fridge. He pulls out the tub of hummus and ambles back to his array of sandwich ingredients.

“My father.”

He snorts. “He of the very good beer?”

“Coffee, mustard, mayo, beer, and peanut butter. If I have all those, he’s content.”

Yoongi shoots you another grin. “The basics.”

“Yep.” You twist your bracelet around your wrist a few times. “So, question.”

“Shoot.” He cuts the sandwiches (loaded high) diagonally. You watch as he splits them before adding already peeled tangerine slices in the middle for a side.

“You’re good at plating.”

“Worked in a fancy restaurant in undergrad.” He walks over to hand you one plate. “You said you had a question.”

You’ve lost your courage.

“Um...” You look at the sandwich. “This looks good.”

“Jagiya,” he says slowly. “What’s your question?” He moves past you and sets the plate on your table before grabbing yours and setting it down as well. He watches you, eyes very thoughtful.

You clear your throat. “On a night you don’t have to work, at the bookstore, or school, or whatever... would you, like to go out to eat? With my best friend and her husband? You met them at the party.” You swallow. “And me, of course.”

He doesn’t say anything for a second. Long enough to make you question everything.

“Like a double date?”

You nod, counting your heart beats.

“Yeah. Sure.” He smiles softly. “That’d be fun. I’m not much of a conversationalist though.” He shrugged as though embarrassed.

“I talk enough for anyone and then some,” you mutter, letting your breath out. “Whenever. Just let me know your availability. I’ll figure it out.” You start to grab your plate, but he takes your hand.

“Why did that make you nervous?”

You stare at his hand. “We tend to only see each other at home. I wasn’t sure if it extended to in public.”

He laughs and rubs your palm with his thumb. “I like food. I like you. I like your friends. No problem.”

“I’m glad I come after food.” You meet his gaze then. “Thanks.”

“You don’t have to thank--” He lets out a small sigh. “I like being around you too.” He grabs his plate and kisses your mouth. “More work. Later?”

Your eyes are closed, but you nod. Another brush of lips before he pads away and up the stairs. You send a message back to your best friend:

:: He said yes.

BFF:: Of course he did. He likes you!

You finish what you hope is a solid day’s work of grading before getting up to walk into the living area. As non-distractingly as possible, you set up a log in your fireplace and light it. It’s not that cold, but the consistent drizzle outside and strong desire for tea has you feeling cozy. You slip on a fuzzy cardigan and heat up the tea.

You curl up on the couch, tea and book in hand when you hear him come down the stairs. You look over at him as he slows down at the bottom.

“This is the most professor thing I’ve seen you do.”

You smile. “That’s good, right?”

He shrugs. “I suppose.” He stretches and comes to sit next to you. “Tea?”

“Want some?”

He takes it out of your hand and sips it, making a face. “Sweet.”

“Not all of us like our drinks bitter and dark.”

“Like my soul,” he quips and stares at the fire. “I might fall asleep here.”

“I won’t stop you. You didn’t get much last night.”

He looks over at you with a smirk.

“You were working,” you say, hiding your face behind the book. “Late.” He doesn’t say anything, but he doesn’t move either. He’s warm, arm resting against yours, his feet tucked under him. “Are you done?”

“Uh…” he lets out a long breath. “Technically, but I’m not happy with it.” He rubs the back of his head aimlessly. “It’s fine. It’s not great.”

“Taking a break is good. Your brain needs some time to recoup.”

“Yeah?” He turns his head. “Think so?”

“When I get stuck, or my students do, I always tell them to take a break. Go for a walk. Do something else. Almost always when I come back, I can figure out the problem.”

“And she’s wise.”

You scoff. “Something that word problems in math taught me. I hated them.”

“What person likes them?” He peers over your shoulder. “So, is this a typical Saturday night for you?”

“You think asking random men to dance at a club is my regular go to?” Your eyes are on your book, but you aren’t reading. He’s leaned in closer, chin nearly on your shoulder.

You can feel him grin. “I was hoping I was special.”

You bite your tongue from being too honest. “Eh, you were like my third guy of the night.”

He laughs in your ear, clearly not believing you (he shouldn’t). “I’m sorry you had to lower your standards.”

You press your lips together when his lips touch your ear.

“So, you ever going to tell me why?” he asks.

You turn your head, eyes wide. His lips brush along your jaw as he doesn’t move back.

“Why what?”

“Why me?”

You shrug. “I told you. You’re beautiful. I figured you’d laugh at me and say no to a dance. But if I didn’t ask, I’d always wonder.”

“Why would I laugh at you?”

Oh boy.

You set your book on your lap before picking up the mug of tea. “I’m not fishing, okay? I know what I look like. I don’t not like myself. I’m pretty okay with me.” You take a deep breath, staring at the steam that rises from your chamomile tea. “But that doesn’t mean I don’t know how the world works. What men want. That’s not usually me.”

He doesn’t say anything, but you can feel his eyes on you. Those sharp dark eyes that could probably eviscerate your soul if you’re not careful.

“I was there because Hoseok needed a wingman. Not that he really ever does. But I owed him a night out. I was basically there to make sure he didn’t get his liver taken or anything.”

You laugh.

“I didn’t plan to do anything that night. One drink and to carry him home.”

You meet his gaze. “Okay. Why me?”

He looks away, cheeks reddening. “You were so cute. Just walking up to me, not even trying to play hard to get. I gave you absolutely no encouragement. And your eyes were so big. Didn’t try any line or stupid trick, or ‘buy me a drink?’ Just said hi. Wanna dance.” He leans back against the couch. “Said it was your birthday.”

“My eyes?”

“All of you, jagiya.” He ruffles his hair again. “You seemed safe.” He turns his head back toward you. “Also, that dress was hot.”

“I wanted to feel pretty for my birthday,” you mumble.

He chuckles and leans back close to you. “So... why me?”

“Didn’t I just answer that?”

“That’s not what I’m asking. Why me?” He kisses your cheek. “Why come back to my place with me?”

There it is. The biggest questions of your lack of love life. Why haven’t you ever had sex before and why did you choose to that night?

“You don’t have to tell me.”

“I try not to tell you too much.”

“What is too much?”

“I tend to be too open.” You sip your tea. His lips are still on your cheek. You exhale shakily. “I tend to say too much.” The words from countless years fill your head: talk too much, you’re too

much, deal-breaker, too much, too much.

“Kiss me.”

You turn and gladly kiss him, setting your tea down. He wraps you in his arms, pulling you down so you’re lying on top of him, taking up all the length of the couch. He nibbles on your lower lip, sucks it before drawing back.

“Ask me a question then. Anything. If I don’t want to answer, I’ll say so.”

“No lying?”

“I haven’t lied to you yet.” He rests his head on the throw pillow and waits. You have a million, but you start in the middle of the spectrum of casual to personal.

“Have you dated older before?”

He blinks. “That age thing.” He rolls his eyes. “Yeah. Not like intentionally. Older women don’t bullshit as much so yeah.” His hands settle on your back. “You?”

“Older women?”

He makes a face, amused. “Younger. Anyone.”

“I haven’t really dated much at all.”

“Really?”

“I swear.” You press your face into his t-shirt covered chest for a second. “A few weeks in high school doesn’t really count.”

“How is that possible?” His incredulity makes you feel different than others who have said similar. Others who had no interest in you like that; older family friends, friends of friends. He wants you. It makes his words stick.

You look back up at him. “I don’t know. If I was asked out, it always felt off. I didn’t feel right about it. And then...” You close your eyes. “There were kisses... moments. But I guess I was good enough to kiss, but not to date.”

He strokes your hair. “Ouch.”

It means so much to you that he doesn’t refute your words, just empathizes (or sympathizes because there’s no way he’s ever been rejected, right?).

“Yeah. Also, was totally ghosted when I told a guy that I wasn’t even with, but we were kissing and he got handsy, that I probably wasn’t going to have sex... with him... for at least awhile. So, yeah.” You open your eyes to see him regarding you carefully.

He hums lowly. “Then why me?”

“I don’t know. You were beautiful and seemed to not think I was repulsive. I figured why not? Why not just have a one night stand with a beautiful man who makes me feel special?” You force a smile. “I don’t regret it. Obviously.”

“I’m glad. You were my first, you know.” He grins cheekily.

“What?”

“My first virgin.”

You hide your face again in his chest. “Really?” you squeak.

“Yeah.”

“Not even when you were--”

“No way. She was... shockingly, a little older.”

You look up at his amused smile.

“She was nice.” He taps you on the nose. “You don’t want to hear that story.”

“I like listening to you. Whatever you talk about. Even things I don’t understand like layers of music to create what sounds probably much more simple, but is super complex.”

He tugs you close. “Yeah?”

“Also, your voice is both soothing and sexy.”

“You think I’m sexy?”

“I just said your voice was. Not *you*.”

He laughs before kissing you. “Sure. Whatever you say.” He cradles your face in his hands, mouth opening against yours, tongue coming into play with little warning. You moan, trying to scoot closer. His fingers slide into your hair, gripping just enough to elicit another moan from you.

“Fuck,” he whispers.

“Exclamation or suggestion?” you whisper back.

He bites your lip. “Now who’s being sexy?” He drops his head back on the sofa pillow and you press your mouth to his collarbone. He lets out a shaky breath. “Jagiya...”

When you look up, you see the heat in his gaze, but also the exhaustion. You kiss his chin.

“Since we can’t take a walk for a break cause of the rain, wanna take a nap?” you say quietly, kissing his neck. “I need to read some, but I can wake you up in a little bit?”

He nods, looking up at the ceiling. “Yeah.”

You carefully get off him. He holds out his hand and you take it, confused. He pulls himself up, and turns around so he can lay down again, this time with his head resting on your thigh.

“Oh I see.”

“Mmmhmm,” he replies, eyes already dropping closed. You brush his hair out of his eyes and he holds your hand to his head. “More.”

“I let you stay at my house and you get all demanding?” you tease. He opens one eye to look at you.

“You have no idea how demanding I could get.” There is just enough intention in his voice to make your breath catch. His eye closes and you resume stroking and playing with his hair. He hasn’t put anything in his hair since his shower this morning, so it’s rather askew and rumpled, and so, so soft.

You go back to your book for a few minutes.

“What are you reading?”

“Poetry. Possibly to teach.”

“Read to me?”

“You like poetry?”

“I like rap... same thing.”

“True,” you reply. You love to read poetry aloud, even if the students never get it. There is something soothing in hearing and saying pretty words. “Often I think of the beautiful town/That is seated by the sea;”

He hums to himself, low and slow.

“Often in thought go up and down/The pleasant streets of that dear old town,/And my youth comes back to me.” You take a breath, your fingers drifting from his hair to his forehead, tracing the shape of his strong eyebrows. “And a verse of a Lapland song/Is haunting my memory still:/’ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,/And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.” You draw your index finger down his nose to the curve of his top lip, your eyes moving from the page to his face.

“Who was that?” his voice is rough, barely there as though he’s just hanging on to consciousness.

“Longfellow. American romantic poet. Pretty decent.” You trace the bottom lip too and his mouth opens to let his tongue touch your finger. “Yoongi...”

“You’re not helping me relax,” he says, his teeth grazing your skin. You feel it everywhere.

“I really don’t think you’re actively trying.”

His eyes open and he grins up at you, kissing your fingers before taking your hand and setting it back on his head, in his hair. You feel your face heat, but you go back to playing with those dark strands and move onto the next poem.

He’s asleep in minutes, his breathing even and slow. You eventually close the book and set it on the arm of the sofa, so you don’t move and disturb him.

You push your hair behind your ears and look down at him. He’s turned toward you some, so you don’t get a full view of his face, but you get one soft cheek, the pink lips, cute nose, and dark line of a closed, heavily lashed eye.

He’s just sleeping on your lap, his legs stretched out on the rest of your sofa that is older than you, reupholstered for the third time before moving into the house. You can’t absorb this. This entire weekend (just now about twenty-four hours with him) living in the same space, preparing meals, soft touches...

Your heart hurts so badly. The kind of pain that comes when you see a beautiful sunset with colors

that streak the sky like God is some sort of vibrant painter, who uses as many shades of red, orange, purple and pink as possible. It's hard to breathe and it's so stunning that you have to press your hand over your heart to ease the impact.

Having him stay with you, so comfortably, so easily, fulfills a fantasy that you certainly had never read about in romance novels. Novels are full of heat and desire, perfect words dripping with lust and want. There's drama and miscommunication, high stakes and jealousy.

This is quiet and soft. There's want and heat, but as much as you like that, you might like this better. His presence, his head warm and heavy on your leg, one hand on the sofa near your hip and the other resting on his stomach. The crackling of the fire only punctuated by his breathing.

You look away, toward the window to the outside where it's still grey with spring drizzle.

You know the reason you thought a one night stand would be okay was that it was just once. A continuing of intimacy, physical and now this, means your heart will be involved.

You aren't sure it can survive a Min Yoongi.

You wipe your eyes and look at the clock over the television. You stroke his hair.

"Yoongi, it's been a half hour. If you sleep too long, you won't sleep tonight," you whisper, leaning down to make sure your words reach his ear. Unable to stop yourself, you kiss the top curve of his ear. "Wake up, hon."

He moves a little. "Hon?" His just awake, still asleep voice is impossibly low, all gravel and slurring.

You didn't realize you'd said it. "Oh, um... sorry. Southernness."

He rolls on his back, both eyes opening to look up at you. "So I'm not special?"

You half-smile at him, the sight of his blinking sleepy eyes making you want to lay down next to him and cuddle.

"You're very special. Hon."

He grumbles. "Somehow that is not convincing." He stretches, his arms going up past your lap. His closest arm curls around your neck before you realize it and brings you down to his face.

"Dinner?"

You are trying not to stare at his lips, which are so close. "What do you want?"

"Let's order pizza," he says before letting you go and pushing himself up into a sitting position. "Yeah?"

"Sure. I can--" You reach for your phone on your trunk that doubles as a coffee table, but he grabs your hand and pulls you back against his chest. He's not a big guy, but he makes you feel small and delicate despite. "What are you doing?"

"My treat."

"Yoongi."

"Professor..." he says in your ear. "Let me."

“You’re a student, working a job, living with roommates and--”

“And he wants to buy you pizza,” he finishes for you, his nose touching the back of your head. “Your hair smells good.”

“You are not going to distract me,” you say, trying to sit up and turn toward him, but he tightens his hold, your back firmly against his chest.

“Oh, don’t challenge me,” his voice drops ever lower and sends tingles along your skin. “I’ll never get the pizza ordered. Supreme?”

You bite your lip. “I don’t like mushrooms or olives.”

“What?”

“I know. It’s no big deal until you order pizza with people and then they think you’re finicky, but ugh, mushrooms have the strangest texture, and olives permeate everything with their taste... please don’t make me pick them out.”

He laughs, his chest rumbling against your back.

“What?”

“I think that’s the very first time you’ve ever said what you wanted without seeing if I wanted it first.”

You wonder if that’s a good thing. You usually don’t have firm opinions about little things because it’s easier to let others decide. Life on your own means all the decisions are made by you. When you’re with others, you need a break from making decisions.

He kisses the side of your head. “No mushrooms or olives.”

“I don’t like spicy either.”

“Well, fuck. We might have to go half and half on this. I don’t know if I can give up spicy too.”

You turn to look at him, just to make sure he is kidding (the smirk on his face says he is). He mock-glares at you, which you return.

“I have a sensitive tongue,” you say, haughtily. His hands, one on your hip the other holding his phone, both tighten. His eyes narrow.

“Really?”

“I’ve tried to build up a tolerance to spicy food, but...” you shrug, aware of his gaze firmly on your mouth. You wet your lips, your tongue peeking out enough to have his eyes sharpen. “Alas.” You shrug innocently. “My tongue just feels so much.”

“Tease,” he growls, making you giggle before he pulls you to him, lips taking yours, tongue testing your words. You wrap your arms around his neck to continue kissing, sliding your legs around. There is nothing gentle about this kiss; open mouths, wet heat, teeth nipping enough to make you gasp. He lays you back, not taking a breath, his weight warm on top of you.

His hand sneaks under your shirt, stopping at the fabric across your chest. “You really don’t need this on a Saturday at home.” His finger inches under the band. You shudder at the scant touch. He lifts your shirt so your stomach and bralette are exposed.

“What are you...”

“Serious question,” he begins, hand counting your ribs gently. “Have you ever made out on a couch before?”

You blink at him. “No.”

His amusement fades. “No?”

“If I had said yes, would you not want to?”

He leans down to kiss right in the middle of your chest. “There is very little you could say or do that would make me not want to.” He carefully removes your shirt and cardigan, over your head, tossing it aside. His right hand runs along your collarbone down to your breast, faint. “I’m just so very sad that you haven’t experienced such a thing.” He cups one breast, gently squeezing, making you lift your hips, right against him. He grunts.

“Yoongi,” you begin when he bends down, mouth taking your other breast through the cloth. “Oh god...”

You can feel him smile as his lips start a trail from your breast, up your sternum and along your neck. There are little bites along the way and each one pushes your core against where he is already stiffening.

“Do you want me to--”

“Nope,” he murmurs against your skin, taking your mouth next. His tongue is lazy, tracing along yours and you’re vibrating. His thumb strokes your side to your hip, finding its familiar place at your hip bone. “Put your hands in my hair.” He almost purrs when you do. “Pull.”

“Pull?” you say, lips on his.

“Please?”

You do, and the groan he lets out actually causes you to tense in arousal. You know that you’re still kissing, but all you can feel is the friction, the heat and the tightness, and when he nips at your ear, you come.

You come still wearing your underwear and jeans.

You start to pull away, embarrassed, but he holds you close, still creating that friction and you tug on his hair again, mouthing at his neck. He lets go with a guttural sound, falling completely on top of you. A few minutes tick by, the fire still crackling, now punctuated with stuttered panting.

“That,” he says, lifting his head to look at you with half-closed eyes, “Is why making out on a couch is fun.”

“Only that?” you say, trying to sound unaffected. He chuckles as his hand slides down your side to the curve of your waist.

“One of the reasons why making out in general is fun,” he restates, tongue coming out to wet his lips.

“I like your tongue.” You say it without forethought. “I mean--”

His earlier chuckles have grown to full on shakes and laughter. You again try to move away, but he

won't let you.

"It's okay, it's okay," he whispers, soothing you with a kiss on your nose then lips. "I like right here." He taps your waist, where his hand fits so nice.

"My waist?"

"The curve in. I don't know. It just..." he shrugs. "You're so tiny there."

No one has ever called you tiny. You've never called yourself tiny. Tiny is not in your genetics.

But you don't argue with him. You take his words and store them away for a lonely day, a bad day when your mirror does you no favors.

Instead you give him a soft kiss and then fall back on the couch. "So..."

He rubs your arm as though he's noticed the goosebumps from your shivers. Maybe he has.

"So?"

"I thought you were ordering us pizza?"

Part 6: Weekend (14 hours)

Chapter Summary

warnings: No smut though some naughty stray touching, kissing, cuddling, a little panicking (mild anxiety for the reader), so many feelings, language (more than usual in this story), a shirtless BTS member,

a/n: i apologize for the shorter length in chapter, but the next will make up for it (I hope). @xjoonchildx @sasseone @hobi-gif are a dream team of support and help.

i cannot express my gratitude and appreciation for the love you guys have shown this story and these characters. thank you from the bottom of my soft, bruisable heart.

“Okay, okay,” Yoongi says after finishing his last bite of pizza. Well, there are still two more slices, but he has very successfully finished half the pizza. He gets up from the couch, with a glance at the television screen. “Are you good to watch this by yourself?”

“I think you forget how often I watch *Howl’s Moving Castle* by myself normally.” You sip your beer. “I’m good. Go work while you have the motivation.”

He plops back down next to you, making you tear your eyes from the screen to him. He kisses you; brief and almost perfunctory. “When I finish, can I sleep in your bed again?” His smile is cute and silly.

“Open invitation,” you reply, echoing his words from his party.

His smile morphs from silly to soft. “Yeah?”

You turn away, way too affected by how he looks at you. “What time do you need to get back home, by the way?”

“Oh, hmm, I still have to mix them and that requires the studios at school.” He lets out a big sigh. “Fuck. I reserved a studio at nine.”

“AM?”

“Yeah. That was before I asked to crash here.” He pouts. “Sorry?”

“I’m the early riser, Yoongi. Will you be able to get up and going by then?” You move to take another drink of your beer, but he turns your face to his.

“Be my wake up call?” He kisses you again, this time a bit more lingering. “In fact, I can suggest a few ways you could wake me up.”

You push him away playfully, face hot. “I do not need your suggestions.”

“Sure? I have some good options.” He kisses your cheek before standing up, then bending down to grab his plate.

“I’ll clean up. Go be musical.”

He grins and winks at you. “Yes, ma’am.”

You roll your eyes as he heads back up the stairs.

You return to the final act of the movie, immersed in the fanciful world, the questions it poses, the music that sweeps you away. When the credits roll, you stretch and get up, cleaning the plates and leftover pizza. The rain has stopped outside, which makes you a little sad, but perhaps that means gardening tomorrow. After Yoongi leaves.

You set the plates in your sink.

After he leaves.

You recognize that having him here is a momentary dream; a short, lovely fantasy. Something that is ideal and cannot endure. After all, if (you hesitate to allow yourself to go here) you did live together, it would not be all sex and cuddles. It would be day-to-day tasks, chores, work, frustration, exhaustion, arguments, tension; in short, life.

You like living alone. You like your space. Your house that you’ve curated for you, with its plethora of books, blues and greens for calm, too many coffee-making instruments, and soft blankets and quilts for respite. You enjoy coming home from work and there being no one demanding of your time, your voice, your presence.

You open your dishwasher and fill it, thinking that being with Yoongi for a mere twenty-four hours hasn’t been a hardship. But it’s still new.

If this is a relationship (can you call it that?), you’re both still in the honeymoon stage with rose-colored glasses. You have flaws (so many) and you know he must have his.

This serenity will not last.

You scoff at yourself. You’ve not had enough beer to turn this melancholy. You turn on the dishwasher and head to your bedroom, intent on your nightly routine.

Before you slip into bed, you remember the previous night (morning?) and hurry to the kitchen. Filling a pitcher with water and ice, and a bowl with tangerines; you realize you need a tray. Grabbing one, you add napkins and a glass.

Are you doing too much? Do you look desperate?

You take a deep breath to calm yourself.

This is you. You are this way. And better now to find out if it’s too much for him then later.

After all, your heart is already way too attached.

You climb the stairs with the tray, careful as your grace has always been circumspect. You knock lightly on the guest bedroom door, but it’s not closed all the way and your knock pushes it open several inches. You peek in to see him at the table, headphones on, absorbed by whatever it is that he loves so much.

You enter and set the tray down on the cedar chest against the far wall. If he looks up, he’ll see you in the mirror, but if he doesn’t, you can sneak away.

You're not sure which you really want.

When you straighten up, you look back over to him and he's turning to look at you with his glasses on, headphones resting on his shoulders.

"Going to bed?" he asks, voice worn from the day. You nod and take the hand that he's holding out.

"I wanted to make sure you had water, so you didn't have to come downstairs." You aren't sure why you're explaining. Maybe his warm eyes make you a little nervous. Which is silly, right? The two of you have been intimate on more than one occasion and yet, you still feel so inexperienced and out of your depth with him.

"Thank you," he says before bringing your wrist to his lips. You let out a small sigh at the touch and you can feel his smile against your skin before you see it. He kisses again and moves up the inside of your arm; little chaste kisses that make you feel anything but chaste. His lips on the inside of your elbow causes you to shiver.

You can add that to your list of new knowledge about yourself: inside of elbow - erogenous zone.

"Yoongi," you say with a hint of whine.

He pulls you closer, and you lean down to press your lips to his. His hand slips under your pajama top, not seeking any specific destination, just caressing your skin.

"Good night, professor," he whispers against your lips.

"Night. I hope you get done soon." You stand back up, but he's still holding your hand.

"Yeah? Want me in your bed?"

"I would think I wasn't subtle about that." Wow, you just said that.

His eyes nearly close with his grin. "I'll do my best." He kisses your hand before letting go. You leave the room, glancing back as he slides on the headphones and messes with something on his laptop. He lifts his eyes to see you through the mirror and smirks. You roll your eyes, mostly at yourself, and head back down the stairs.

You hope he is next to you in bed when you inevitably wake some time in the middle of the night.

--

He is not next to you when you wake. You fumble by your bed for your phone and see that it is a little after four in the morning.

Is he still working?

You get out of bed and head to the stairs mostly to see if any light is on. There is something illuminating, so you head up, as quietly as you can, opening the door to see that the lamp light is on, there's something flashing on his laptop, but Yoongi is on the bed, glasses askew and snapback still on his head.

He's curled up on his side, hands pressed between his bent knees. You enter, still quiet, and tiptoe over to where he lies so still. With trepidation, you remove his glasses, folding them to put on the bookshelf next to the bed. You also take off his hat, setting it next to his glasses. Standing up, you

carefully tug the folded blanket over him. Then you go and look at his computer.

Why is it flashing?

It has to be a problem, and you don't want to close it in case something's not saved. You look back at Yoongi, biting your lip in concern. What do you do?

"Yoongi?" you start softly, moving back over to him, sitting on the bed where he's left a little space. "Hon, your laptop is flashing and I'm a little worried." You reach out and stroke his hair. "Yoongi?"

"Fuck... What?" It's not angry, his words. More tired and weary. His eyes open a little. "Shit, did I fall asleep?"

You nod. "I woke up and came to make sure you were okay. Your laptop--"

He practically leaps out of bed, rushing over. You grab his glasses and follow. He's squinting at his screen. He turns and jumps to find you right there.

"Shit."

You hold out his glasses. There's a quick smile as he puts them on, but it drops when he goes back to his computer.

"Oh fuck me."

"What's wrong?"

"It... Fuck." He plops down in the chair. "It glitched or something. The program I have is nearly outdated and--it didn't save the last song." His head falls back on the chair and he sighs. "Or not the latest version. Fuck fuck."

"I'm sorry." What else do you say?

"Me too." He rubs his eyes. "It'll take a couple hours to redo. Man, I thought I was done with all-nighters in undergrad." He rakes his hands through his hair before pressing a few keys. You stand there, helpless.

"Can I make you coffee?"

He pauses and looks over at you. "Yeah?"

"To help."

"That'd be great."

"And you can sleep when I drive you back..." you say as you move to the door. "Iced or hot?"

"Iced." He's back to looking at the screen.

When you return with his iced Americano, you bring some granola bars too. He glances at you when you set down the glass. He lifts one headphone.

"Thanks."

"Of course. Can I do anything else to help?" You feel awful, knowing when a paper disappears

how discouraging it can be.

“Just drive me home tomorrow, uh, later today.” He smiles weakly.

“Okay. I hope you get to sleep some.”

“I’m not gonna hold my breath.”

“Maybe... it’ll be even better. The song.”

He looks up at you. You can see the frustration in the wrinkling of his forehead, but his eyes sparkle despite.

“Yeah, maybe. Sweet dreams, jagiya.”

You leave him to work, walking down the stairs, heart heavy. And guilty. Because yes, you are sad that his work was lost, but you are also sad that he won’t be next to you in bed.

Or, if you’re honest with yourself, anything else in bed.

You cover your face in your own shame and embarrassment. How can you think of such a thing? When he’s working his ass off for his graduate degree, for his future?

Get a grip, seriously.

You get back into bed and pull the covers over your shoulders, closing your eyes.

--

You wake at six, nearly on the dot, even without your alarm. You get up and stumble into the bathroom to wash your face and brush your teeth. You continue to the kitchen and make another Americano, just on a hunch.

You head back up the stairs and knock lightly on the door. You open it and there he is, in the chair, headphones on, one hand in his hair, the other hovering over the keyboard. Your movement must catch his eye because he looks over, eyes barely open.

“Hey,” you greet softly.

“You made me another?”

“Only if you need it.” You put it down and look at the computer, like that will tell you how it’s going. “Do you?”

“I think if I do, I might be sick.” He stretches. “Thank you though.” He leans over, pressing his nose to your side. “You smell like sleep.”

“I think you are imagining things in your sleep deprivation, Min Yoongi.” His immediate touch warms you so quickly. You smooth his hair. “Are you done?”

“Yeah.” He presses a few buttons. “Hopefully it won’t glitch again.”

“You could sleep for an hour or so before we need to leave?”

He watches the screen as he wraps his arms around your legs, his head resting on the curve of your hip. “I could.”

You are melting. “Do you want to eat now, or after a nap?”

He holds you tighter. “Food is good.”

You laugh. “Sweet or savory?”

“Both?”

You can’t help the fondness blossoming in you as you lean down to kiss the top of his head.

“Okay, both. Come down in a bit.”

He slowly releases you, reaching out to grab the coffee.

“You sure?”

“Might as well power through until after my studio time is over.” He sips it. “You think of being a barista?”

“I’ve done that.”

“You have?”

You head to the door. “I’ll get started on breakfast.”

By the time he comes down, he’s got his bag and his equipment all packed up. He’s taken a shower as well, and his hair is curly. You’ve seen him like this before, just twenty-four hours earlier, but the familiarity of knowing what he looks like after a shower still hits you hard.

You’ve finished breakfast, which is simple fare of toast, assorted jams, eggs, and fruit. But you place it out on the table with ceremony. You know that a work morning wouldn’t allow for this ceremony, that if he lived with you (again, why are you even allowing yourself to go there?), there might be just cereal, and instant coffee. Maybe no breakfast.

Would there be tense words, a fight from the night before that both of you still hold on to?

You wish you could reign in your thoughts, but this has been too nice.

He is too wonderful.

He rubs the towel over his still wet hair as he comes over to look at the spread on the table.

“Fuck, you sure you’re a professor? You aren’t some Air B&B owner?”

“Should I charge you?” you tease. His eyes meet yours and you blush. “Nevermind.”

“Oh no... what just went through your head?” he asks, capturing you before you can escape back to the kitchen. The towel falls to the floor as his arms encircle your waist. You don’t say anything, but blush deeper. “Did you think I’ve paid in sexual favors? Am I your boy toy, jagiya?” There is amusement in his words, no offense. “A kept man?”

“Yoongi--”

He kisses you quiet. “I would properly pay you if I wasn’t half-asleep, I promise.”

“Can we not continue this idea that you pay in sexual favors?”

He grins at you, squeezing your waist. "I don't know. I kinda like it."

"You're weird."

He kisses you again, softer and longer this time. "Did you miss me in your bed?"

You know he feels your full body quiver at the drop in his voice. "I did."

He stills at your two words.

"What?" It unnerves you.

He shakes his head. "I never expect it. Your honesty." He rests his forehead against yours. "Don't get me wrong. It's one of my favorite things about you."

You're pretty sure you've gone insane or something equally in need of medical help. His words hang in the air, repeating in your brain and time has stopped.

"It is?"

He draws back. "Up there with your excellent ability to make an Americano."

You chuckle, still trying to get your bearings after such an accolade. "It's what I put on my resume: annoyingly honest and excellent Americano skills."

He pulls you closer, eyes searching yours. "It's not annoying."

You swallow. You want to say so much, but you don't. You hold back because years have taught you to hold back.

"Breakfast?"

He nods, letting you go to yawn and stretch. "Anything I can help with?" He picks up the discarded towel and hangs it on the back of a chair.

You clasp your hands to keep from holding on to him. "Nope, all done."

He takes a seat and helps himself to the toast. You go and grab the coffee (French press because you are very ridiculous with guests) and pour him a cup. You pour yourself one before sitting across from him.

"So, despite the lack of sleep, do you feel good about your songs?"

He drinks his coffee (black, how does he do that?) and tilts his head back and forth in a 'kinda' gesture.

"I think I need Joon's insight. I've been hearing and looking at them too long." He takes a bite of jammed toast.

"Joon?"

"My classmate. He's more of a lyricist than me, but we often work together. I trust his instincts. He'll meet me at school today and we'll spend too many hours nitpicking each other's songs." He points at you with his toast. "And you? What does an assistant professor do on a Sunday?"

"Grade."

He makes a face. “Fun.”

You laugh. “I’m a little jealous of your day. I know it’s work, but working with someone who’s into the same thing as you... that’s satisfying. It makes me think of sitting with a drink, or coffee and talking craft with my best friend.”

“Craft?”

“Teaching, literature, writing. Talking about stories that matter.” You scoop a spoonful of eggs onto your plate. “She and her husband are super smart.”

“You’re not?”

You shrug. “Not as much. But I make up for it with my sparkling personality.”

He laughs and also grabs some eggs. “Is that also on your resume?”

“Yes. One must be thorough.”

“I’ll check my work schedule when I get home today, by the way. For dinner with them.” He chews and swallows. “Why are you blushing?”

“It’s a natural reaction to dating.”

“It is?” He smirks. “So we should go out more?”

You freeze in bringing a bite to your lips. “Um... if you want?”

He stares at you for a few seconds.

“I mean, you’re busy. And school is important.” You set the fork on your plate, pressing your hands on your lap as though that might keep you from rambling. “Last semester and all.”

He says your name and you look up from your plate to him.

“Do you want?”

“Yes.”

He smiles warmly. “Me too.”

--

He falls asleep in your car on the way back to the city. You keep your music low so as to not wake him. There isn’t much traffic at this time on a Sunday morning and you arrive at his house earlier than expected. He wakes when the car is parked and looks around then at you.

“Thanks.”

“Sure. Um.” You hesitate, wondering if your question is one of those things you should hold back.

He unbuckles his seatbelt before turning toward you. “Hmm?”

“I can drive you to your school.”

He blinks. “You don’t have to. I can take the subway.”

“I’ll just be heading back home. And I don’t want you to be late. And well, *I want to have a few more minutes with you.*”

He cocks his head to the side. “Yeah?”

“Yes.”

“Me, too.” The grin is bright albeit still sleepy. He gets out of the car. “I’ll drop off my stuff and come back?”

You unbuckle your seatbelt. “I can help.”

“I’m good, jagiya. Stay warm in the car.” It is chilly this morning, though the sun will probably dry the remnants of yesterday’s drizzle by noon. He grabs his bags from the backseat and jogs up to the front door. You wait as calmly as you can.

You aren’t calm. You recognize the low-level panic running through your system. You want so much. You have already said so much this morning and he might not seem bothered by it, but you know you should pull back.

Draw back. Hold back. Don’t put everything on the table.

You take a few deep breaths and turn up your music.

You hear the door open and look over to see him on his way back. Seokjin is in the doorway, only in pajama pants, and he waves at you. You wave back.

“Okay, what is that blush about?”

You turn on the car as he shuts the door and rebuckles his seatbelt.

“Is it perhaps my roommate’s naked chest?”

You shrug, not saying anything. He laughs.

“I’ll let him know.”

“It’s less that and the knowledge of what he’s been doing all weekend to be wearing only pants.”

He laughs harder.

You hand your phone to him. “School address?”

He is still laughing as he puts in the address for your GPS system. You pull away from the curb and follow the automated voice as Yoongi’s shoulders slow down when his laughter does.

He reaches out and tucks one of your stray hairs behind your ear, his fingers lingering on your skin.

“I’m driving.”

“I know.” He is all amusement and silliness. You wonder if it’s the delirium that comes after the exhaustion from lack of sleep. You don’t mind.

Of course you don’t mind.

His school isn’t too far away, and Sunday morning traffic is light even on city streets. His hand

isn't idle; often resting on your thigh, tracing nonsensical shapes. He also takes your hand whenever you decide you only need one on the steering wheel.

You decide you'll always drive with one hand if he's next to you.

"Here's good," he says in front of a nondescript building that looks like most college buildings: brick and like there's history, but it's only been around for twenty years, so it's fake history. You pull to the curb at exactly 8:58am. You see another student, tall, heading for the door of the building. "Joon's here, early. Of course."

"That's Joon?"

"Namjoon. Yeah." He looks over at you after undoing his seatbelt. "Thanks. For the place to crash, the food, the chauffeuring." He leans over. "I owe you."

"You don't," you say, eyes fluttering at his nearness. "You being there was really nice."

He cups your face in one hand. "I liked being there."

You kiss him first, wanting to taste him again. You know that there's the double date opportunity in the wings, but you still don't know how long this will last. You want everything you can get before it fades.

He accepts your eagerness, opening his mouth to tangle his tongue with yours. You reach out to touch him, his face, his hair, his neck. You aren't sure about the nervousness that is inciting your trembling, but his warmth calms you a little.

"Are you cold?" he murmurs against your lips. "You're shaking."

"I just want you a lot."

He draws back at your admission. "Right now?" His other hand settles on your thigh, sliding in and up. You inhale when his fingers lightly touch the seam of your jeans.

Your eyes widen at the very public place you are currently parked. "I mean... sorry. I'm just a little jumpy, I guess."

His fingers caress your jaw. "I would. If you really wanted, jagiya." You can see the fatigue in his eyes along with the desire. "I could be quick." His hand tightens on your thigh making you press your legs together.

The low, husky voice.

"You know me," you say, trying to seem less aroused than you are. "I'd want you to slow down." Something in his eyes flickers at your reference to the night you met. "Go on. Make your music. I'll talk to you later?"

"You will." He kisses you again. It's lazy with a bite to your lip. "Thank you. For everything." He grabs his small bag from under the dashboard and gets out. Before closing the door, he leans down to look at you. "Later."

"Bye."

You watch as he heads to the school building, pulling out a card to scan next to the door. He glances back when he opens the door, hand raised in a wave. You wave back. He disappears into

the school.

--

You're at home several hours later, picking your way through essays when your phone buzzes. You assume it's your BFF who has sent you a dozen questions about the weekend. You glance at it.

yoongi :: next monday night? i have a class at noon the next day, so i could stay the night?

You stare at the message for almost a minute.

:: you just want my coffee

yoongi :: obviously. and the breakfast.

You start to text back that Monday should be fine but you receive another message.

yoongi :: and you.

—

© 2020-21 btsarmy9593: BTS belongs to BigHit and they are just inspiration. I am fully aware that my stories are not them, in any way. They are far better than any thing I could write. The rest is from my little brain. Please do not steal. Why would you do that?

Part 7: Double Date

Chapter Summary

warnings: Oh boy. Smut: unprotected sex (she's has an IUD), fingering, use of a vibrator, suggestive talk (kinda dirty?), reader's issues in full spotlight here (see note below), friends being friends, a lot of kissing and inappropriate touching,

a/n: kinda spoilery, but reader has a lot of heavy thoughts about masturbation, vibrators, etc. there is no preaching here, but i think her thoughts are not uncommon.

thank you so so much for all the notes, feedback, reblogs, asks, and general love for this ridiculously long fic. i hope i continue to present these characters as they are and that you still enjoy them.

"How many blankets do you have back here?" Yoongi asks, looking behind the passenger seat of your car. "How cold do you get?"

"There's nothing wrong with being prepared," you answer, glad to joke back because your nerves have you wound so tight you think you might pull something. "You'll be glad when the sun sets."

"I didn't say I wouldn't." He plops back down in the seat. "Who's bringing food?"

"They are. And wine." You glance at your GPS before moving into the next lane. "I hope a picnic and live music is okay with you."

"You forget what I want to do with my life."

"I don't," you laugh and look at him. He's grinning at you. "It's not really the music you make, is it?"

He shrugs. "All music is worth hearing live... well, 98%."

You smile and look back at the road. "You could play your songs for us?"

"Maybe."

"You got a good grade." He'd texted you when his scores came back. He'd been drinking and you could tell through those texts. Then he called you, the laughter of his roommates in the background. He'd slipped into his room to say things to you. Things that still make your face heat to recall.

You want to believe whole-heartedly that Yoongi wants you that much.

"Grades aren't worth shit. Not beyond just getting the degree." He leans over, breath tickling your cheek and ear. "Sorry, professor."

"I'm not disagreeing with you. It's just motivation, really. And accountability."

He kisses your cheek. "Why are you nervous?"

You turn toward him for a second, his mouth near yours. “How did you--”

“Your voice. It’s the date thing, right?” He draws back so you can focus again on the road.

“My voice?”

“When you’re nervous, it pitches high and shakes a bit.”

“Fuck,” you say, more to yourself than him. He laughs. “It *is* the date thing. It’s just... still a big scary that I’m not used to.”

You can see him nod in your peripheral. “So what? We’ll do exposure therapy.”

“Do the thing that scares you until it doesn’t anymore?” You side eye him. “Go on a lot of dates?”

He smirks. “Yeah.”

Your heart totally flutters at his words, but you try not to let it show on your face. “Only if we do exposure therapy for something you’re nervous about. Equality.”

He chuckles and grabs your hand to hold. “I’m just trying to get my degree.”

“Hmmm.” You wonder what he gets nervous about. “Nothing too scary?”

“Don’t much like crowds.”

“Why would anyone like those?”

He laughs again, kissing your hand. You force yourself to stay focused on driving, but you want to melt into the affection. You want to bathe in it.

“I missed you.” You’ve known him now for almost four months. You can say things like this, right? And not second guess?

You feel his hand tighten on yours. “Yeah?”

“This weekend.” You continue because you hope that even if you’re deeper in this than he is, that the mere knowledge of knowing he’s missed might make him happy.

It’s why you used to confess your crushes when you were young, knowing it was never reciprocated. Even a crush from someone you didn’t like had to be flattering at least.

“You like having me holed up in your upstairs bedroom?”

You snort.

He kisses your hand again. “Missed you too.” There’s a pause, weighted with unsaid things, then it dissipates. “So, I got my confirmation on summer hours.”

“With a studio?”

“Yeah.”

“Yoongi, that’s great! I mean, it is great, right? You like the studio?”

“Yeah. It’s weird. I mean, I still have to work at the bookstore to get some cash, but one step closer.” He has both his hands around yours now. You look over to see him staring out the

window. “I guess that makes me nervous. I’ve had professors tell me my stuff is good. And they know their shit, but now it’s actually working producers and musicians. What if I suck?”

You squeeze his hands. “It’s hard to know when something like music is subjective. Art is, right? But you know if you’re good or not. You know.” You move your hand (still held by both of his) to his stomach. “You know there.” You lift your hand to the middle of his chest. “And you know there.”

You can feel his eyes on you. “I bet you’re a really good teacher.”

You dismiss that, quickly. “I’m adequate. And we’re talking about you.”

“Rather talk about you.” He laughs. “And your red face right now.”

“I can turn this car around.”

He laughs even harder.

--

Your best friend and her husband show up late (par for the course with her), but with a cooler full of food and drink, so you forgive them both. Pleasantries and reintroductions are passed around as the wine is opened.

“So, it’s the symphony?”

“Kinda,” her husband says. “Symphony with synth. Mostly.” What’s currently playing is canned music as the audience finds spots to take in the evening.

You nod like you know, but Yoongi’s grinning.

“Sounds good,” he says, handing you a glass of wine. You take a sip, trying not to let your nerves ruin this evening for you. Instead, you look out at the sky and sparsely-placed trees to calm yourself while your BFF starts asking Yoongi questions about his degree.

“She said your theme for that project was being lost. Which one was your favorite?” She leans back against her husband of ten plus years. “Or which one was the hardest to work on?”

You glance at Yoongi, curious as well. He takes a bite of a cracker from the cheese plate and thinks.

“Probably the one about being lost in someone. Hardest and favorite, actually. I tried to start without the beats, with the melody first. It took some time, but it has the drowning feel I wanted.”

“Drowning?”

He nods to her question. “I wanted it to feel unsafe. When you just get so into someone, you can’t see outside of them.”

“Personal experience?”

Leave it to your best friend to ask the question you want to.

Yoongi smirks. “Subtle.”

She shrugs, finishing her glass of wine. “You’re with my bestest friend. You have been warned that

I will not go easy on you.”

“Duly warned.” He doesn’t look worried. He glances at you. “Personal experience.”

You wonder about his past. Who he has loved and lost. But you don’t ask. Not the time nor the place.

“She won’t understand,” you explain, hand raised toward your friend. “The first guy she loved and wanted is the man sitting there.”

“That’s cute.” Yoongi offers you an apple slice.

“We are very cute,” she says haughtily.

“Disgustingly so,” you add, eating the apple slice. Yoongi shoots you a knowing grin and you smile back.

“Since we’re basically on that topic, what are your intentions toward my bestie?”

“Oh my god,” you nearly screech. “Did she drink before getting here?” That is aimed at her husband.

“Uh. She had a homemade cocktail since she couldn’t bring that here.”

“You can’t ask him that,” you tell her. You point at Yoongi. “You do not have to answer that.”

He just winks at you, chewing on a piece of baguette. You give the universe your thanks when the musicians take the stage and someone speaks to introduce.

“We aren’t done!” Your best friend is something else tonight.

“I’m sorry,” you whisper to him. He pats the empty space next to him.

“What for?”

“She’s being silly.” You move into that empty space so your arm presses against his. He’s wearing a beanie this evening, and it makes him all the more soft-looking.

“To worry about you? I think that’s what best friends are for.” He watches the stage as the musicians finish warming up their instruments.

“You aren’t offended? Or bothered?”

He turns to you, your noses nearly touching. “Takes a lot to piss me off. Usually acts of horrible injustice, too much trap, and Tae bragging about his dick.”

You laugh, surprised. “Tae?”

He nods, rolling his eyes. “He’s very proud.”

“Does he have reason to be?”

Yoongi looks shocked at your question. You’re a little shocked too. You can say shocking things, but usually you’re more reserved around him.

“Are you asking my opinion on my friend’s dick?”

You shrug, looking back at the stage. You also drink more wine.

He shakes his head at you, smiling. "Should I drive home?"

"This is all I'm having." You hold up the one glass. "Water after this."

He leans in close, lips brush your jaw. "I really don't want you thinking about Tae's dick."

You think of the Wicked Witch crying, "I'm melting. Melting!" It's a slightly different context, but every time he touches you, you feel the same way.

"Should I think about yours?" You hope you are still speaking quietly so your friends are not privy to this ridiculous conversation.

His grin is wicked and he takes your hand, glancing over at your friends before bringing it down to the cock in question.

This ridiculous conversation is having an effect on him.

"Just that," he says, voice impossibly low, "from the idea of you thinking about it."

Your fingers move against him and you feel him twitch. He pulls your hand away, holding it firmly in his. You hear your friend's husband snicker and you really hope that has nothing to do with you and Yoongi.

The music starts and you scoot closer to him. He lifts his arm and you settle under it, already warmer.

"Thank you."

He doesn't look away from the stage. "You're welcome. Why?"

"For coming."

He turns and his nose brushes yours. He brushes again, this time intentionally. "Jagiya. You don't need to thank me for wanting to be with you."

"I still appreciate it."

He sighs, eyes soft. "Silly girl." And he looks back toward the music. Your eyes drift shut.

You love live music. Your best friend and husband are regular concert-goers and you often join them. You rarely know who the artist or band is as they prefer the less known and famous, but it doesn't matter. Talent in any form is enjoyable to be a part of and for music, you understand a little as to why Yoongi dedicates so much to the art form.

"It just started, you're going to sleep?"

His voice is its own music. The low rasp, the rhythm and percussion of his words.

"I'm meditating on the music," you reply. You open your eyes and glance over at your friends. They're discussing something about the particular song and the intensity her husband shows makes you smile.

"You like him too."

“Hmm? Oh yeah. He’s her match.” You watch the moving violin bows, practically in perfect synchronization. “I don’t believe in soulmates, but if I did, I’d use them as my best example. Both stupidly intellectual, and he adores her. I knew it the first time I met him.” Yoongi doesn’t say anything, so you continue. “You hope that your friends find someone who sees all the wonderful things in them that you see.”

“Yeah, you do.”

You wonder if he sees that in Seokjin’s girlfriend. Someone who loves his friend as much as he does.

You wonder--But you stop yourself.

You shiver as the sun continues its disappearing act. He pulls you closer so easily. Is this how it is for everyone else? All the people you’ve known and seen with someone special at their side?

You don’t finish the glass of wine. You’re worried you might start crying. Instead, you burrow closer to Yoongi, inhaling his scent and you steal some cheese.

--

“Have you shown him the gift I got you yet?”

Dear Zeus on Olympus, why is her husband letting her drink?

You lift your head, eyes wide at your best friend.

“What?” your word is strangled, you’re surprised it even can be heard. It’s intermission and most people around you are finding the public bathrooms. You wish your friend had thought to do that instead of asking this question.

She smiles smugly at you. “The one I got you almost a year ago.”

Like she needs to remind you when she got it for you. You know exactly what she’s referencing and you hope she’ll drop it.

“Gift?”

You turn to see Yoongi’s eyes on you. He’s mostly been quiet, listening to the music, making the occasional comment to the group about something he likes. Apparently he’s a sucker for the upright bass.

He’s put up with your and your friend’s long windy conversations about literature and movies; mostly why she loves *Things Fall Apart* and you don’t. When you’d glance over at him in the midst of the discussion, he’d be smiling softly at you. You hope he wasn’t bored.

“She’s drunk,” you tell him as though that will end this conversation.

His smile grows wicked. “Is she now?” He looks over your head at your friend. “Tell me about this gift.”

“It’s for self-care,” your friend replies shamelessly. “Pretty sure she’s never used it. She’d tell me if she did.”

“I’m not telling you anything anymore.” It’s half-joking, the petulance, but some of it is quite true. You get up. “Ladies room.” You head off toward the inevitable long queue that will be at the

women's bathroom.

You have thought about what is hidden in your underwear drawer, in regards to Yoongi. But how does anyone bring that up? Should someone even bring it up?

You are still on this journey without a GPS, road map, or sense of direction. Is he your navigator? Should you just ask and let the cards fall where they may?

You hear your name and it's not in your best friend's voice, which is probably good because she isn't the best walker when drinking. You smile at the memories of her bachelorette party.

Yoongi jogs up to you. "You okay?"

You nod. "Yeah. I'm not mad, just a little embarrassed. You didn't have to check on me."

"You think I'm checking on you?" he asks, taking your hand. "I might just be going for a walk."

You smile. "You're ridiculous."

He grins and tugs you along, away from the bathrooms.

"Where are we going?"

He doesn't answer. Perhaps he really does want to go for a walk. You will happily oblige him. He stops at a secluded spot, a small circle of trees. He looks around.

"Yoongi?"

He pulls you into the center of the trees, leading you as he walks backward until he's against a trunk.

"What did she give you?" he asks, voice soft as can be. You freeze, hoping he'd forgotten. He draws you closer, warm hands sliding to your back. "Tell me."

"She didn't say?"

He shakes his head.

You turn your head as though there will be something to take your attention. He takes your chin with his thumb and forefinger and turns you back toward him.

"Vibrator?"

You close your eyes on his very accurate guess. You give a quick nod.

"Why are you embarrassed?"

You give him a 'really?' look.

"You shouldn't be. You've never used it?"

"I told you the first night that I've never--" You still can't say it.

"Yeah. I thought maybe you were just feeding my ego." He brushes back your hair, eyes scanning you. "But that's before I knew how honest you are." His hands return to your back, gently rubbing up and down as if to calm you. "Why not?"

“Why not what?”

“Why haven’t you used it?”

“Do you really want to know?” You have answers, so many answers, but most people don’t want them. Your best friend, other close friends are willing to hear, but most aren’t.

He moves so your foreheads touch. “Sweetheart. I want to know. Anything.” He kisses you.

You look down at where your hips press into his. “I didn’t want my first to be by myself.” You press your lips together. “I wasn’t even sure I’d do it right and I was too uncomfortable to research it.” You close your eyes, realizing that maybe the wine you had made you emotional. “If I was never going to have sex, why should I find out any version of what I was missing?” You try to push out of his arms, but he holds onto you. “It seemed unnecessarily cruel and selfish. Sex is about not just you, but the other person. Or persons if you’re inclined. It’s about giving and receiving.”

“Jagiya,” he whispers. “Why would you never have sex?”

“I’m...older. I’m not in my prime. I’m not some sexy twenty-something. I wasn’t sexy even when I was twenty-something.” You laugh, but it’s more sad than happy. “I told you before. I don’t hate myself. I don’t even dislike myself. I’m great. I’m a really good friend, excellent daughter, mostly decent professor.” You finally meet his eyes. “You are the very first guy that I’ve wanted to be with who wanted me too.”

He shakes his head, almost incredulously.

“Don’t act like what I say isn’t true. I am not what guys want. I know this. I’m not trying to get you to lie to me, or flatter me. If they do want me, it’s for a fuck. Nothing else.”

He just stares at you. “So, why do I want you?”

You wipe your eyes. “I don’t know. I keep thinking it’s bound to be a trick or a hallucination. But at the same time, I know you’re not lying to me.”

He leans in to kiss you again. You let him, kissing him back and wondering why he’s still here.

“I didn’t mean to make you cry,” he says when he draws back.

“You didn’t. I’m just... a mess.”

“No, you’re not,” he reassures you with a small smile. “You’re just you.”

You smile back as he wipes some of your tears with his thumb.

“I’m sorry. I unloaded on you.”

“I told you. I want to know. Whatever you want to tell me.”

“Same, by the way.” You fix his beanie. “I want to know about you, too. Whatever you want to share.”

He rubs his mouth pensively. “Yeah?”

“Of course.”

He doesn’t immediately say anything. His hands are running up and down your sides, in idle

contemplation. Finally: “The girl I was lost in.” He rests his head back on the tree trunk. “It was three years ago. I thought... she was the one.”

Your heart hurts for him.

“What happened?”

“I wasn’t the one for her.” He raises his head back up to look you in the eyes. “Choosing to do grad school, without loans and only the occasional scholarship wasn’t really what she wanted. She wanted someone to take care of her.”

“Not take care of each other?”

He nods slowly. “Yeah, I guess so. We were together almost four years. And it was probably over a year before we actually ended it.” He takes a deep breath. “It felt like drowning, you know? Like I couldn’t breathe anymore after awhile.”

You want to hug it away. The hurt and resignation in his eyes.

“Can I... hug you?”

He chuckles. “You’re in my arms.”

“I just don’t know if you’re a hug-when-sad person.”

“I’m betting you are.” He’s back to teasing. But he pulls you close and lets you wrap your arms around him. You hug him tightly, willing away any lingering pain from this person, this heartbreak.

“I’m sorry that happened to you.”

“I’m okay,” he says in your ear. “And I’m proud of the song.”

“Can I hear it?” you ask, drawing back.

“Tonight, later.”

You move in to kiss him, cupping his face in your hands. “You are an amazing person, Min Yoongi.” You feel his cheeks warm under your hands. “You are.”

“And you, jagiya...” he trails off, those sharp eyes piercing like they see right through you. “Are sexy. And you can’t argue with me, you know. I’m the only one you’ve been with.”

You roll your eyes and start to move away, but he pulls you back, mouth on yours, a little less sweet and little more urgent.

“Fuck what you think men want,” he says between kisses. “You are too good for most of them.” He turns you around, so you’re against the tree. “How much shit will they give us if we’re late for the second half?”

You are so not sure what he’s saying.

“What?”

“Your friends.”

It hits you like an anvil in a cartoon. “Here?”

His face goes from tense and concentrated to flat out amused. His laugh is short, almost like he can’t hold it in. He drops his head to your neck, giggling.

“Your face,” he says. “I’ve never seen you look so horrified.”

“I mean,” you rush to explain. “Not that I don’t want to. Just, I mean, outside, against a tree. People could see, or hear us. And then how would we clean up? I don’t have an extra set of clothes, like you.”

He’s snickering. “You could just wrap yourself up in one of your dozen blankets.”

You push him away, but he doesn’t get far, one hand tucked into the waist of your jeans. He is still laughing, his eyes nearly closed, teeth bright in the dim lighting.

“I really do like your practical side, jagiya,” he says once his humor has subsided some. “You’re right, of course.”

“It sounds...” You want to be a risk-taking, bold kind of partner, but, “very messy.”

He chuckles again and kisses you. “Want to head back?”

--

Your best friend looks knowingly at you when you both return, and you mock-glare at her. She knows you’re not mad, and you know that she really just wants you to be happy.

Friendships for so many years create their own unspoken language.

Yoongi pulls you down on the blanket to sit between his legs, your back leaning on his chest. The position is so unfamiliar to you that you pause in relaxing against him.

“This okay?” he asks softly, his mouth at your ear. You shiver when his lips touch your ear with his words and once again, you want to pinch yourself to make sure that this is real.

You nod before easing your body so some of your weight is on him. It’s an old insecurity; from most of your life being over the societal standard of size. You’re not exactly model material now, but your mother (who means well) no longer worries about your appearance anymore.

He pulls out his phone in one hand, checking a notification and sighs. “So...”

“So?”

“My phone’s almost dead. Can I give Hoseok your number so if the idiot needs me, he can contact you?”

You turn your head slightly, your lips touching his jaw. You hear the pause in his breath. You affect him. That’s almost as miraculous as him being here with you.

“Sure.”

“He’ll send you memes.”

You smile, looking back at the stage and the music. “I’m okay with that. I like your friends.”

“Yeah?” There’s a thread of fun in his response. “How much?”

“That sounds ominous.”

His body moves in a silent chuckle as he does something on his phone. “He’s gonna text you.”

You feel your phone vibrate in your back pocket as soon as he says it. You sit up to pull your phone out, and as soon as you do, Yoongi wraps his arms around you to bring you back against him.

That shouldn’t make you cry, but your eyes prickle anyway.

You look at your phone.

unknown :: mini cake dealer! come to my show next saturday.

You feel Yoongi rest his chin on your shoulder. “You should. The show is raising money for the children’s hospital.”

“I’d go anyway. I’d love to see Hoseok dance.”

“Yeah?”

You pause in typing back your response. “What?”

You feel his cheek touch your neck as he smiles. “What?”

“That’s twice you’ve sounded suspiciously amused.” You turn so you can see him.

“Well, you were curious about Tae’s dick, you stared at Jin’s chest, and now you want to see Hoseok dance... I’m just wondering if I’m the gateway guy.”

You can barely make out the hilarity in his eyes as lighting sources are few and far between this time of night.

“Maybe you are. I’m just working my way through your house.”

His grin is still bright despite the darkness. “I knew it.”

You know you’re both joking, but you also know that sometimes the truth hides itself in humor, so without regard to your best friend and husband who might be looking on, you kiss those smiling lips.

“You’re my favorite,” you murmur. “No contest.”

His hand slides up your back to your nape as he kisses you back. You love when he kisses you like he has all the time in the world.

“Ewww,” you hear her husband say, teasing. “Kids these days.”

You laugh as Yoongi drops his head, maybe a little embarrassed. You turn to the other couple.

“Do you really want me to remind you of what I have put up with all these years, with you two? I can make you super uncomfortable. Don’t challenge me.”

“Please no,” Yoongi says behind you. You pat his leg in reassurance.

The glint in her husband's eye worries you for Yoongi's sake. But your friend shakes her head.

"No way." She is definitely far more sober than she was earlier. "Do you guys want to anything after this? Dessert? Nightcap?"

You open your mouth to say yes because you don't see your best friend enough (every day probably wouldn't be enough), but Yoongi slips his hand under the back of your top.

Well then.

All of a sudden, you want something very different.

"Rain check?" you say as nonchalantly as you can. "You know me. It's already past my bedtime. On a school night."

Your best friend's smile slowly widens. "Yeah. Sure."

Yoongi's fingers trace the bottom of your bra band.

When is this concert over?

"Not to be nosy," you begin as you pull off the interstate on your way home. "But, uh--"

"You're going to be nosy?" he fills in for you, smiling. His eyes are closed. He looks exhausted, but his hand hasn't moved from your leg. It's not moving, just resting, but it holds promise.

"What were you talking to him about?" Before the four of you had separated into your cars, Yoongi had been talking to your best friend's husband.

The hand on your leg rubs back and forth. "I wanted to pay him back for the tickets." Yoongi opens his eyes barely. "You already paid for them."

"Is that not okay?"

He hums lowly. "He also said that you guys just switch off who pays for food and drink?"

You nod, your hand seeking his to thread your fingers with his. "It's easier."

"So, I can pay next time?"

You look over to see his eyes fully open, searching yours. There seems to be more to this question than just money.

"You can," you start, "If you want to. But we've all been students, Yoongi. We know how tight money can be."

He squeezes your hand. "As long as you're not eating like, prime rib, I think I can manage it." He lays his head back down.

You pull into your neighborhood, letting go of his hand to better park in your driveway. "Long day?"

"Just finishing up last assignments."

“Are you excited about being done?”

“I’m excited about no classes. Just practical, not theory.” He undoes his seatbelt when you turn off the car.

“I’m sorry. I don’t understand that at all,” you tease and he rolls his eyes at you as you both get out. You open the back to grab the blanket that you’d used on the grass. He grabs his bag, and you meet his eyes over the roof of the car.

His beanie is askew, his eyes still sleepy, but your body immediately tightens. His smile stretches his lips, knowing.

“Do you think about me?” he asks, shutting the car door nonchalantly. You straighten up, arms full of blanket. You close the car door with your hip. “When I’m not there?”

You open your mouth, but no words seem to be available.

He heads to the door and you follow. You pass him to unlock the door. As you try to insert the key, his chest is at your back.

“I sometimes hear your gasps when I’m working on my music,” he whispers right at your ear. “I almost wish I could add them to a song. But I don’t want to share them.” He kisses your ear. “So, do you think of me?”

You rest your head against the door, the unlocking thing failing miserably. “So much.”

“Yeah?” His hand grabs your key, half in the slot, pushes it in and turns it. You stumble in with him right behind you.

You hear his bag drop and he takes the blanket out of your hands, turning you to face him. He cups your face in his hands. “How much?”

“Sometimes I lose my place in teaching because I’ll be thinking of you. How you kiss.” You have no dignity left. Not with this man. You are in so deep and it’s like seeing that speeding train head straight for a cliff and not doing anything about it. Just there to enjoy the speed and inevitable fiery crash. “How you smell.”

His eyes, so sharp and soft at the same time, widen. “How do I smell, jagiya?”

“Like when spring starts to take over winter.” You cover his hands with yours. “The beginning of green, before the pollen.”

He chuckles, kissing you. “A little bit of a poet?”

“I do read.”

His kisses become more encompassing, one hand sliding down to your neck, delicate and the other down to your breast. His thumb skims over your nipple and you gasp into his mouth.

“My sensitive girl,” he murmurs at your lips.

You draw back at the words, staring at him. He cocks his head to the side.

“What?”

“Sometimes the things you say are too good to be real.”

He shakes his head at you, kissing you again. "You're also ridiculous." His tongue gains entrance and you feel like you're floating. "So," he breaks the kiss. "Where is it?"

You blink a couple times. "What?"

That grin. That knowing, smug as fuck, grin returns. "Your vibrator."

You immediately start shaking your head, pulling away. "No." You make sure the door is locked and pick up the blanket again, heading to your tiny laundry room.

"No?"

"No."

"Why not?" There's both curiosity and humor lacing his words. You shove the blanket in the washer. "Jagiya."

"I don't know why you even want--"

He wraps his arms around you from behind, his nose touching the back of your neck. "You trust me, yeah?"

You can't relax.

"Yes."

"It'll feel good."

"Being with you does already." You pour the laundry soap in as though he's not a koala on your back. His lips replace his nose on your neck.

"Why are you scared?"

You pause before closing the lid. "I... I don't know."

He turns you around, your ass pushed against the washer. "Don't be scared." He presses his lips on yours. "Let me."

"I feel awkward."

He smiles on your lips. "Sex is awkward."

You laugh. "True." Another kiss and he helps lift you onto the washer, stepping between your legs. "Do you get bored?" You aren't sure why you keep talking. Perhaps you're stalling.

You're totally stalling.

"Bored?"

"With just... sex?"

He rubs up and down your thighs as he thinks. You appreciate this about him. The pause in making sure he has his words the way he wants them. You blurt out way too much.

His thumbs run right on the inside to your center and stop just shy. He smirks at your immediate push toward him. He holds you still.

“No,” he answers. “Not with you.”

You’re pretty sure your heart stops.

He presses his index and middle finger on the middle of your chest.

“But you’re scared. You shouldn’t be scared.”

“Are we back to exposure therapy?” You lay your hand over his on your thigh, making him smile again. He laces his fingers with yours. “I can get a therapist.”

He hooks his fingers in the collar of your shirt, pulling you closer. “Doubt your therapist wants to watch you unravel as much as I do.” You taste his lips, but he retreats. “What happened to the bold girl?”

“She’s obviously intimidated by sex toys.”

He laughs and pulls you off the washer, maneuvering you into your bedroom. He tugs off his shirt (and the beanie) before reaching for yours. You raise your hands and he slips it off. He moves in to nip at your collarbone. You sigh, running your hands into his hair.

“Let me?” He lifts his head. “Just once.”

“Why?”

He cups your face in his hands so you maintain eye contact. “I’d say you have lost time to make up for.”

You roll your eyes, but he doesn’t let go. “Yoongi...”

He brings you in. “Unless you can give me a good reason...”

You close your eyes. “Okay. But--”

He kisses you, before wrapping his arms around you, your chest to his.

“Where do you hide it?”

“Top drawer.”

He starts to leave you, but you panic and hurry past him, opening the drawer as little as possible to get your hand in. He comes up behind you and pulls it all the way open. You hear his chuckle.

“Underwear drawer, huh?”

“Seemed fitting,” you mumble. He kisses the back of your head as he pries your fingers off the purple massager, still in its fabric sleeve.

“Charged?”

“Yes.” You’re not sure you’re even making a sound with your answers now.

He removes it from the sleeve and presses the power button. The low purr of it makes you cringe.

“I’ve changed my mind.”

He nuzzles behind your ear. “Get on the bed, jagiya.” He backs up so you can turn around. He’s

still pressing the button, learning each setting of pulses and tremors. You get on your bed, crossing your legs and your arms. He looks up from the vibrator before turning it off.

He enters your space, lips seeking your neck.

“Relax,” he whispers, sucking on the delicate skin. You try to hold to your defensive posture, but his hands running along your exposed skin and his teeth dragging along the line of your neck dissolves you. “Touch me, sweetheart.”

The rasp of his voice should sound intimidating, but it’s so gentle and intimate. You push back his hair, enjoying the silkiness. Then your hands run down his back, delighting over the curves of his shoulder blades and spine. They reach the top of his jeans.

He lifts his head, eyes on the skin he’s been marking. “Professor needs a hickey or two.”

“It’ll be my first.”

His eyes shoot to yours. “Jagiya. You have to stop giving me so many firsts.” His mouth takes yours. “Goes straight to my head.” His tongue sweeps into your mouth, causing you to tighten around him. You hadn’t even noticed that your legs were cradling his hips.

You slid your hands around to his stomach, softer than the rest of him. You undo the button of his jeans to feel how stiff he is already.

“Straight to your head?”

He meets your eyes again. “A little dirty, hmm?” He leans so his lips are at your ear. “You like that? That you get me hard so easily? That I think of you when I’m alone, think of how your hands are so eager for my dick. How you take such good care of me.” He groans when you pull him out. “You’re not going to distract me.”

“Is that a challenge, Min Yoongi?” you tease, affectionately stroking him.

He covers your hand with his, tightening your grip. He’s fully hard when he removes your hand.

“Two rules.”

You watch as he takes the vibrator in hand. He pats your leg as though he knows you just tensed up.

“Rules?”

“Hands either above you or in my hair.” He turns on the massager, eyes leaving you for a few seconds. “And two, you give me a chance before you decide you want to stop.” He takes your hand and makes you hold the pulsating thing.

The vibrating makes your hand feel weird. You feel very weird.

He undoes your jeans, tugging them down before looking at your underwear. He traces the outline of the fabric, making you shiver.

“Always so pretty.” He looks at you under his lashes. “A little lace, a little soft. So pretty.” He crawls back up, so he hovers over you. “You still okay?”

You nod. Not sure what you could say. Not with him talking like this.

“Say something.” He kisses your nose.

“I’m okay. You think of me?” You can’t really move past the idea that you enter his brain even half the time he stays in yours.

“I do.” His eyes are at half-mast. “A lot.” A quick peck on your lips and he’s back down, stripping you of your underwear. You turn your head, embarrassed. “Don’t be shy. It’s just making me know how much you want me.”

You look back to see him watching you carefully as he takes the still pulsing vibrator out of your hand.

“Don’t tense,” he soothes. His fingers drag along you, making you bite your lower lip. He delicately pushes in one finger. You let out a sound that makes his smile grow. “That’s it.” He curls his finger in you and you squeal his name. That earns you a low chuckle. He hums a tune you don’t recognize as he slips in another finger, stretching you out.

“What are you going to do?”

“Obviously, I need to do more if you can talk that clearly,” he taunts, winking at you. “I’m going to use this on your clit. That’s all, my fingers and this.” He holds the massager up and brings it down.

You close your eyes, your heart beating so fast and you wish you understood why you were so scared. You don’t know if there’s some serious psychosis with you, because everyone masturbates, right? You’re just the odd one. The one who chooses not to.

It tickles at first. The vibrating isn’t as harsh as it seems when in your hand. He touches first on your mound before sliding it down to your clit. Your eyes open and immediately you reach to push it away, fearing its pulsing there.

“In my hair,” he reminds you. Your hand pauses and you take a deep breath as he presses it down more. You whimper. His fingers continue pleasuring before your hand wraps around his, moving the vibrator just a bit.

How did you know? How did you know where to move it so it’d feel like *that*?

“Fuck,” you breathe.

“That’s a girl,” he encourages, letting you hold the massager and then he brushes both fingers at that spot he can find so easily.

It’s the loudest you’ve ever been. You drop the vibrator as you orgasm, body convulsing.

He’s still there, fingers inside you. You work to push him away, but he holds your hand in his until the aftershocks fade. He draws out his fingers before taking your thigh and lifting it.

He pushes himself in, leaning over you.

“Okay?”

You nod, tiredly. You look at his hand still holding yours and you smile up at him. His smile is strained as he seeks his own release.

“What are you thinking, jagiya?” His words are between pants, gasps of breath that encourage you to squeeze around him. He curses.

You try to shrug, but you don't think you're successful. It's taking most of your energy to respond to his thrusts. You finally lift yourself up, wanting to kiss him. Your mouths meet sloppily, mostly teeth knocking and lips bruising. He's speeding up.

You card one hand into his hair and pull. He lets out the deepest groan and falls on top of you.

It would be quiet if the vibrator wasn't still on. You try to search for it blindly as he weighs more than he looks, especially as dead weight. He mouths along the top of your bra.

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the stupid thing and turn it off," you say once you have enough breath to do so.

You are so familiar with his chuckle that you feel it before hearing it. He rolls over, lying on his back. He grasps around the rumpled bedding and then holds it up. The light from the hallway hits it so you know it's been used.

"Oh god," you reach for it, but he holds it away like the game of keep away. "Yoongi, please."

"Please what?" He turns his head to face you. "Again?"

You scramble to grab it, which means you are on top of him as he stretches even farther. He's laughing. You watch as he turns it off and drops it on the floor before enveloping you in his arms and rolling you both back over so he's on top.

"Why are you--?" You don't know what word you're looking for.

"Sexy? Amazing? A great fuck?" he fills in for you. His smile falters when you stiffen at his final words. You open your mouth to play it off, but he cuts you off with a kiss, his hands divesting you of your bra. "I know, I know," he whispers before taking one breast in his mouth.

"Yoongi," you gasp.

He kisses your sternum before resting his chin right there. "I know."

You swallow nervously. "You know what?"

He doesn't look away. He's waiting. He's waiting for you to say something. You nod.

"I know," you begin tentatively. "We both know it's not just a fuck."

He smiles and scoots up to rest his head above your breasts. You know you won't stay in these positions by the time you both fall asleep, but you hold him close, pressing your nose into his hair.

He doesn't seem to mind how tight you're holding him.

--

© 2020-21 *btsarmy9593*: *BTS belongs to BigHit and they are just inspiration. I am fully aware that my stories are not them, in any way. They are far better than any thing I could write. The rest is from my little brain. Please do not steal. Why would you do that?*

Part 8 - Hoseok's Show

Chapter Summary

Birthday Girl Part 8: Hoseok's Show

rating: M

word count: 5.7k

warnings: smut: oral (m. receiving), hoseok dancing, angst (I'm sorry?), language, an appearance by Jimin, oc is a little fatalistic, but you already know that.

as always, your love for these characters and this story means more to me than you could ever know. thank you.

“No gifts.”

You pull the phone away from your ear as though looking at it will somehow make his words make sense.

“What?”

“Don’t bring anything,” he says, though you are still confused. “No strawberries for Tae, or minicakes, or I don’t know what you’d bring Jin-hyung.”

“I thought maybe a nice bottle and spout for olive oil.” You’d eyed one at Crate and Barrel and though you never bought things for yourself there, surely Seokjin deserved something for all the times Yoongi mentioned that he fed his roommates.

There’s a sigh on the other end. “Jagiya. No gifts.” He sounds much harsher than usual. He said that the hours at the studio tended to be long, but he offered no more than that. Is he tired?

You press your lips together, forcing yourself to not respond immediately the way you want to. Which wouldn’t do anyone any good. “Why?”

There's a pause on the other end.

"Yoongi, why?" You're actually feeling hurt more than anything, but for whatever reason, the hurt is manifesting into frustration and anger. "Why can't I bring something for your friends?"

"It's just..." he huffs at the end. "You don't have to do stuff like that."

"But I like to. I actually feel very weird coming to someone's house without something in hand to give. Even a six pack." You take a deep breath. "It's Hoseok's show, I should bring him flowers." So, you might be being a little over the top right now. It's been a stupidly long week (it's only Tuesday) and talking to Yoongi on the phone is rare, but usually a delight.

You also are about to start your period.

"He'd love that." The words are muttered. "Jagiya--"

"I should go. It's late," you mumble this, annoyed that there are tears forming over something so small. But it doesn't seem small? You hate confrontation and conflict. And you hate that you'd very much planned to go to the farmer's market on Saturday to pick up strawberries and tangerines for the house.

You'd looked forward to it.

He sighs on the other end. That's at least three sighs in one phone call. And none of them are happy or pleasant.

"Good night," you say, unable to do anything else.

"Night," he answers and the call ends.

Shit.

What just happened?

You know that you're a little too emotional, but surely this was valid.

Your phone rings again, his name popping up like it doesn't hurt you. You take a quick, calming breath before answering.

"I wanted--"

"I think we should talk about this in person," you interrupt him. "I'm not mad. No cold shoulder or anything, but Yoongi..." "You take another breath at this. "I think if we keep talking right now, it'll be worse."

There's a pause on the other end.

"Okay." Resigned. "Saturday?"

"I'll be there." You feel the tears wanting to announce themselves in your voice. "I appreciate you calling back."

You can almost see him giving you a confused look. "Yeah?"

"Yeah." You're about to lose your control over your emotions. "Saturday. Bye." You end the call and let those stubborn tears fall.

--

For the first time in almost four months, the texts almost cease to nothing. It's only three days in between the phone call and Hoseok's show, but except for you sending a quick text to check the time to be at his house, there's nothing.

Except, there's one photo text of a romance novel cover he found at his job, that is so ridiculous in cover (no woman's breasts could hold up that flimsy a blouse) and blurb ("He's so hot, she just can't help herself but to offer him her soul and body. His name is Bob and he is a fire elemental.")

that you laugh quite literally out loud.

You also miss him. You miss talking (in whatever form) with him. You like him so much. You know that you do, but it seems you're at the point of really admitting it to yourself.

It might be more than just a fuck, but that doesn't mean your heart is safe.

Your brain is weary as you drive to the city on Saturday. Not only from the relentlessness of spring in academia, but from going over every possible scenario on how your talk with Yoongi might go tonight. Not on the fact that you were finally going to get to see Hoseok dance, professionally. Not on getting to hang out with Seokjin and Taehyung again (okay, that was a little nerve-inducing).

You aren't sure what this talk will end like, in any scenario.

It could end. Whatever this is could end.

You're still thinking about this as you walk up to the front door. Your phone buzzes in your back pocket when you knock. You pull out your phone as Taehyung opens the door. He holds up his phone.

"He's gonna be late."

You look at your screen. It is indeed from Yoongi.

yoongi :: running late. save me a seat?

You look back up at Taehyung. "Um. Should I still come in?"

He shrugs, moving away from the doorway. "Up to you."

You see Seokjin getting up from one of the beanbags in front of the television. He greets and hugs you, careful of the flowers in your hand.

“Hey.”

“Hey yourself.” You look around. “Hoseok already there?”

“Yes. Flowers for me?”

You shake your head, embarrassed that you don’t have anything for him, or Tae. “For the dancer.”

“Sad.” But Seokjin’s smile disagrees with his words.

You watch as Tae plops back down on the other beanbag. “Don’t let me interrupt.”

Tae raises an eyebrow at you. “Can you play?”

You look at the controller then at the television screen. “I don’t think so. I’m pretty sure I’d die in like a second.”

Seokjin points to the beanbag he’s just vacated. “We’ll teach you.” He takes the bouquet from you, sits you down. Tae hands you the controller.

It takes all of two minutes for both of the guys to realize you weren’t exaggerating about dying in a second. It’s four deaths in two minutes.

“Why are you so bad at this?” Taehyung asks bluntly. You laugh, not at all offended.

“My hand-eye coordination has never been great. And I don’t love first shooter, I think that’s what this is called, games. I keep waiting for something to jump out at me.”

Seokjin takes the controller away from you. You are giggling as you give him the seat. You perch on the edge of the coffee table, watching them redeem the travesty you made of their game.

“So you’re both going tonight too?”

“Of course,” Seokjin says, narrowly missing a fireball.

“Hoseok-hyung is really fun to watch,” Tae tells you, successfully killing what you think is some zombie hybrid.

“I bet.”

“You dance, noona?” Tae asks.

“Just for fun. I took classes when I was growing up, but I’m not particularly good. Do you?”

“For fun too.” Tae glances at you as Seokjin takes over on the screen. “And for the girls.”

You’re hit with a very knowing look on his face and you wonder how many women’s hearts he breaks on a daily basis, just from being that beautiful.

“Of course.”

“Jin-hyung dances, but he has no rhythm.”

“You don’t know that, Tae,” Seokjin replies. “I just keep it under wraps by dancing like your drunk uncle at a wedding. I have a girlfriend. I don’t need to pull all the girls from you.”

Tae snorts.

The banter continues as they play and you just sit there, enjoying them much more than the game (you do jump a few times when a monster-thing comes on screen).

“Hey Noona?” Tae begins when everyone starts to head out.

“Hmm?”

“Can you bring strawberries next time? I’ll pay you back.”

You nod, but the knot in your stomach returns. For a few minutes, you’d forgotten.

When you sit down, Tae has taken the armrest you share. You glance at him and he grins.

“It’s been a long day, noona. My hands and arms need rest.”

“Sure. All that gaming.”

He grins again, large and rectangular and you wonder what it’s like to be so young, silly, and confident. You’re pretty sure you were young and silly, but never that confident.

“Besides,” he leans over to whisper even though there’s no need as everyone around you in the audience is talking. “You’ll be holding Yoongi-hyung’s hand anyway.”

You force a smile at him as he leans over in the other direction to talk to Seokjin. Apparently, Yoongi hasn’t mentioned anything to his roommates.

Why would he?

Do guys even talk about things like that? Or maybe he just doesn’t think it’s a big deal?

Maybe he’s already over it. And you bringing it up is past due.

You try to quiet your mind (it's the loudest voice in here) when the lights start to dim. The audience hushes and you glance to the empty seat next to you, your cardigan draped over it in an effort to ward off potential seat-takers.

You just wish he'd get here soon so you'd stop being anxious (unlikely).

There's a person walking on stage, grabbing a microphone and beginning a long diatribe about the impact of dance on a community and being thankful to their sponsors. There is one mention of the charity receiving the proceeds. You roll your eyes.

You don't believe this person is at all a dancer.

Finally the stage is empty and dark. Music begins, but you're distracted by soft footsteps and movement to your left. You glance over.

"Hey." His whisper gives you no indication of his mood or mindset. It's comforting, though. The low timbre, the soft consonants. You can see very little of his expression in the dark of the theatre. When he is settled, you feel him place your cardigan in your lap, hands lightly resting on your leg for a half a second.

"Hi." You turn back to the stage, seeing a singular dancer, male, all in white. He moves with effortless grace and you are immediately swept away in the music and dance.

"That's Jimin," Taehyung says to you. "One of Hoseok's dance friends. Really really good."

You didn't need the review. You could see with your untalented eyes, just how very talented this Jimin is.

"He's beautiful," you say, more to yourself. You sense Yoongi shifting next to you.

"I'm sorry."

You glance over at him. He's watching you and you wonder what he's sorry for. Being late? Or the argument?

Or the impending end of your relationship?

You really need to stop letting your brain go there.

You nod anyway and look back up on stage.

You feel his hand touch yours just once, as though he's reassuring (you or him, who knows?). You want to talk everything out now, to get it out of the way, but you can't.

You can just watch the dancing and pretend like being next to him isn't anything big.

--

"Why are you--"

"Best friend wants it," you explain in a hushed voice to Yoongi. Hoseok is on stage, dancing to some song you've never heard of, but it's like he has no bones. You had no idea he was so good.

You should have. Why would Yoongi have mediocre friends?

Yoongi tapped your shoulder when you'd pulled out your phone to record.

"Best friend?"

"She has a crush."

You can see Yoongi's eyebrows go up in your peripheral. "But she's married."

"Her husband thinks she has good taste." You stop talking when someone in front of you looks

back. You hate being that person, you hate making anyone upset. Unless there's some moral injustice going on that you have to stand up to (usually in the besmearing of your favorite authors), you prefer to make no waves.

There's an answering snort of amusement from Yoongi, but he settles back in his seat, apparently no longer concerned that you're recording a live performance.

--

"You did bring him flowers," Yoongi says when the show is over and the house lights are up. You meet his gaze, wondering if this is where the conversation is going to happen. Here, in row twenty-five, with Taehyung right at your back.

"I did."

He cocks his head to the side, as if picking up on the tension in your voice. Or in your posture. Tae has just rested his hands on your shoulders.

"Noona, noona, let's go and congratulate Hosie-hyung."

Yoongi grins at you. "He's like a baby, isn't he?"

You don't argue, smiling back. "A bit."

He doesn't say anything else, but files out of the row, waiting for the rest of you. When you move out of Tae and Seokjin's exit path, his hand takes yours.

"He'll love them."

You look at him again, hand in his.

"I hope so."

“Jagi... “ He looks as though he wants to say more, but Seokjin is already pulling him away toward the lobby where the dancers will come out eventually. You follow.

“He’s stressed.”

You jump when Tae throws his arm over your shoulder.

“Stressed?”

“Yoongi-hyung. The hours at the new studio. I hear him getting up in the middle of the night.” The devastating grin has pulled down into a pout. “He’s late almost every night. If he isn’t, it’s because he’s working at the bookstore.”

You stare at the back of Yoongi’s head as you and Tae follow the other two.

You had texted him (before the argument) about his new hours and job. But he’s only said that it was busy and he was learning a lot.

Should you have asked more?

You don’t know how to be in a relationship, especially one still not defined. With a man in a very different place in his life than you.

When you reach the lobby, the dancers are already out, shaking hands and hugging people who congratulate them. You shove your worried thoughts away when you see Hoseok hugging Seokjin like the older man had just returned from six months at sea.

There’s a lot of people around him and you just wait your turn, watching as Tae slips past you to hug his housemate.

That’s when Hoseok’s eyes fall on you.

“Noona!” He pushes past someone to hug you. You quickly move the bouquet out of his path, laughing when he wraps those arms around you, almost lifting you up.

“Hoseok, you were so, so good,” you tell him. He draws back and you offer the flowers. “I’m not sure how your body can do what it does, but it was amazing.”

“You got me flowers?”

You know your face is flushed from his tone of surprise. “Of course. My parents always brought me flowers for my performances.”

His smile is huge and he embraces you again. “You’re the best.”

He’s torn away by another audience member, but he takes the flowers with him, pointing at you. “A bunch of us are going out after this. Don’t let Yoongi convince you not to go.”

“Wait? Where?” you ask, missing the bouquet for something to hold on to. You readjust your purse.

“Out to a club. To do more dancing.” The low voice causes you to turn to see Yoongi standing in front of you. “He, Jimin, and probably Tae will go. Jin’ll go home, I’m sure.” He slides his hands in his back pockets. “Do you wanna go?”

Go to a club? With Yoongi? The irony of going to a place very similar to where you met right after your first argument with him doesn’t pass you by. It’s cyclical.

And it worries you.

“What do you want to do?”

He shrugs. “It’s his night.”

But there are the lightest of smudges under his eyes: the beginning of dark circles.

“You look tired.”

He shrugs again. “Still his night.” He reaches out to touch the hem of your top. “You look good.” His eyes lift to yours. “If you were worried about that.”

“I hadn’t gotten that far in my thought process.”

He half-grins. “Well you do.”

“We could go for a little bit?”

“Sure.” He licks his lips, drawing your eyes to them. There’s a smirk that makes you look away. “Let’s go tell him. He’ll be thrilled.”

“I don’t--”

“Come come,” Hoseok has your hand in his and he’s not letting go. You look back at Yoongi who is leaning on the bar, nursing three fingers of whisky. He waves you on, amused. You’ve only had a few sips of your cocktail when Hoseok decides that he wants to dance with you.

Never mind that half his dance colleagues are here and the only one you’ve tried to speak to is Jimin (who might be the sweetest person you’ve ever met). Hoseok grabs your hand and starts to pull you away from the safety of the bar and stools.

“I’ve seen you dance, noona,” he reminds you. He pulls you close once you both are on the dance floor, surrounded by more bodies. He lifts your hands so they rest on his shoulders. “I made sure you were safe for hyung.”

You can barely hear him over the music. “Really?”

He nods. "I was pretty surprised he even came out to dance." He slides his hands down your sides to grip your hips. "Follow me." The smile is blinding, white teeth in the strobe lights.

You aren't used to letting the guy lead. Most guys don't have a clue what they're doing. Most guys aren't Hoseok.

You don't really have to think (which is hard for you) as he guides your movements with his hands. It's sensual, sure, but it never seems inappropriate. He's laughing mostly, grinning and telling you stories about Yoongi as he turns you around under his arm like you're at cotillion and not on a sticky floor in a nightclub.

You listen (what you can make out above the pounding beat and buzzing electronic music) and don't tell him anything about how you and Yoongi are not exactly in the best place right now. You forget that actually, swept up in the music, a keen dancer, and a Saturday night.

Hands find your waist and you stare at Hoseok when you realize they aren't his hands. He grins at you and nods to the person behind you. You turn to come face to face with Yoongi, his eyes shadowed in the colored lights, his thumbs running along the bottom of your ribs.

You open your mouth, but he shakes his head and pulls you to him, any semblance of modesty discarded. Your eyes close when your bodies align, his hand runs up to the back of your neck, encouraging your head to drop to his shoulder. He drops a kiss to your neck; small and sweet.

So you don't ask, you just go with it. Savor like you always try to. Because things have an expiration date and relationships don't ever get the stamp to let you know when everything is over.

--

It's quiet in the Uber on the way back. Hoseok and Tae are still going strong at the club, but you tell Yoongi that you're tired. You are, a little. But the exhaustion in his eyes is your motivation. That and the late hour because you don't mind driving home when it's dark, but you want to do it mostly awake.

You feel his fingers brushing the top of your hand. You turn your hand toward his, opening. He laces his fingers with yours. You watch him, how nearly shut his eyes are. He's so tired.

When the Uber stops, Yoongi pays the driver, pulling you out of the car after him, not letting go of your hand.

“Yoongi,” you begin as he heads to the stoop of his house. He pauses, turning to look at you. “You need to sleep. I’ll go home, okay?”

“Why?”

“I... “ You take a deep breath as he walks back down the steps so you’re on the same level. “I can’t... “ You close your eyes.

“Stay.”

“We need to talk.” He’s closer when you open your eyes.

“We do.” He touches a wayward piece of your hair. “Stay. We’ll talk.”

“We can’t... I’m on my period.” You’d think you were still a preteen the way you have to force that out.

“Stay.”

Why does his voice sometimes make you want to cry? You nod and follow him in the house, noting that he never lets go of your hand. Seokjin isn’t in the main room, probably already asleep like the wise man he is.

“Do you need water?”

“I can get it.”

He squeezes your hand. “Let me.” He lets go of your hand and heads to the kitchen, pulling down two glasses. You stand in the doorway of the kitchen, watching him.

“Tae says you’ve been late coming back from the studio a lot.”

“It’s new. I feel like I need to catch up,” he replies, not looking at you, but at the pouring of the water. “I’m sure it’ll settle soon.” He picks up the two glasses, tilting his head for you to follow him. You do, seeing your flowers in a vase on the counter.

Seokjin.

You smile and enter Yoongi’s room, shutting the door behind you. He offers you one glass. As you take it, he gulps down half of his before sitting on the end of his bed.

It’s awkward.

“Jagiya... “

“Can I talk first?”

He looks up and nods.

“My dad has this saying. I don’t know if it’s his, so I might be plagiarizing.”

“Such a professor.” The fondness in his voice warms your heart.

“‘Don’t take the joy away from the giver.’ He always uses it when he’s trying to take the check at dinner, I swear.” You pause, tapping the side of the water glass. “You saying ‘no gifts’ probably comes from a good place, but I love giving.” You look away from him, annoyed that your emotions are so close to the surface. “Knowing that Tae likes strawberries, that Hoseok will eat every mini cake, that maybe Seokjin would enjoy something nice like a oil dispenser fills me with such joy. Seeing you eat a tangerine that I grabbed and cost me so little.” You let your eyes fall back on him. “You didn’t ask. You just told me. And if you don’t want something so very much a part of who I am, then maybe we shouldn’t... be doing what we’re doing.”

There, you said it.

He stands, setting his glass of water on his night stand, running his hands through his hair before fixing his eyes on you.

“I don’t know if it’s from a good place. It’s more ego, I’m sure.” He rubs the back of his neck. “I’m not into sugar mamas, as appealing as the idea might be.”

“I’m not--”

“No, you’re not,” he reassures you. “You’re not. But... it’s hard. You just give to me, to my friends. And--” He clenches his hands in fists then relaxes them. “It’s humbling. And I don’t always like that.”

“Emasculating?”

He nods. “Yeah.”

“Oh.” You set the water glass on the nearby desk. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry. That I didn’t ask. And I didn’t explain.” He digs his hands deep into his pockets. “It’s not fair to you, certainly. It just... feels uneven.”

“Us?”

He nods again and your heart aches.

“You know you give me a lot, right?” you begin. He isn’t looking at you. He’s staring at his unmade bed, but you know he’s listening. “You listen to my rants about literature with no glazed look in your eyes. You text me when you think of me, and you think of me a lot more than anyone ever has.” You feel your eyes filling up. “You treat me like I matter.”

“You do.”

“It’s not the sex, I hope you know that. You’re not my boy toy. If it’s uneven, I feel like I’m out of my league. That you are so far above me with your music, your unshakeable calm, your quiet caring.” You wipe your eyes. “I like you so much. Every piece of you that you share with me makes me see more of you. And the more I see, even the stuff you might not think is that great, the more I like. You were up on a pedestal when I met you. You’re not anymore. But I like you closer to me. The imperfections are just as wonderful.” You wipe your eyes again. “I’m sorry.”

“Why do you say that?” he asks, moving toward you. “Why do you apologize for every little thing you do as though you need an excuse for being you?” He rests his hands on your shoulders. “I like you.” One hand comes up to wipe away some errant tears. “I wish I had your way with words to explain how much I like you.” He pulls you in for a hug, tight. “I fucked up. I shouldn’t have stopped you from doing something that makes you so happy. I thought I was being considerate, but I was being an asshole.”

You laugh weakly into his shoulder. “You’re not an asshole.”

“Oh I am.” He draws back so you can look at each other. “And despite that, you didn’t bring gifts. Just those flowers.”

“It was important enough to you to tell me not to. So I didn’t. But I had to bring the flowers. I remember how much I loved getting flowers when I performed. Even if they die so soon.” You brush back his fringe. “You are so tired, hon. Let me go and let you sleep.”

His hands tighten on your arms. “Stay.”

“I don’t have a change of clothes.”

“So?” He moves close, nose touching yours. “I’ll give you one of my shirts.” He jerks back. “Wait, are you cramping? Like do you need pain meds?”

You shake your head. “No, I’m just emotional. Which really isn’t that different than any other time. But are you sure you want me--”

“I want you.” He kisses you then. “That very much hasn’t changed.” He holds you close enough that you can tell that he indeed wants you. “And I don’t mind... if you want...” His grin is light and cheeky.

Your eyes widen. “No.”

“Sure?”

“No, no. No.”

“Three no’s, okay.” He’s laughing before pressing his lips to your nose and cheeks. “Let me find you something to change into. You have tampons? Pads?”

The ease at which he talks about menstruation is unusual to you, but you imagine if he’d had a girlfriend for years, he isn’t squeamish.

“I do.”

“Cool.” He lets go of you and walks over to his dresser. He pulls out a shirt and what looks like basketball shorts. He hands them to you. “I’m gonna shower.”

You nod.

He doesn’t move away from you for several seconds, eyes looking over your face. “I don’t want to stop being with you. Okay?”

You press your lips together in an effort not to cry. Again.

“Same.”

He smiles that little smile of his. Soft, and warm, and knowing. He kisses you just the same and you feel your anxiety melt.

He leaves after that and you change into his things, folding your clothes carefully. You sit on the edge of his bed, all of sudden way more exhausted than two minutes ago.

You look down at your feet on the beige carpet of his room. This is the scenario you were afraid to imagine. That he'd still want you. That you would still be here, with him.

Is there a time where you won't question these incredible moments? When you'll trust in him and yourself and whatever cosmic power is giving you this?

You wonder if it's God. If God is letting you experience what you've always wanted. You don't think beyond that: not to the idea that maybe God will take it away the moment you get too comfortable, too content. That's probably not fair to God.

But you expect the rug to be pulled out from under you.

The door opens and he's coming in, towel wrapped around his waist, hair sticking out.

You grin at him. "Hi."

He walks over to you to sit next to you. "You could have gotten into bed."

"I was thinking."

He clicks his tongue. "I feel like that's dangerous."

You chuckle. "Definitely."

He leans over to kiss your cheek. His lips trail down to your jaw. You sigh.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Right now?" you breathe. "You." You reach out to trail your fingers along his naked chest. "How much kissing you never gets old." You meet his mouth with yours, opening for his tongue immediately. His hair is still pretty wet, but it feels good to your fingers. You tug, like he likes and

he grabs you by the thigh, urging you to straddle him. You climb on as he falls back. He grins up at you.

“You know you always make me feel like I’m the best you’ve ever had, even though I’m the only you’ve ever had.”

You make a face at him before leaning down to push back all that hair off his face. He needs a haircut, but you like the shagginess.

“I’ve kissed others.”

“Yeah?” His hands spread on your ass, digging a little, just enough to make you moan. “I’m still the best?”

You pretend to think about it. “I don’t know. That guy in acting school--”

“You went to acting school?”

“I haven’t told you that? It was before the teaching thing. When I realized I like being in school more than being out in the real world.” You skip your fingers down his chest. “I guess... you are the best.”

“Yeah?” He tries to sit up, but you crawl off him so you can be farther up on the bed. He rolls over, his towel loosening. Your eyes fall to the trail of hair under his navel. “Why?”

“Less tongue.”

He laughs. “That’s it?”

You pinch the edge of the towel, pulling slowly as you look back at him. “Biteable lips, too.”

The towel falls open.

“I could, um...suck you off?”

He laughs and falls back on the bed. “Don’t use words that make you uncomfortable, jagiya.”

“None of the options sound normal. Blow job, fuck my mouth, oral...”

He’s still giggling, probably from exhaustion. You lay down next to him, your hand wrapping around him. He sucks in air through his teeth.

“Do you want me to? Or are you too tired?”

“No guy is too tired for that.” He closes his eyes. “You won’t let me reciprocate though.”

“You don’t need to and I don’t mind. I want to. We haven’t since--”

“Oh I remember.” He opens his eyes and looks over at you, the light from an outside streetlamp highlighting his nose and cheeks. You stroke, getting him harder. “I remember that night really well, actually.”

“You liked it?”

“I’ve liked everything you’ve done.” He scoots closer to kiss you. “Don’t feel obligated. I’ll probably fall asleep right after.” His eyes are already fluttering closed.

“Don’t take the joy from the giver.”

He laughs as you move to straddle him again, this time your head at eye level with his cock. Your hand has done a good part of the work, so you lower your mouth.

It’s not as odd as it was the first time, though you still don’t think you’ll ever crave it. But when he moans, his hand finding your hair immediately, you don’t care.

You love making him feel like this.

“Sweetheart.” It’s guttural and it makes you tingle. “I’m not gonna last long.”

You hum a response, which makes him curse and grip your hair tighter. You can feel how he’s tensing as you glide up to his tip and back down.

It only takes a few more seconds before he comes. You don’t swallow this time (it’s really really not the best), but ease off him when he’s still laying there, panting. You spit out into his trash can.

“Jagiya?” his voice is soft.

“I’m gonna just go--”

His hand is reaching for you as he rolls over. You grab a discarded t-shirt on the ground, wiping your mouth and then moving to wipe him gently. His hand takes yours.

“I’m gonna use the bathroom,” you tell him.

He nods, one hand squeeze. His eyes are barely open. You help him under the sheets.

“Thank you,” he whispers.

“For the blow job?”

His head shakes slowly. “I mean, yeah. But for telling me how you feel.” One eye opens. “I know you won’t lie to me.”

His eyes close and his breathing starts to even out. You hurry to the bathroom rinse out your mouth, using your finger and someone’s toothpaste for a makeshift brushing. You hesitate leaving evidence of your period in their trash, but you tell yourself that they’re adults and can handle it.

You also plan to empty the trash before you leave tomorrow.

When you get back to his room, you slide in next to him. He rolls over toward you.

“Okay?” he whispers, eyes not opening.

You lean across the pillow to kiss his lips. “Okay.”

His arm wraps around your waist to pull you close. Your foreheads are touching and his minty breath tickles your nose.

“Night.”

“Night jagiya.”

--

It's over breakfast the next day that you ask him. Tae and Jin are still asleep, and you really aren't sure if Hoseok came home. Yoongi and you make toast and eggs, and enough coffee to fuel you both for a few days.

His foot is playing with yours under the table, bringing you back to memories of footsie at a mere sixteen years old in the biology lab.

It was heady then and it's heady now.

“So...” you begin, bolstering up your courage. He looks up at you, chewing slowly. His hair is wild this morning after sleeping on it wet and you just want to go back to bed and lay next to him, playing with his hair. “I have a favor to ask.”

“Sure.”

“Really? I haven’t asked it yet.”

“I don’t think you are going to ask anything that I’m morally against, so sure.” His nose scrunches when he smiles at you.

“Can you house sit?”

He doesn’t even hesitate. “Yeah. You going to see your parents?” His foot taps yours playfully. “How long?”

You wait until he’s swallowed before you speak. “No, not my parents. I’m traveling with my best friend and her husband once school is out.”

“Where?”

“Greece. Austria... “

“Wow.” He’s still smiling. “How long?”

“A month.”

Part 9 - Sunday Morning Rain

You wake because of movement on the other side of the bed. You barely register it—you're not really asleep anymore, but you're certainly not awake.

You're drifting off again when there's a dip in the bed and warmth at your back.

A kiss on your neck.

"Yoongi?" you mumble.

There's a snicker against your skin. "Expecting someone else?"

You try to shake your head 'no' but it's hard when you are partly in dreamland. There's another kiss, then teeth and you shudder.

You're definitely more awake.

A hand on your stomach is sliding down. You fumble around to grab it and stop its journey.

"Period."

He huffs, his breath light on your back. "It really doesn't bother me." His nose rubs along the line of your neck. "You were so good to me last night."

If you still wrote poetry (college you was angsty), you'd write a sonnet about his voice, especially in the morning. It's impossibly low and rough, which shouldn't sound as warm and soothing as it does. It's liquid chocolate over honeycomb. Sea salt caramel.

"Well... it bothers me," you answer, awake enough now for petulance to color your voice. You can feel his smile on your shoulder. He rests his chin there, arms now wrapped completely around you. Your petulance isn't going to last. Not with him like this.

“I can still make you feel good,” he says, his minty fresh breath tickling your ear. Another small bite to your shoulder.

“I need to go brush my teeth.” You aren’t sure how you’re still speaking when all you want to do is turn around and bite back.

“Doesn’t bother me.” He nuzzles in more, mouth open where your shoulder meets your neck. You moan as softly as possible, fully aware of a quiet, but inhabited household. “Turn around, jagiya.”

You start to pull away to get out of bed, but he’s strong when he wants to be and his hold on you tightens.

“Lemme go,” you say, still keeping your voice soft.

“Nope.” The silliness in his voice is hard to say no to, but you are strong. You think.

Also, you still have things pressing on your mind. Things, well, *a thing* that needs to be said.

You peel one arm away and slip out. Once you’re safely away from his arms, you look back.

His hair is an absolute mess, and he’s squinting at you. Also pouting.

You are so sunk.

“Two seconds,” you say, hurrying out of his room because that face, bereft of his glasses (hence the squinting), those hands reaching for you, those lips perfectly pursed.

You cannot be this deep. Not this soon.

When you hit the hallway, you see movement in the kitchen. You pop your head in.

“Morning,” Seokjin says with a lazy smile.

So, not wearing shirts is normal for him.

“Morning.” You sound like a bullfrog. “There wouldn’t happen to be an extra toothbrush around?”

He laughs and finishes up filling the coffee pot with grounds. He passes you (you hold your breath so he doesn’t get hit with toxicity) and walks back toward Yoongi’s room. But he continues to the door at the end.

He opens it and walks across the carpeted floor. You stop at the door, recognizing that this must be his bedroom. You look in once to see that he has several shelves full of Mario paraphernalia and somehow that’s hard not to smile at.

He comes back and offers a toothbrush, still in a plastic sleeve.

“From the dentist.” He grins again. You point to his teeth with the toothbrush.

“Obviously, yours is very good.”

The smile grows. “My handsomeness does require the occasional checkup.”

“Maintenance is always smart,” you retort, smiling back, but backing up to head toward the bathroom. You pause. “Do you have your own bathroom?”

“I make the most, pay the most rent. Seems fair.”

“Indeed.”

“Coffee’ll be ready in a few.”

“Thanks,” you reply, before closing the bathroom door behind you.

It takes longer than two seconds and when you return to Yoongi’s bedroom, it looks like he’s asleep. With care, you ease back under the sheets, resting your cheek on your hand. He’s facing your side of the bed (oh god, can you even think that?), arms curled close. Lips slightly in pout.

His hair is getting so long. It nearly covers his eyes. You reach out to get it out of his face, and his hand wraps around your wrist. Both eyes squint open.

“You’re awake,” you murmur. He gives you his patented flat line expression (you’ve never seen anyone else do it quite so well: his lips and mouth a literal flat line) before tugging you close. Your noses bump.

His mouth takes yours with no further words, his hands sliding to your back, quickly shoving your shirt up and over your head. The kiss is broken and you whine, making him laugh.

“So desperate, jagiya?” His words barely connect in your brain as he kisses down your neck. You tremble. “I like you in my shorts.”

You roll your eyes, though your audible breathing probably reduces its impact. “So fancy lingerie isn’t needed?”

He looks up at you, chin right above your breast. “Unwrapping is always fun.” He kisses the top of your breast, but you cup his face in your hands, bringing that mouth back to yours. He lets you, his own hands adjusting your hips until they’re pressed against his. You shake your head.

“Seokjin’s awake,” you whisper.

He sighs and draws back, but doesn’t let go of you. “For someone who went to acting school, you aren’t much of an exhibitionist.”

The playful grin makes you glare at him. “You do not have to sound so disappointed.”

He taps your nose before pulling you into his side, kissing your temple.

“I’ll survive.”

You wonder if the brief making out might have affected him too much. “Are you... Do you need...?”

He laughs, hoarse. “No, I’m good. You don’t have to every time, you know? I can take care of it.”

You can feel your face heat. He’s still chuckling, his hand running up and down your side, leaving shivers in its wake.

“Speaking of...”

You know immediately where this is going. “No.”

“You haven’t used it again?”

You try to roll over, away from him, but he seems intent on using his strength to keep you right where you are.

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Don’t want to without you.”

There’s a pause and you think maybe you said too much.

“Why not?”

You take a chance and look up at him. His face is just inches away, no need for him to squint.

“Don’t most people prefer with a partner?”

He smiles softly. “Yeah, but you don’t have to wait.”

“But waiting is good,” you answer. “I can wait.”

He scoots a little closer, not that there’s much room. “But you don’t have to.”

“I waited for a lot of years, Yoongi. I don’t see the need to when I can wait to be with you.”

He doesn’t say anything, just watches you.

“What?”

“You’re just...” He shakes his head. “I don’t know.”

“Now I’m worried.”

He laughs even though you said it lightly, you are concerned.

“I like you,” he says. “Even when sometimes you don’t make sense to me.” He kisses you. “We should get some breakfast.”

—

“A month.”

You don't know what to expect. This trip was planned all the way back in the fall, well before meeting Yoongi. Well before even thinking that you could be in a relationship.

If this was a relationship.

"A month?"

You nod, poking your fork at the last bit of toast. It's just the crust and you haven't explained fully to Yoongi that you really don't love toast... you just enjoy warm bread. "Pretty much all of June."

He's looking at you, but you really aren't sure with what emotion. You feel like you should explain why you haven't said anything, but you feel like any explanation will make assumptions about what the two of you are to each other, and you are trying to just accept what is, not what you wish will be.

"You don't have to stay at my house every day. I know the commute can be a lot. But if you can come by every few days, grab the mail, make sure my plants aren't dead..." You trail off as he's still just staring at you. "I figured you could use my car too."

"I... I mean, that would be great. A car..." He runs a hand through his hair, making it even more disheveled. "I'm just kinda..." He takes a sip of his coffee. "A month?"

"Yeah. We've been planning it since like September." You bite your lip to keep from explaining more. You know that is just a bad bad idea. "If you can't, that's fine."

"I can." He doesn't hesitate. "I just... A month, then." He cocks his head at you, like he expects you to say something, or himself to say something. That there's a cue, but neither of you know the next line.

You feel like you should apologize. You'd rather do that than keep this awkwardness.

"Noona," Seokjin calls as he comes down the hallway. "Are you staying for lunch? It's Yoongi's turn to cook."

You swallow back your 'I'm sorry' and look over at the tall man. "I probably should go. I have a stack of essays that sadly don't grade themselves." You stand up and start to pick up the dishes.

"Jagiya," Yoongi begins. "We can do that."

"I remember a guest doing the dishes in my house," you say, voice more arrogant and sure than you feel. You glance at him and relax to see the smirk. "So there."

Seokjin laughs. "I'm not gonna argue."

You end up doing the dishes (putting them into the washer) while Seokjin wipes off the table and asks you about teaching. Yoongi sips his coffee, scrolling through his phone, with only the occasional glance at you and Seokjin.

When you return to his bedroom, he's still talking to Seokjin about something to do with their internet bill. You quickly change into your clothing, placing his clothes in the hamper in the corner.

"You heading out?"

You turn to look at him as he stands in the doorway. He shuts the door behind him.

"Yes, I was going to empty the bathroom trash. Is there a dumpster near?"

He shakes his head and goes to kiss you. No words, or warning. Hands cupping your face, lips to lips. You feel his glasses press against your brow.

"Yoongi?"

"We're okay?" he asks, mouth barely parting from yours. "Last night?"

“We’re okay.” You hope. How does anyone really know? “I promise not to over-gift.”

He shakes his head. “You do whatever you feel like. It’s my issue.”

“But I don’t... I don’t have to overdo it. Because it matters to you.” You draw your finger along the top of his right cheek.

He stares at you, glasses fogged. “I wish you’d stay.”

There’s a weird jump in your heart. “Stay?”

“Today. I mean, I have to work later, but...” He lets out a long breath. “It’d just be nice.”

For a second, you thought he was referencing your trip. That he didn’t want you to go. That for once, someone desired your company (other than friends and family).

Stay in the present.

“It would be nice.” You kiss him back, telling your heart to calm the fuck down. “How about I come see you? At the bookstore soon?”

He rests his forehead on yours. “I don’t know. I feel like you’ll be distracted by all the books when I try to convince you for a quickie in the back office.”

“Yoongi!”

He laughs at your outraged exclamation and you smile.

“You’re probably right.”

“I know I’m right,” he replies, kissing you again. He seems hellbent on making your legs weak, so you use him for balance. He pulls you close, his tongue playing with yours, warm and slick.

Your mind forgets about pretty much everything but how he feels and tastes. It's like being drunk: all present, all fluid, all dizzy.

"I'll let you know my schedule." He barely gets the words out before his lips are fused on yours again. His hands have slid down to your ass, pressing you closer. "Sure you can't stay?"

You're panting, eyes glazed. He's smirking.

"Sure."

He makes a face, but slowly releases you. "Okay then."

You shake your head as though that'll clear it. "I'll just empty the—"

"I'll do it. Stop being weird."

"I am weird." Weird is on brand for you.

He snorts. "I mean, about that. I'll take care of it." He takes your hand. "Come on, I'll walk you to your car."

—

The thunder is a lot louder than it was just a few seconds ago, enough to rumble a few window panes. You're in your living room, feet crossed on the sofa, trying to read the suggested changes to curriculum from the administration, who you doubt remember what teaching is actually like.

You don't notice at first that your cell phone is buzzing because of said thunder, but when you reach for a sip from the tea mug on your coffee table, you see it light up.

Yoongi.

Can you bottle up this feeling? This quick leap of joy and anticipation in your heart at seeing his name. Can you save it in a perfume bottle and take it out for special occasions, dab a drop of it on your wrist and remember when you're sixty years old, eighty years old, how one man made you feel 'seen'?

You swipe the screen. "Hello?"

"So... might need a favor."

You smile even though he can't see you. "I might be able to provide one. What's up?"

"I had to go see a venue out of the city for my internship. I brought Tae with me—"

"Hey noona!" It's unmistakably Taehyung in the background noise of Yoongi's call. "We're stuck."

You sit up, smile dropping. "You're stuck?"

"The storm knocked out the subway. We got as far as your stop, actually, but they think it'll be hours before it's fixed and—"

"I'm on my way."

Pause. "Please be careful, okay? It's insane out there. Can we stay with you?"

You'd assumed he'd ask to be driven home. Which you're glad he isn't because driving at night in the rain is not your favorite.

"Of course you two can stay here. I'll be there in ten or fifteen. Have you eaten? Should we pick up some takeaway?"

There's a chuckle on the other end. "We're fine. Just soaked."

"Got it. See you in a bit."

"See you. And jagiya?" His voice is muffled like he's covering his mouth. "Don't make me share a bed with Taehyung. He's clingy."

You laugh. "I'll see what I can do."

When you arrive and pull up to the curb, you see that indeed they are both indeed soaked. As Tae climbs into the back, and Yoongi in the passenger's seat, you hand a towel to both of them before getting back on the road.

"Noona, you are my hero."

You grin at Tae through the rearview mirror. His brown hair is plastered over this forehead, but his grin is still bright and happy.

"I regularly rescue men from all types of dangers: rain, bad grammar, processed food only..." You glance over at Yoongi. "Am I missing something?"

He smirks back. "Do you really want me to say anything in front of Tae?"

You feel your eyes widen. "Nope. We're good." You focus back on the road as both guys laugh.

When you get them both into your house, they're dripping on your floor.

"Tae, the bathroom upstairs. Just put your clothes outside the door. I'll dry them." You hang up your purse and feel water trickle down your back from the few seconds you were in the rain.

"So I'll just walk around... naked?"

Yoongi groans at his housemate's words. "She doesn't want to see your dick, Tae."

"I really don't," you say quickly. "I'll find you something to wear." You push the younger man toward the stairs. He's giggling. "You like tea?"

"Yes, noona."

"I'll make you some when you're done." You leave him at the bottom of the stairs. "Up and to the right."

"You're the best!" he calls.

Yoongi half-smiles at you when you return to him.

"You know where the bathroom is," you say, arms crossed over your chest. "Are you waiting for an embossed invitation?"

"Sassy," he muses before leaning in to kiss you. "Want to join me?"

You make a face at him and with the same attitude, you turn him and push him toward the downstairs bathroom. He's chuckling, resisting a little just to make it harder for you.

"I need to find clothes for you both."

"He's taller than me," Yoongi says once you're both on the tiled floor. "But that's about it." He pulls off his shirt and drops it on the floor. Then promptly shivers. You roll your eyes and move around him to turn on the shower. "Are you gonna make me tea, too?"

You nod and move to leave, but he grabs you by the wrist, pulling you back, mouth meeting yours. You melt (even with his jeans soaking your leggings) and kiss him back.

"I like the days I get to kiss you," you whisper. You feel him smile against your lips.

“Yeah? Me, too.” He draws back, one finger under your chin. “Thanks for the rescue.”

“Any time.” You take a step back. “Shower. I’ll put clothes on the sink.” You let him undress as you go into your room and pull out the plastic tubs under your bed. You sift through the old t-shirts and sweats, knowing that your mother has told you a million times to get rid of things you don’t wear anymore, but you’re glad in this instance you didn’t listen.

You find two t-shirts and two pairs of threadbare sweats. You take one set upstairs, grabbing the wet pile of his clothes. You throw them into the washer and enter your bathroom.

“Jagiya?”

“Well, it’s not Taehyung,” you quip. “Clothes are on the sink.”

His head pops out from the shower curtain, his hair pushed off his forehead. He grins.

“You can still join me.”

“I’m pretty sure shower sex only exists in fiction. Otherwise, people get seriously injured.” You pick up his discarded clothes.

“You’re no fun.” He pouts.

You kiss that pushed-out bottom lip. He inhales sharply.

“Finish up,” you say before returning to your washing machine. There’s the pleasant background noise of falling water both outside and from the showers as you add detergent to the load. You close it up and walk down your hallway, sidestepping the new bookshelves you’d just gotten. They aren’t filled yet. That is to be a fun project for the weekend when you need a break between grading essays.

You hear the upstairs shower turn off first as you fill your kettle with water. You plug it in and click the button before walking to your cabinet that houses an overstuffed shelf of teas. You start

pulling out the non-cafeinated ones, reminding yourself that you should really toss some of the older ones.

You really are a pack rat at heart.

You hear steps.

“What kind of tea do you like, Taehyung?”

He pops around the corner and you laugh. Your old sweats stop almost mid-calf on him; he’s significantly taller than you. Also, the drawstring is pulled very tightly. He’s narrow-hipped like Yoongi. You should have given him a more current pair.

The t-shirt hangs on his frame and his hair is damp as he towel-dries it.

“What do you have?” he asks, coming in and looking over your array. “Do you have honey?”

“What kind of rescuer would I be, if I did not have honey?” You tease, making him grin.

“Then you pick,” he says and watches as you pick a chamomile for him. He hums in agreement and you pour boiling water into a cup for him. You offer him the honey. As he squeezes it in, you look for something for Yoongi. You grab your one canister of rooibos tea and fill an infuser.

“When do you need to be back home tomorrow?” You ask, plopping the infuser into another mug, before setting the timer. You glance over at Taehyung who is stirring the honey along with the tea bag.

“I’ve got an evening shift.” Taehyung worked at a fancy restaurant (that was his words) where he had to know what kind of wine went with fish versus steak. “I think Hyung has to be at the studio tomorrow by nine.”

You nod.

“I like your room,” he says, pointing at the ceiling. “Especially the baby dragons.”

You laugh. “I love those dragons. I only have a few of the figurines, but they’re my favorites. Do you like dragons?”

“Mmmm.” He takes out the tea bag. “I like all animals.”

“Even fantasy ones?”

“Those especially.”

Once the timer goes off, you both take the mugs of tea into the living room, where you sit back where you were before the phone call. Tae sits next to you, setting his mug on the coffee table (very conscientious to use a coaster) and looks around.

“I thought you might be stuck-up,” he says softly.

“Huh?” You look up from another work email to him. He’s staring at the photo of last Christmas. You’re there with your two nephews, laughing as you sit on a beat-up truck.

“When he said you were coming to his birthday party. I thought you’d be stuck-up.” He looks over at you now. His brown eyes are lighter than Yoongi’s and far more solemn than you are used to seeing. “Why would an older woman want a younger man?”

You can feel your face heat. He shakes his head before you can say anything.

“I watched you most of the night, by the way. Even after the strawberries.” He blows on his tea. “I thought that might just be a way to make us like you.” He takes a sip. “But you’re just that nice.”

“I am not—”

He shakes his head again. “You are.” He places his cup back down and scoots closer. “You’re really good to Yoongi-hyung. He smiles a lot more.”

“He didn’t smile?” The amount of times you hear Yoongi laugh and see him smile is one of the things that makes you just like him more.

“Only with us, if we made him laugh. Now he smiles when he’s just on the couch. When he gets texts from you. When he’s about to see you.” He rests his chin on the edge of your shoulder, familiarity surprising, but nice. “Jin-hyung asked him what was so special about you. We were all kinda worried. He hasn’t been in a relationship since—” He shrugged. “Been three years. He told Jin-hyung that you were soft.”

“Soft?”

He nods. “And you are.” He doesn’t move from your shoulder.

“God, Tae, you’re worse than Hoseok about keeping things to yourself.” Yoongi comes around the hallway corner, giving his hair one more brush with the towel before throwing it at Tae’s head. The younger man catches it without flinching, giggling.

“You’re right though. Noona is soft.” Tae’s long arms encompass you in a hug and you hug him back, trying to absorb his words. You really can’t. You know you’re a marshmallow, but that’s rarely used as a compliment.

There’s a plop on the other side of you and someone extricating you from Tae’s arms. He pulls you to his chest and points at Tae.

“Get your own.”

Taehyung laughs before leaning forward to grab his tea. You are wrapped in Yoongi’s arms, back against his chest and his wet hair is touching your cheek.

You try and reach out to give him his tea, but his grip tightens. “Yoongi, your tea.”

“She made you tea, hyung,” Tae says. “Be nice and drink it.” He snickers again.

One arm releases you and grabs the lone mug. Yoongi's still got you close and you are restricted from looking at your laptop in this position. But he's warm and he smells good (your shampoo smells better on him). He takes a sip and puts the mug back down.

"Not terrible."

You huff. "Don't hold back. Tell me how you really feel." He wraps his other arm around you again, firm in his hold.

"Thanks for not making it sweet," he says, mouth very near your ear.

"Whisky and Americanos... pretty sure you don't have much of a sweet-tooth."

Tae grins over at you. "I told noona you had to be at the studio at nine."

You feel Yoongi nod. "But... assuming the subway is back up, you can drop us off at the station. Or we can Uber."

"I actually cancelled classes for tomorrow. They were all freaking out about exams, so I gave them a day off to study."

"Wow, you're nice," Tae comments. "My professors never did that for me."

"You only went to college for like a semester, Tae," Yoongi says, his mouth now at the back of your neck. You're desperately trying to not let it affect you. It's only been a few days since Hoseok's show, but you already miss his touch.

"Long enough to realize it wasn't for me." He gives you a silly smile. "No offense, professor."

"None taken. I don't think college or university is for everyone. What did you do instead?"

"Worked, took art classes, painted, sculpted... then tried rock-climbing. Became an instructor." He shrugs.

“Now you’re a waiter.” You aren’t sure if this is the right answer.

“Yes, and going to learn how to make wine, so if Jin-hyung ever gets his own restaurant, I can make wines for him.”

“How long will that last?” Yoongi asks, almost grumpily.

“Does it matter, hyung?” His eyes are so big and innocent, but the smirk is knowing and older than his mere twenty-five years. “Thank you for the tea, noona.” He gets up and leans down to kiss the top of your head. “I’ll shut my door so Yoongi-hyung can stop pouting and have you all to himself.”

“Oh but—”

But Taehyung is already up the stairs and Yoongi is turning you toward him, mouth on your cheek and then jaw.

“Yoongi...”

“Tae’s the original free spirit. He’s always changing interests. I think we’re the only constant in his life.” He holds your face in his hands, eyes zeroed in on you. “Now, kiss me.”

You can feel yourself flush, but you raise your eyebrows in an attempt to resist. “Oh? Is that any way to talk to your rescuer? Who gave you a place to stay? Didn’t leave you on the mean streets of suburbia, likely to be caught by the neighborhood watch for lurking and—” He cuts you off with a kiss. His tongue slips into your mouth and you think you should worry that he can turn you on so easily.

“I guess I owe you then,” he says after making your head spin. He closes your laptop and with more grace than you, gets off the couch, hand holding yours. You follow him, looking up toward the upstairs bedroom.

“Yoongi... my house isn’t that soundproof.”

“Tae sleeps like the dead. Also, try to be quiet,” he tells you before turning toward you once in your bedroom. He kisses you deeply, backing you up to close your bedroom door. You sigh into his kiss. “He was there our first night, too.”

You bang your head on the door, breaking away. “He was. Playing video games. Fuck... I didn’t... I hadn’t thought about that.” Can you be embarrassed in retrospect?

Yoongi is smirking at you. “Maybe you are an exhibitionist.”

“I am not,” you say, trying to slip past him and away from the door. He blocks you, that shit-eating grin still plastered on his face. “Yoongi.”

“Jagiya.”

“May I get by?”

“So proper,” he teases, leaning in to kiss you again. “Ever just go wild?”

You shake your head, but keep kissing him. “Not really. I mean, drunk nights... Kissing strangers...” “He moves down your neck before getting on his knees. “Um, what are you doing?”

He gives you a ‘duh’ look. “Eating you out.”

Your stomach flip-flops. “On the bed?”

He tugs at the waistband of your pants, pulling them down, eyes focused. “Right here.”

“Uhhhh.”

He gets your pants down to your knees and pauses, looking up at you, resting his chin on your thigh. “Concerns?”

“I don’t think I’ll be able to stand if you...”

“Go on.” That teasing lilt in his voice should frustrate you, but it just makes you warmer. You had no idea that you’d enjoy being teased so much by a partner. It makes all the growing up years of being made fun of fade in the affection of his words. “You can say it. When I get you off.”

You grimace and he laughs, rubbing your legs and then pushing down your pants all the way.

“I’ll hold you up,” he answers your worry.

“No, I—”

He leans in to kiss your underwear. You squeak.

He looks up at you again. “Are you questioning if I can hold you up? Jagiya, that hurts.” He pouts at you, but his eyes are still so bright and amused.

“I’m not light.”

He makes a ‘humph’ type of sound before standing back up and looking you dead in the eyes. He takes your hands and puts them around his neck and then without more warning, lifts you. On instinct, you wrap your legs around him, nervous.

“See.” He kisses your cheek. “You’re fine.” He sets you back down, firmly pushing you against the door, before getting back on his knees. He hooks one finger in your underwear. “You can still say no, but I really really want to do this.”

“Why?”

He hears the catch in your voice and glances up. “Watching you break and let go? It’s music. Very private music.” He tugs down your underwear and only your upper half is covered. “One leg over my shoulder.”

You start to protest, but he lifts your leg and places it there. You just close your eyes, your face burning with embarrassment and rest your head on the door.

“Relax,” he whispers, his breath tickling your labia and clit. Then he licks there. You bite your lower lip to keep from making noise. “You can make a little noise.”

“How much—” You gasp when his tongue goes a little deeper. “How much of this is so Taehyung knows how good you are?”

He chuckles. “I swear none of it.” He kisses your inner thigh. “I don’t give a fuck if he knows. Or anyone else. Only you.” He goes back in and you try to balance yourself with one hand in his hair. Your grip tightens when he sucks your clit and you moan. “Only you, jagiya.”

It feels like ages since you’ve had an orgasm (it really hasn’t been that long in the grand scheme of things), but you still have a hard time believing it isn’t something you’ve made up. Or that Yoongi isn’t a figment of your imagination.

His grip on your legs almost hurts when you finally break. The door at your back keeps you from falling, as does his grip on you. He licks you clean as though this act is normal (will it ever be to you?). He stands up slowly, still anchoring you as you try and catch your breath. He takes a hold of the top of your shirt and wipes his mouth and face, nose scrunching before smiling.

“Thanks for being my rescuer tonight, birthday girl.”

He hasn’t called you that in months and your heart aches at the sweetness. You kiss him, noting the new taste, filing that away to process later. You don’t know what expression is on your face, but he smirks, chuckling before embracing you and half-dragging you to the bed. He keeps kissing you, and you try to keep up with his urgency, his tongue playing with yours. He falls back on the bed with you on top of him, letting out an “oof”.

“Did I hurt you?” you ask, breaking away, trying to get off him, but his hands grab your hips, holding you flush to his own arousal.

“Don’t move.” He takes a deep breath. “Fuck. All I want to do is be inside you.” He sits up, pulling off his (your) shirt and then removing yours. He stares for a second or two at your bra (nothing special, but he still looks hungry) before undoing and drawing it down your arms. “Pretty.”

“I’d rather look at you,” you reply, certain your face is on fire.

He makes a face at you, his hands running down your bare back to settle on your ass. “Sure.”

You stifle a whine when he gropes. You start to undo the drawstring and lift yourself up, pushing down his (your) sweatpants, freeing his cock. He hisses when you take him in hand.

“I told you that first night that you were gorgeous,” you say, stroking him. “That hasn’t changed.”

He kisses your nose before he groans when you squeeze.

“You good?” you ask.

“Fuck yeah,” he breathes, grinning at you before tucking his lower lip into his mouth when you carefully line him up at your entrance. “Look at you. This is old hat?”

“No,” you whisper, as you both push toward each other. “Every time, it’s overwhelming.”

He nods, sweat beginning to glisten on his forehead. He jerks his head toward the headboard and with a hand on your thigh, he moves you both so your head rests on a pillow. You stare up at him as he starts to thrust.

In this very human act, he still looks beautiful; sweaty, face tense. You feel so much, it overflows.

“Yoongi?”

“Hmm?” He laces his fingers with yours. You melt and regret saying anything.

“Never mind.”

He slows down, raising an eyebrow at you. “Really?”

You turn your face away, waving your hand at him. “Go on.”

He laughs and lays down on top of you, bending your knees so you cradle him. He kisses your cheek and jaw, nibbling to make you gasp.

“What is it?” He can be relentless.

You swallow and turn to him. “Is a month a long time to not have sex for you?”

His smile drops and he props himself up on his hands, staring down at you.

“This about the trip?”

Talk about killing the mood. What is wrong with you? “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything. Especially when we’re...”

“Say it. Say what you want.” You aren’t sure what he’s feeling right now. His face is serious, the middle of his forehead furrowed.

“What do you want?”

He looks down at where you two are joined and then looks back at you.

“I mean... other than that.” You feel panicky. You’re turning him off. Though he doesn’t feel like he’s softening. He’s probably regretting ever being with you. What are you doing?

“You first.”

You close your eyes, chastising yourself for bringing this up. Sometimes you can’t keep quiet.

Can't keep your feelings to yourself. And it always backfires.

"Open your eyes and talk to me."

You do. He looks concerned.

"What do you want?"

"I don't want you to. I want you to just be with me."

"Go a month without sex?"

You nod. Were you asking the impossible? You don't know. You don't know what's normal for regular sex-having people. Especially men in their twenties.

He cocks his head to the side. "And you?"

"And me?"

"Are you going to be having sex?"

You sit up and the movement makes him hit a certain spot and you shudder. "Oh wow." Your head falls forward in the moment of bliss.

"Answer me, jagiya."

Your head comes up, shocked he would need to ask. "No, of course not. I wouldn't ask you to not if I was going to. And I don't want to have sex with anyone else."

You see the muscle in his jaw move. He's tense, holding his body still even though you think it wants to keep thrusting. You start to move to help him out, but then he speaks:

“Maybe you should.”

Part 10 - Not A Stop

Chapter Summary

pairing: yoongi x reader

genre: one night stand, early relationship, noona, smut, some angst

rating: M

word count: 6.5k

warnings: no smut (just the withdrawing from actual penetration), language, kissing,

“Maybe you should.”

His words don't actually make sense. He's already pulled out of you by the time you actually grasp what he's saying. The washer buzzes, indicating that the load is done, and he's sitting on the edge of your bed, facing away from you.

What?

You hear the washer again and you carefully slide out of bed, opening the top dresser drawer. You pull on underwear, still trying to come up with words to say.

What words are there?

You walk to the washer, as though on autopilot and lift the lid. Methodically you pull out the guys' clothing, idly checking the tags to see that everything can be dried. When you shut the dryer and twist the dial, you can see he's standing in your doorway watching you.

He's slipped back on the sweats and t-shirt.

“I'm sorry.”

You press your lips together, suddenly aware of them trembling.

“Why would you say something like that?” You turn toward him, hands out as though you don’t know what to do with them. Your heart feels like it’s being squeezed by an iron grip. “Am I that bad?”

His forehead scrunches up in confusion then smoothes when he understands. He reaches out for you, taking you by the hands.

“No, no...” his voice is soft, like a murmur of a slow moving brook. “That’s not... that’s not what I meant.” He pulls you back into your bedroom, his hands tight around yours. “You thought...” He drops your hands. “Fuck. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

You clasp your hands together, looking at the floor, thinking maybe you should redo your carpets. Renovation is easier than caring.

Then your eyes fall on his bare feet and your heart takes another punch.

“But you did say it, Yoongi,” you state. You lift your eyes to his. His flicker away from you the moment you make eye contact. “So, it means something.”

He rubs a hand over his mouth, eyes closing like he’s organizing his thoughts.

“You’re not bad, first of all.” He moves to sit on the end of your bed, hands resting on his knees. “I didn’t mean that. I don’t think that.” He swallows. “I have never not liked being with you.” He meets your eyes then. “Okay?”

That does help your heart feel less like it’s been run over by a truck.

“Okay.” You wonder what you look like. In just underwear, but your t-shirt and sweatshirt from earlier. You aren’t cold, not really, but you feel frozen.

“I said that because... “ He scoffs. “Saying it out loud just makes me feel like an idiot.”

You don’t say anything, though you want to. You want to ease his distress, protest that he’s not an idiot. No matter how much you’re hurting, you want him not to hurt.

“I... worry... about being the only one you’ve been with.”

“Why?”

He looks down at his hands. “I just mean, if when you travel and there’s someone you want to sleep with... you should.”

“But I’m with you.” You feel like a computer that just stopped working. “I just asked you not to sleep with anyone else.

He looks up at that. “Yeah. But I’m all you know.”

You ball up your hands into fists and release them. “So, I’m going to sleep around, but you aren’t?”

He blows his hair out of his eyes, but it doesn’t work too well as it’s still damp from his shower. “Yes?”

“That makes absolutely no sense.” You can feel your voice thinning, getting more strident the more you think about this. Two seconds ago you were having sex and now you feel like this is the inevitable end you knew was going to happen. “Why would I do that?”

He stands up and moves over to you. “To see what else is out there?”

You stare at him, dumbfounded and perhaps, annoyed. “Like in general? I haven’t lived under a rock, Yoongi. I have met many people in my life and ‘what else is out there’ is pretty shit.” You want to grab his face in your hands and shake him.

“But you haven’t slept with them.”

“No. And I don’t want to.”

“But if you do—”

“So, should I just sleep with any man I meet that I find not horrible? Like how many men is enough? Just one? Or twenty? How many men am I supposed to sleep with to ‘see what else is out there.’” You walk away from him, pulling off your sweatshirt and undoing your bra under the t-shirt. You slap the bra into your drawer, shoving it closed. “Sexual experience is just one type of experience. I’ve had many others. I’m not naive. Or stupid. Or ignorant.”

“I know you aren’t.” You can hear the exhaustion in his voice. “I know. God, I keep fucking up with you.”

And arguing while tired never served anyone. You close your eyes, trying to calm down.

“I’m going to sleep. You can sleep here or the sofa, or with Tae.” You slide under the covers, keeping your eyes closed tight so no tears slip through.

You hear a sigh, a weary one. Then the lights turn off, and the click of the bedroom door shutting. You listen for departing footsteps, but the only ones you hear are not fading farther away. Your bed shifts with his weight and he gets in.

“I’m sorry, jagiya.”

You don’t open your eyes. “I believe you.”

His hand finds yours under the sheets. “I don’t want you to regret anything.”

You open your eyes then. “I don’t want you to, either.” You scoot closer to him. You see the tension in his face soften the closer you get. He raises your hand to his lips. “Would you want me to sleep with other men? Like you’d be okay with that?”

He stares at you, something going on in those dark eyes of his.

You know you're making assumptions without an officiality of what you two are. But even an undefined exclusivity is still exclusive.

"If it—"

"You'd be fine with me fucking other guys?"

"No."

One simple word that makes you breathe easier. "Then why—?"

He kisses your hand again. "I didn't say it made sense." He shakes his head. "I've been up since five and I'm probably just delirious."

"Or really truthful?"

He half-smiles at you. "You're too smart." His eyes flutter shut and you know there's a lot that still needs to be said, but he's tired and you're tired. You reach out to touch his cheeks, still captivated by his beauty. He moves his head to kiss your fingertips.

"What's going on in your head?" you ask.

"Dunno." He rubs his face on your pillow. You brush your fingers through his hair and he hums. "So good to me. Always."

"That's mutual," you reply, but you don't think he can hear you. His breathing has slowed down, though he's still holding your hand. You continue you card your other hand through his hair, your brain trying to make sense of everything that has happened in the last hour.

You're afraid. Afraid to tell him how much he means to you. How much you want to be his. You can't help but see your trip as a time to reevaluate. So much of the last few months have been

flooded with Yoongi, being with him, learning him, him learning you. It's overwhelming.

You know that life isn't always like that. Relationships aren't always like that. You might be plodding along fine at your job, in your life, but Yoongi has taken over so much.

Maybe you both need this break.

—

You wake before he does, and you slide out of bed before you spend too long watching him sleep (it's creepy no matter how movies frame it). You pop into the shower, mostly to wash your hair. When you come out, you twist your hair up in a towel. You slip on your jeans that just hang off your hips. They've seen better days. They were once your best pair, from one of the nicest stores you'd ever frequented.

Now they're for lounging around the house. Hidden from public.

Why are you relating to a pair of old jeans?

You shake your head at your morbid thoughts. You go through the rest of your routine, taking delight in how washing your face always makes you feel better. Even after a night like last night.

Maybe you should.

It still hurts. And confuses you.

You move to the kitchen, intent on coffee and breakfast. You glance outside to see that it's drizzling, but no more storm.

"Noona?"

You turn to see a very squinty-eyed Taehyung, ankles still bare from the short sweats he wears, and his hair a big fluff ball on his head. You smile.

He's so cute.

"Good morning, Tae."

"Morning," he replies, stumbling into your kitchen and pushing himself up to sit on a counter.

"You sleep okay?"

"Mmmhmmm. Your room up there is cozy. I can hear the rain too."

"Yeah? I haven't slept up there yet. That's good to know. I like hearing the rain when I sleep. Or am awake. Any time really." You fill the water kettle and flick it on.

He runs his hands through his hair and yawns. "You making me tea?"

"Well, I'm heating the water for you."

He smiles, showing his teeth. "Is Yoongi-hyung awake?"

You shake your head, glancing at the clock. "You might need to wake him soon."

"You don't want to? I think he'd rather see your face than mine first thing."

"I don't know, Tae. You're awfully pretty." You shoot him another grin and see his answering expression. The man knows he's good-looking, but it's hard to hold that against him. "Eggs and toast okay for breakfast?"

"I usually make cereal, so that sounds awesome." He slides off the counter. "I'll go wake him."

You don't notice it at first, mostly because the sizzling eggs aren't quiet. But when you remove them and turn off the range, you hear yelling. You leave the kitchen, trying to hear better.

They are yelling. And most of it isn't in English (you assume Korean). You walk toward your bedroom, a bit apprehensive. Only to see Yoongi pinning down Taehyung who is laughing hysterically.

On your bed.

“Well.”

They both look over at you, eyes wide and worried.

“Breakfast will be ready in like five. You can strip the sheets too while you're at it.” You turn around, trying not to laugh. You didn't grow up with your siblings, so you weren't sure how guys interacted, but you knew enough to know that fighting was their love language.

You set the table, pouring coffee, tea and half-wishing you had fresh flowers. You know they probably wouldn't care or notice, but flowers tend to make everything better.

Tae stumbles to the table first, eyes bright. “Yoongi-hyung is putting everything in the washer. Need help?”

“Milk and sugar is in there if you want it for your tea.”

He disappears into the kitchen as you serve the eggs on each plate. You hear him before you see him, immediately going on alert. With his hair in his eyes, it's hard to know how he's feeling.

“Morning,” he mumbles, blinking a few times. “I started the washer?”

You nod before hearing the toaster oven ding its conclusion.

“I got it!” Tae says, leaving you still at the table looking at Yoongi. He walks over and stands next

to you. Not touching, though you can feel his body heat.

“We okay?”

You don’t believe he thinks so, just on how he asks the question. It’s hesitant.

“I think we still need to talk some.”

He nods. “Yeah.” He meets your eyes then. “Can I kiss you, though?” There’s a little smile on his lips. When you don’t immediately answer, the smile drops. “Unless you don’t want to. Which is cool.”

“You got any jam, noona?”

“In the fridge door,” you answer Tae, eyes still on Yoongi. “I do.”

He leans in, pressing a soft kiss to your lips. His fingertips graze yours before he draws back, eyes lingering on your lips. You let out a shaky breath.

“Me too?”

You jump at Tae’s voice on your other side. Yoongi snorts before shuffling into your kitchen. You look at Tae, eyes narrowed.

“You too, what?”

“Kiss?” Cheeky grin, eyes sparkling.

You grab his face, fingers on his chin to turn his head and plant your lips on his cheek. “There.”

There’s a laugh from the kitchen and when you glance back at Taehyung, he’s blushing. You go to

wash your hands and make sure everything is turned off.

“What do you need?” you ask Yoongi. He’s leaning against the counter. “Your coffee is on the table.”

“I saw. I just came in here to help.” He looks around. “Doesn’t look like anything is needed.”

“Nope, go eat before the eggs get cold.”

He smiles and takes your hand, leading you to the table. He pulls out the chair and you sit, embarrassed at the chivalry.

“Wow, hyung, very world-class of you.” Tae is already seated, coating his toast with your plum jelly. He sips the tea. “Thank you for breakfast, noona.”

“You’re welcome,” you respond, fixing your coffee with cream, and a spoonful of sugar. Yoongi takes a drink of his coffee and you wince. “I don’t know how you do black coffee.”

“It’s my lifeblood.” He sets down the mug and starts on the eggs. You go quiet when Taehyung starts telling you a story about a demanding customer at the restaurant. You enjoy his flair for drama, his suspenseful pauses. You glance over at Yoongi a few times during the telling, and he just rolls his eyes at his friend, fond smile on his lips in between bites.

“I can clean up,” Tae offers when there is no toast, eggs, or hot beverage left.

“Actually, can you strip your bed upstairs for me?” you ask. “Today will end up being laundry and a late, late spring cleaning day.”

“On it.” He picks up his dishes, entering the kitchen to set them in the sink. Before he heads upstairs, you feel his hands on your shoulders and a kiss on top of your head. “You’re the best.” And he disappears up the stairs.

“Is he ever not upbeat?”

“Oh yeah. Like sullen, blank face, pouting... it all happens. He just really likes food.” Yoongi rests his head on his hand. “I’ll clean up?”

You nearly say no (guests don’t help), but you nod instead. “Thank you. We should probably get on the road soon.”

He stands up, stacking the plates before pausing. “You leave soon, don’t you?”

Why does that topic always seem heavy? “A week and a half.”

“Can I drive you to the airport?”

“You don’t have to.” You don’t hesitate to dismiss the offer. “I can ride with—”

“Please?” His fingers tap restlessly on the edges of the top plate. “I’ll stay the night and take you the next day. I’ll ask off work.”

You open your mouth to refuse again, but stop. He’s asking. It’s in your nature to not be a bother to people, but hypocritically you like it when someone asks for your help.

“Can you do that? I mean, it’s—”

“I’ll do it.”

You tell him the day and he relaxes (you hadn’t realized he was tense until that moment). “I have that day off, already.”

“Oh. Good.”

He smiles and picks up the plates to head into the kitchen. You stand up, collecting the last few things.

“Thought you were letting me clean up?”

You turn to see him right behind you. “I mean, yes, but—”

He removes the odds and ends from your hands. “Go get dressed. I got this.”

“You sure?”

“Let me.”

You don’t know why, but you feel that both of you are talking about more than dishes (though if asked, you don’t think you could have verbalized anything). You reluctantly leave the table and the kitchen, heading back to your room. You pause by the laundry units, pulling out the dry clothes. You fold them, your mind still replaying last night: the good and bad.

You move back to the main room.

“Your clothes are on the dryer.”

“Thanks!” You hear Tae call from upstairs. The water is loud in the kitchen, so you assume Yoongi didn’t hear. You turn the corner to see him rinsing dishes and setting them carefully in the dishwasher.

“Yoongi?”

He doesn’t turn.

“Yoongi!”

He looks over, eyes still sleepy.

Sometimes it washes over you. The ache in your chest at the sight of him. How much you want to just walk over, burrow yourself in his hold, press your lips against his collarbone; and stay there. For as long as he'll let you.

For forever.

"You okay?" he asks, pulling you out of your head.

"Sorry. I zoned out. Your clothes are done."

He does that half-smile of his. "Thanks."

You nod and hurry away, your heart pounding as though caught. He can't read your mind, no matter how perceptive he seems.

You remind yourself, he doesn't know.

If you don't say it, if he doesn't hear it; then maybe everything will be fine.

You shut the bedroom door, slipping off your pajama top. You pull on a bralette. The jeans will stay despite you venturing into public. You can't imagine you'll leave the car once you deliver Yoongi and Taehyung back to the city.

There's a quiet knock. "Just me."

"Come in."

The door opens and Yoongi pauses at the sight of you in jeans and the navy blue bralette. He's holding his clothes in hand.

"Hyung?" The voice is coming down the hall and Yoongi spins around and shuts your bedroom

door. “Hyung?”

“I’m in here. Just go change, okay?” he says through the door, eyes darting back to you.

You look down at yourself. He’s seen you in less. Why is he staring like that?

“That’s pretty.”

“The bra?”

He nods, walking farther into the room.

You shrug. “Okay.” You open another drawer to find a t-shirt. You start to pull one out, but his hand encircles your arm. “What?”

He swallows, eyes trailing up then down. When they land back on your chest, you feel flushed.

“You never ask. So I never think to say. But you’re so just...” He lifts his eyes to yours. “Pretty.”

“I am n—”

He cuts the distance between you, his hand sliding up your arm. “You are. You were the night I met you, all dressed up. But more so now, just... here.” He runs his fingers along your shoulder to your neck. “Soft girl.”

“Yoongi.” Are you protesting? Begging? You aren’t sure.

He drops his hand away. “I’m sorry. We have to—” He moves in, forehead meeting yours. “I’m just sorry. I feel like that’s all I’m saying lately.”

“I don’t understand,” you begin after a few seconds of just breathing him in. “Why? Why do you

think I need to be with somebody else?”

He lifts his head and the moment his eyes move away from yours, you know there is a lot behind these thoughts of his.

“I think you....” He pauses there, taking another step back. The distance feels like more than a foot. It’s miles and miles.

“Hyung. Noona.” You both still at the voice through the door. “I think we need to go? Also, you’re kind of making me feel like a third wheel here, and I don’t approve.”

You laugh at his comment despite the tension (unpleasant tension) in your bedroom.

“Two seconds, Tae.” You pull on the t-shirt you’ve been holding for the last minute. “Later?”

Yoongi winces. “I guess.” It’s quiet as you both finish dressing.

When they are in your car, Yoongi next to you, your hand seeks his. You need him to know that this is a pause, not a stop. Or perhaps you need to reassure yourself that it’s only a pause.

Not a stop.

He threads his fingers with yours and when you glance over, he’s looking down at your hands, hair in his eyes.

And a tiny upcurve on his lips.

—

“Today is your last day with me. Surely you have questions. Last minute concerns?” You stare out at the students that have deigned to come to the final class day for Comp 101. Years of teaching have taught you that student attendance and attention is not personal. You have been enthusiastic, apathetic and everything in between over the years. It truly doesn’t matter.

If a student doesn't care, you can't work miracles.

"How much is it worth again?" This is an older student, a non-traditional student. You know that you have all the information online, but this student still insists on turning in hard copies of his essays. You see a few younger classmates roll their eyes, but you refuse to do the same.

"Twenty percent. Please please make sure you give it the time and effort a percentage like that deserves."

Normally you wouldn't hear the opening and closing of the door. Usually there's too much idle chatter, but it's quieter today. The students are weary (spring is the most exhausting time in academia), finals are the last obstacle before glorious summer break.

But you (and several students) look up when the door squeaks open.

His cheeks are pink and his hair is windswept.

He looks so wonderful.

"Um, if there's nothing else." You tear your eyes from Yoongi back to your poorly attended class. "You're dismissed. I will not answer questions that are already answered on Canvas. That is your warning." You unlink from the screen and start to pack up your things. You hear the rumbling of squeaky desks, bags, papers and laptops. And cell phones being turned back on.

"Hi."

He's standing in front of you and you really try not to compare him to your younger students. He looks slightly older than them. His eyes reflecting an old soul.

But you know he's closer in age to your students than to you. It's especially obvious when one of your students keeps looking over at him while in conversation with a friend.

“Hi.” You hold your work laptop to your chest. “Did you miss classes that much?”

It’s been two days since you last saw him. After dropping him and Tae off at their house, he’d squeezed your hand before getting out of the car.

Texts are still frequent, but simple. And you might be projecting, but they also seem strained.

He chuckles at your question. “Not at all.” He glances around the room. “You have a break before your next class, right?”

You nod, noticing that a few students were closely (very closely) observing you with Yoongi. “Come on. My office is down the hall.” He grabs your school bag before you can, slipping it over his shoulder. He grins at your surprise.

“Haven’t you ever had someone carry your books for you?”

You shake your head, leading the way out of the classroom. “I think that went out of style in the fifties.”

“We should bring it back.”

His voice is light, and even his presence seems unbothered. Maybe the texts weren’t strained. Maybe you’re the one with all the issues (probably).

You open the door and enter the office space, moving toward your desk to set down your laptop. As you turn to take your bag from him, you see him looking around the room that is divided by bookshelves, file cabinets and four desks, including yours.

“Not what you expected?”

He sets your bag on your desk. “Not really.”

“Polished wood shelves, big old wooden desk, leather bound books, maybe carpet?”

He glances at you, those cheeks still pink. “Yeah.”

You laugh and point to the chair near your desk for him to sit. “Yeah, I think that might only exist at like Ivy Leagues, or maybe Oxford.” You point to the other desks. “The rest of the English department. Minus the head who does have her own office.” You sit and pull out your things from your bag.

He sits too, his eyes on you.

“So, you’re not interning, working, or sleeping?”

He chuckles. “That pretty much covers everything I do, huh?”

“Well, eating.” You amend.

He sets his chin in his hand, elbow resting on the desk. “Speaking of. You hungry?”

“I brought lunch.” You imitate him, resting your chin in your hand. “Why?”

“Lunch is on me.”

“What’s the occasion?”

He glances around again. The room is empty. Your colleagues are either teaching or at home. When he reassures himself this is true, he leans over to kiss you.

“Wanted to see you.” He presses another kiss to the corner of your mouth. “Wanted just a few moments alone with you.” The little pecks continue until your lips find each other and you are disintegrating into the tiniest of particles.

“Yoongi.”

“Hmm?” He is still intent on kissing you.

“I’m pretty sure there are cameras in here.”

He laughs and breaks away. “Did you forget?”

You feel so hot, your skin on fire. “You tend to do that to me.”

“Will you get in trouble?”

You shrug. “I don’t know. I’ve never looked up the rules on making out in the office.”

He laughs again and rubs his thumb along your eyebrow. “Come on. You pick the place. I’ll buy.”

So you get to walk along your school’s campus, holding hands with Min Yoongi. You see a few passersby glance at you two, but community college (despite its name) isn’t really much of a community. Most students are integrating education as best they can in their daily lives that include families, careers, and such.

And yet.

Yet.

You can’t fully immerse yourself in the moment, your worries and your mind returning to his words. His desire (is that even the right word) for you to gain experience.

Why?

But you don’t want to ruin this moment. With you leaving in a week, you feel (maybe sense is a better word) that the conversation will happen. When it does, you wonder how irreversible it will be.

A new trajectory that might lead you far away from him.

“Hey.”

You barely hear him, only his tightened hold on your hand shakes you out of your thoughts.

“Yeah?”

“Where’d you go?” He’s stopped a few steps from the deli a block from campus. He smiles at your raised eyebrows. “You get quiet. Really quiet. Pretty good sign you’re in your head.”

“Just thinking.”

He watches you for a few seconds, but you don’t say anything.

Don’t ruin it. You feel like you’re always telling your brain this.

He’s patient. You are well aware, so he doesn’t pull away. In fact, he’s looking so long at you, that your eyes prickle with emotion. You look away, embarrassed.

Why are you an emotional wreck ninety percent of the time?

He tugs you close, lifting your face toward him with a hand under your chin.

“End of the year stress,” you explain.

He nods, but you think he probably doesn’t believe you. He brushes his thumb across your cheek.

“Come on.”

He's avoiding the topic too. Over lunch (sandwiches with Coke in a glass bottle), he tells you about one of the musicians he's working for at the studio. It's a new musician with him as a new producer, and the musician is already arrogant.

"I kinda want to do a bad job on one of her songs, just so she can see or really, hear the difference." He steals one of your chips.

"Maybe giving her options on one part or something would help. Here's very produced, here's less polished, and here's how awful you sound without me, you dummy."

He chuckles at your options. "Maybe not exactly in those words."

"I'm sure you can come up with something better." You sip your Coke and close your eyes in contentment.

"You like Coke that much?"

"I never bring it home because it's all I'd drink, 24/7. It's decadence."

"You're a cheap date, jagiya." He grins wide, all top teeth.

"Old books and glass bottled Coke. That's it." You offer more of your chips to him. "The occasional cuddle."

"Is it still good for me to drive you to the airport?" His smile is no longer blinding and your comfort has fled.

"Of course. I can show you anything about the house that you might need to know. Breaker box. Ummm. When the trash goes out. Which neighbor to avoid."

"You? You avoid your neighbors?"

“He’s creepy,” you say honestly. “He asked me out to dinner and when I said no thank you, he said I wasn’t his type anyway.” You lift your hands in a ‘what can you do’ gesture.

“Other than being an asshole, how is he creepy?”

“He comments on my looks. He once called me delicious.” You shudder. “Like, no.”

Yoongi’s eyes narrow. “Does he still do that?”

“Less so now. When I told him to stop. But I do actively avoid going outside if I see him outside.”

“Sorry.”

You shake your head. “It’s okay. I once walked outside with my metal baseball bat, for no reason other than going to the mailbox. He was out, working on his car and I just swung it around casually. Hopefully I looked a little menacing.”

He chuckles. “I don’t know. Do you have a menacing bone in your body?”

You give him one of your ‘professor is disappointed in you’ looks. His smile grows. You sigh.

“Sometimes it works.”

“Might work on anyone other than me. I know too much about you.” The intent is in his tone. And you feel your face heat.

“Lucky you.” It’s dismissal.

But he replies, “Yeah, lucky me.” He doesn’t say anything else, and you’re letting his voice wash over you when he glances at his phone. “I gotta go.”

“Really?”

He nods. ““Fraid so. You don’t want me to?”

“This was nice.”

He stands up, checking that he has his wallet in his back pocket. You get up and before you can ask he hugs you. You try not to sink into him.

“Thank you,” you whisper.

“You’re welcome, jagiya.” He draws back, hands on your shoulders. “I’ll see you later?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” He squeezes your shoulders before letting go and heading toward the exit. You turn to watch him, just to see him glance back at you. He doesn’t smile, but nods like a little bow before slipping out the door.

—

It’s bigger than you expected. Like a lot bigger.

When you walk into the used bookstore that Yoongi works at, you stop right inside the door.

Books, so many books line shelves that seem about eight feet high. There are tables with displays of books in different genres, and topics. As you move farther in, there’s an area to your left that has some beat-up old couches around an equally beat-up coffee table. You see that people had already overtaken the couches to read.

“Can I help you?”

It’s not Yoongi’s voice. You turn to see a slightly familiar face. Familiar in that you probably saw

him at Yoongi's birthday party. He's broad and muscular with a very sweet face. By his face, you could think him just a teenager, but by his build, maybe mid twenties.

"Um, I'm just looking." Did you get Yoongi's schedule wrong? Is he not working today or now?
"Thank you though."

He smiles at you, slipping his hands into his back pockets. Which only defines his arm muscles (widely on display in a black short-sleeve t-shirt). "No problem. I'm Jungkook if you need help."

"Oh. Okay." You wonder if asking if Yoongi is working would be weird.

"Why do I do the heavy lifting when you're basically the Hulk?"

You feel both calm and nervous when hearing, then seeing Yoongi coming out from behind the counter with a box. He sets it on the wooden counter and huffs a sigh.

"You need the exercise, Yoongi-hyung," Jungkook answers, laughing.

Yoongi huffs again then looks up and sees you. His eyes brighten.

You make someone's eyes brighten. (Another memory to tuck away for a sad day).

"Hi." You wave awkwardly.

"Hey." He walks around the counter toward where you stand by a stack of New York Times Bestsellers. "You're here."

"Yeah. That's okay?"

"Of course." He runs a hand through his hair. Then both of you look over at Jungkook who's watching the two of you with interest. "JK, go do something."

“Aren’t you going to introduce me, hyung?”

“No.”

You laugh at the exchange. Quickly, you say your name.

“And you know hyung from??”

“We’re—” You pause. You’ve never actually said what you are aloud. Or heard him do similar. He raises his eyebrow at you, waiting for what you’ll say. You can feel your face heat at the implication. “We’re something.”

He grins at you. “Something?”

“Something.” You look over at Jungkook. “Nice to meet you.”

“You too.” Jungkook smiles before heading over to the box that Yoongi abandoned.

“Something, huh?”

“Shut up. You were no help.”

“Dating. You could have said dating.” He inches closer. “Just came in for more books?”

You roll your eyes. “To see you.”

“I’m coming over tomorrow night.”

You’re very aware of this. You’ve been packing and getting the house ready, but that’s not what keeps you on edge. You know the talk is coming. You know it needs to.

You should bring it up before, but sometimes (oftentimes) you're a damn coward.

"Maybe I like seeing you sooner," is all you say, turning your focus to the NYT Bestsellers even though you rarely find those appealing.

"Sap."

"Where is your poetry?" you ask in a very 'customer is always right' voice. When you look back at him, he's smirking.

"This way, miss." He heads past the counter. You follow, smiling again at Jungkook whose eyes seem permanently mischievous.

The poetry section is toward the back, past books on celebrities, history and the reference section.

"Don't really get a lot of these in." He stops in front of a small section, most of the books with covers displayed instead of their spines. "Anything or anyone in particular?"

"I just like to look. You never know what'll speak to you."

You feel his gaze on you. You look over at him.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Sure."

"I mean, it's just a very you thing to say."

“I have ‘me things’?”

He nods and pulls one of the books off the shelf, handing it to you. “I gotta do a few things. I can take my break in about fifteen?”

“Don’t feel obligated, Yoongi. I showed up with no warning.” That had worried you actually. Would he appreciate a surprise visit like that? You had done it to push your own insecurities out of the way.

He invades your personal space (which always makes you feel fluttery), so his mouth is next to your ear.

“Do I always have to remind you? I don’t do anything I don’t want to. You are very much on the list of things I do want to do.”

It’s almost vulgar, his phrasing, but in that low raspy voice of his, it’s like poetry. The postmodern poetry where subtlety is no longer in vogue and the words are naked and unadorned in their meaning and directness.

He lets his lips touch your ear before walking back toward the front of the store. You take a few seconds to calm down before looking at the book in your hand.

You laugh. It’s Milton’s *Paradise Lost*... possibly the worst thing you’ve ever had to study. You wonder if he remembers you discussing how much you hate it during that double date.

You set it down before looking toward the front. Yoongi is talking to Jungkook before looking back. He winks at you.

You really want to tell him then.

But you don’t. You’re working on proper timing in your life, and right before a long trip, in his place of work is definitely not the right time.

So you just smile back.

You assume he is on his break when he finds you some time later. You've commandeered one of the oversized armchairs tucked into a corner of the store. You have a stack; two poetry books, three novels, and two biographies. You're currently testing out a thriller set in the forties, and you're not sure you can get past the blatant sexism to enjoy the chase.

He plops next to you, his hip on your thigh. "Move over."

"I was here first." You do scoot over, though you definitely take up more space with your hipwidth versus his. He leans back, glancing at the open book you're holding.

"Pretty sure the girl did it."

You look at the page then back at him. "Have you read it?"

"Nope, but it's always the least likely, right? The girl." He pats your leg before resting his head on your shoulder. "I'm on my break."

"I assumed." You watch as he links his hand with yours. You can see his eyes close. "You're going to sleep?"

"Talk to me. I'll just rest my eyes."

"Are you getting enough sleep?"

"I'm fine." He pulls your hand onto his lap, curling closer to you. "Exams all graded, yeah?"

"Pretty much. I'm gonna go back over the gradebook tonight before submitting." You tilt your head so it touches his. "You said talk to you. What do you want me to say?"

“Tell me what you’re most looking forward to on this trip.”

“Food. So much food.”

You feel him chuckle.

“And just the buildings. Like everything is so much older over there, all the architecture is art. We’re going to a symphony in Austria and I just want to stare at beautifully made violins because why not? I want to sit at sidewalk cafes and watch people who don’t speak English go about their day. I want to drink good coffee, eat the best chocolate and cheese.” You take a deep breath. “I want to just be somewhere else for a little bit.”

“You’ll send me pictures?”

“I don’t want to bother you.”

“Jagiya,” he whispers, bumping his nose on your shoulder. “I had a funny thought last night.”

You turn, curious.

“I thought, wouldn’t it be something... if I could just come with you. Or show up halfway through your trip for a few days. Surprise you like some stupid romantic movie that never seems real.” He looks up at you. “I think I’m gonna miss you.”

You will not cry in the middle of a bookstore. You will not cry.

“I know I’m going to miss you.”

He smiles at you. “Are you sure the book environment isn’t just making you all googly-eyed?”

You glare at him, pleased for the change in mood. “Probably. I bet when I walk out of here, I won’t even remember your name.”

“Probably.” He chuckles, squeezing your hand. “But stick around a little longer. I have a few more minutes.”

Like you need to be persuaded.

Part 11 - The Night Before

Chapter Summary

rating: M

word count: 7k

warnings: smut in the forms of fingering, penetrative sex (no condom), new position (I said it), so much OC introspection,

You are still debating on how many pairs of pants you need to pack when his text comes through.

:: about fifteen minutes away. i can uber?

Your heart speeds up (although when doesn't it when he's involved), but you text back.

:: That's silly. I'll be there to pick you up.

:: thx, jagi.

When you toss your phone back on your bed, your eyes drift toward the rather small pale pink and white shopping bag sitting in the corner near your dresser. You'd acquired it only a few days ago, and you still hadn't taken it out of the bag.

The whole thing felt presumptuous (even more so if tonight went badly).

You grab your favorite sweatshirt and slip it over your head, too focused about packing to worry about what you might look like today.

It wasn't like you didn't have a million reasons to be nervous this evening or anything.

Things had seemed okay at the bookstore (which is now one of your favorite places in the city)

between you and Yoongi, but the talk had yet to happen and this would be the last time you both had a chance to hash things out before you left tomorrow. For a month.

It could be a month with constant communication or a month of silence.

You weren't even sure which one was the best choice.

When you pull up to the curb in front of the station, he's just got a backpack over his shoulder, baseball cap on backwards. He half-smiles when he sees your car and jogs over, opening the passenger door and tossing his bag into the backseat.

"Hi."

His voice is happy and you hope you sound as light-hearted as he does. "Hi."

He cocks his head to the side (guess some of your worries show up in your voice) as you pull away from the curb, heading back toward your house.

"Have you eaten? I can pick up something."

"You haven't made a ten course meal?"

You roll your eyes at his teasing. "No. Whatever is left in the kitchen is up for grabs though. Pretty sure most of it needs to be eaten before I get back."

He leans back in the seat, turning his head toward you. "I can take care of that. Or I'll just let Hoseok loose in there."

You smile. "Your friends are welcome to stay."

"Thanks." He reaches out and takes your hand in his. "All packed?"

“Close. Trying to prepare for any and all situations that could occur.” You glance at your hands then up at him. “How’s the studio stuff?”

He rests his head back on the headrest. “Better, I think. It’s a lot of grunt work still. Just things anyone with a semi-competent brain can do, but they’re letting me sit in on some sessions with legit musicians. I can’t even tell you who.” He smirks.

“Like I’d know who they are.”

“That’s actually, sadly, true. You’re stuck in your parents’ generation.”

“I like most music. I just don’t breathe it like you.” You turn toward your neighborhood. “You never really answered about food. I can make you a sandwich at home, if you want?”

“I can make my own sandwich, jagiya. But yeah, that sounds good.” His eyes are closed.

When you pull into your carport, he follows you in, backpack back on. When you’re inside, he touches your elbow to make you look at him.

“I’ll put this in your bedroom?”

You open your mouth to say, ‘of course,’ but you take in his expression. He isn’t sure. He isn’t sure if he can be in your bedroom. And you get it. Because you aren’t sure if he should stay in your bedroom. If you should let him.

Not with all the unanswered questions.

But you nod. Because despite your natural pessimism, you’re really hoping for the best.

Hoping in a life that tells you that hope is foolish.

He grins and leaves you to do just that. You go into the kitchen and pull out what lunch meat you have on hand.

“Jagiya?”

You turn to see him in the doorway. He’s tucked his hands deep into his pockets and seems nervous.

“We should talk.”

You don’t know what it means that he says that. That he decides that this needs to happen. And you wonder if the kitchen is really the right place.

“Okay.”

He reaches out his hand, waiting for you to take it. You are about to, but look down at your hands.

“I should wash, I just—” You gesture to the deli stuff on your counter. He grins as you quickly wash your hands, but he keeps his hand out. So when you take it, you wonder if his arm is tired from being held out like that for so long.

He pulls you into your living room, onto the sofa and carefully lets go of your hand before running his hands over his thighs, nervously.

“Yoongi?”

“I’ve been thinking about this since, well, since it happened and I don’t know how to say any of it without sounding like a cocky prick.” His eyes plead with you. “Give me the benefit of the doubt?”

“Of course.”

He relaxes a tiny bit and then gets up to walk over toward the tv, where there’s a bit more space. Does he pace when thinking? You think maybe that’s what he does when he’s working on music. Just pacing until the right words, the right sound comes to mind.

“You asked me why? Why would—” He trails off. “Why would I want the woman I’m with to fuck someone else?” He looks up at the ceiling, scoffing before taking off his hat, smoothing his hair, then putting his hat back on again. “God. It’s going to sound so stupid—” He gestures with his hands, half a shrug and half something you don’t quite get. The frustration is apparent though.

“Why do you think I need to?” Maybe the question will help.

“Because... you’ve only been with me.” He looks at you. “And sex is... emotional. Especially in the beginning, when you haven’t had it a lot.” He huffs, turning and walking toward your fireplace, then back again. “Fuck. I don’t want you to feel anything for me that is just the effects of sex.”

You don’t say anything. He moves over to where you sit, plopping down next to you and taking your hands.

“I don’t want you to think you... care for me and it’s only because I can get you off.” He swallows. “Shit. I’m sorry.”

You drop your gaze to his hands clasping over yours, your brain sifting through his words, trying to understand them and him. It’s hard.

“How many?”

“Huh?”

You draw your hands away. “How many men? Or how many times is enough?”

“You said that last time.” He doesn’t move his hands.

“I think it’s still valid.” You lift your eyes to his. “Sex *is* emotional. I don’t know about other people, but it is for me. Which means that if I fuck,” you choose the word intentionally, watching him wince at the way it colors your words, “some guy I barely know, it’ll probably be crap.”

“You barely knew me.”

It hurts to have him compare what you two have to something shallow (even though he's right).

"You were kind." You say, shifting your knees away from him. "You were so kind. And sweet." Was it cheesy to say you felt a connection? Probably. "And it was my first time. Maybe you were shit, but I didn't know. That's the point of this right? Maybe I need more experience to know what we have is crap?"

"No, that's not—"

"It'd be better with someone I know and care for. Obviously. Well, most of the men I know are married or don't like women, or both. Except—" You get up now, wishing you could kick your coffee table without breaking a toe. "Well, except your friends."

"What?" He'd been staring at his hands, but this makes his head pop up.

"So, who should I choose? Hoseok? I mean, he's always so happy to see me, I guess he might be interested. Taehyung? Pretty sure he sees me as a big sister, but he is proud of his dick, and I should experience a different dick, right? Seokjin is dating, so I wouldn't do that. But I'll text Hoseok and ask, okay?" You pull out your phone from the back pocket of your jeans, your hands shaking with... you aren't sure if it's anger, or something like hurt.

He's up, and his hands are grasping for your phone before you can even unlock it. You pull it away, turning so your back is facing him. His hands drop and you feel his forehead fall to your shoulder.

"The appropriate language is 'wyd,' right? I've never tried a booty call before. Do they even call it that anymore?" You try to affect a nonchalant tone, but there's a tremor and you know he hears it too.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," he says into your shoulder. "I said it was stupid."

You don't turn around. "Did you have someone else in mind?"

"No, god, no." You feel his hands on your shoulders, gently maneuvering you so you're facing

him. He sees that your cheeks are wet and his face drops even more. He pulls you into his arms while your hands stay down at your sides. "I'm sorry. I know." He holds you for several seconds.

Eventually, he draws back and stares at you.

"Explain it to me," you say, voice more broken.

"How do you know?" he asks. "How do you know if this is enough for you?"

There are major assumptions in his question and that makes your heart jump before crashing down again.

"This?"

"Us. Me." He swallows again and you watch his Adam's apple as he does.

"How do you know?"

His lips part at your question.

"I mean, have you slept with enough people to know you're not emotionally affected by our sex?"

He starts to say something, but you cut him off.

"I swear, if you say 'you're a guy' or something, I will make you sleep upstairs."

There's a half-chuckle at your threat. His hands are on your shoulders again.

"You have a point," he says slowly. "But I've got... a few more than you."

“Most of the world has a few more than I do.” It’s a bit of a joke, you aren’t sure why you can even make a joke, but your heart needs a break. “If I’m good with just you, why should I try with others?”

“Because you don’t know.”

“I do know!” You push his hands off you. “I’m not a kid. I’m a grown woman, who, although inexperienced sexually, is more than aware of the effects of oxytocin and endorphins and whatever other chemicals are churning through me because of orgasms and your kisses.” You shake your head. “If it was just that…” You take a breath, feeling like you’d been running for a time now. “Why do I just want to text you every evening and just have you tell me how your day was?”

“You don’t text me every day.”

“I know. I’m trying not to be me.”

“What?” His confused expression would normally make you all gooey inside, but you can’t go there.

“I don’t want to scare you. I don’t want to say too much. Or do too much. Men don’t want clingy women. I’m all cling. I like my space, but I like your space too.”

He says your name and you raise your hands in abject frustration.

“I’m just wanting you. Any and all parts of you that you want to share. That’s not because of sex. Sex is great, but it’s not my libido doing the thinking when I want to curl up next to you at night.”

With that, you fall back down on the sofa then stand right back up.

“Shit. I have to finish packing.” Without another word, you head back into your bedroom. When you get there, you lean your hands on your bed, taking a few breaths before wiping the back of your hand over your eyes. You see his backpack on the cushioned rocking chair in the corner of your room, and you close your eyes.

You hear him come down the hallway.

“I can sleep upstairs.”

You turn to look at him. Hands in pockets, lips turned down. Your eyes fill again.

“I don’t want you to.”

“I don’t either.”

But neither of you move.

“I’ll let you pack and I’ll make myself something to eat?”

You nod, and turn back to your two mostly filled suitcases on your bed. You listen to his footsteps go the other way.

--

It’s about twenty minutes when he comes back in. You’ve pushed through your emotions so you can finish packing, going twice through the list you wrote down. You look up when he comes in.

“What’s that?” he asks, voice about half of its usual confidence.

You look down at the small pink and white bag. There’s tissue paper jutting out from the top of it, prettily packaged for the trip from the store to home. Or maybe you should give it to someone else.

“I bought this.”

He comes in tentatively. “For the trip?”

You smile, but you know it probably looks awful. More like a grimace.

“No.” You pull out the tissue paper and then the two items. You watch as his eyes widen and he swallows hard. “I was going to try the whole, wear these as a surprise for you, but it felt so dumb and cheesy to me. And embarrassing. I’ve never bought this kind of stuff before. And it’s pretty tame to what my options were.” You shrug, as though this isn’t just another form of vulnerability. You are so weak around him. “Should I return it?”

His eyes go from the bra and high waisted underwear to your face. “Wear it.”

“You want me to?”

“Of course I fucking want you to. Shit. You’ll look... shit.”

You set the lingerie on your bed. “What are we?” You never thought you’d be having another conversation like this. Not after all the ones in college and beyond.

All the ones that ended with clichés: ‘it’s not you, it’s me,’ ‘you’re such a good friend,’ ‘I really don’t think I should be dating right now.’

He walks over to you. “What do you want?” He’s really good at answering questions with more questions.

“I want you.” That’s safe to say, right?

“I want you, too.” He holds your hands in his.

“So, why...?” You lift both sets of hands in an effort to explain something that still doesn’t make sense to you.

“I need you to have no regrets.” His hands tighten on yours.

“I’m not gonna sleep with some random person.” You shudder. “It’s enough to not freak out when we—”

“Okay. Okay.” He presses his lips together before continuing. “Be open to it. For me.”

“Fine. Then you too.”

His forehead scrunches up in confusion. “Huh?”

“Either we both can have sex with other people, or neither of us can.”

“I’m not going to—” He stops when you raise your eyebrows at him. “Okay.”

“This is stupid.”

“I get that you think that. But I just... “

You see the struggle on his face, in how high he holds his shoulders, and you just say it. “Do we need a break?”

You’ve had an internal monologue ever since you can remember. You assume it’s from years of theatre, movie-watching and then story-reading. Your inner narrator tells much better stories than your life.

Your narrator simply says that he’ll say no. But your narrator is often wrong.

You stare at Yoongi, desperate for an answer you’re terrified of.

He shakes his head. “I don’t like that either.”

You let out your held breath. “What do you want?”

“Just... talk to me? Let me know what’s going on. If you meet someone...”

“If you meet someone?” Just saying the words is like a punch in your stomach.

“I won’t.”

“I won’t either.”

“Dammit, you are stubborn.”

“Not really, but you’re bringing it out in me.”

He laughs as though he can’t help it, that he’s surprised at it. He leans close and lays his forehead against yours. “Are you really mad at me?”

“Not you. Your thoughts kinda suck.”

He smiles, quick before rubbing his nose along yours. “I like you a lot, jagiya. I just think we aren’t going to agree about this.”

“You bet we aren’t.”

He kisses you softly. “Indulge me? Consider if you have a chance?”

You stare at him helplessly. You might be a mess, but you know your feelings. You aren’t going to want someone else, no matter how attractive or appealing they might be.

But you understand his point, as much as you disagree. It’s a pretty common thought. That to get into a relationship, a person must have tried a few things before. Practiced, some might say. You don’t really subscribe to that thinking (as a former virgin of a certain age, you obviously don’t), but you get it. You just hate it.

“Okay.”

He moves in, mouth seeking yours and you let him. You want him, you want to reassure him that he’s all you want, but there are things that cannot be believed through words. You know this more than most.

He draws back, eyes dark. “Put it on?”

“Really?”

“You have no idea.” The heat has taken over his voice, giving you goosebumps. You pick up the pieces and move around him toward the bathroom. “Pink?”

“I know, I thought you’d prefer black, but I’ve really liked this pink, so…” You look back at him. “Okay?”

“Yeah.”

You picked something that wouldn’t be too hard to get into on your own. There were so many options that had clasps and ties and maybe that’s his preference, but you are a simple person at heart. You like cheese pizza, jeans and t-shirts, and things that are comfortable.

The underwear isn’t sheer because you just *couldn’t*, but it does cover up high which makes you feel a bit better about wearing it. It holds in a lot of your soft parts (that’s a lie, you have a lot of soft parts). The bra is pretty and lacy, but a soft lace. When you look at yourself in your bathroom mirror, you don’t think you look too bad. You wish you’d taken the time to fix your hair, maybe do some dramatic makeup on your eyes, but it is already pretty daunting to put it on, you shouldn’t do a big production.

When you open the door to your bedroom, he’s opening his backpack, but he stops immediately to look over at you. You don’t have a clue what to do with your hands.

So you end up with them clasped behind your back, looking back at him.

“Shit,” he breathes. “I mean, I always like your pajamas, but I like this.” He starts to walk toward you, then pauses. “You alright?”

“Sure. I think. I mean, you said you liked unwrapping.”

He smirks before crossing the room to you. “You remember that?”

“I remember a lot of what you say, Min Yoongi.”

“You look amazing.” He runs his hands down your arms in order to pull them forward, so you aren’t gripping them so tightly. “Look at you.” He smiles softly before leaning in to kiss you.

His lips meeting yours helps take away some of your insecurities.

“Now I kinda wish I had pretty underwear,” he teases. You make a face at him as he lets go of your hands to pull off his shirt.

“Women are different. Well, I’m different. ”

“Yeah?” He sidles up in front of you, playing with your hands, while his eyes continue to rove over what you’re wearing.

“I remember how you looked the night we met. I could see just a bit of your collarbone in that shirt. That was—” Sexy? Tempting? You aren’t sure what it was, but it drew you. All of him did.

He looks up at this. “Really?”

“You had makeup on.”

“I did. Hoseok. He’s pretty good at it. Years of performing I guess.” He threads his fingers with yours. “What else do you remember?”

“Your hair was off your forehead. Your eyes were so dark.” You feel yourself heating at the memories. “You looked otherworldly, like a dark angel. And you had this deep voice.”

He’s almost skin to skin to you, hands lifted. “I saw you at the bar.”

“You did?”

“Yeah. You were watching the crowd like I was. Then I felt your gaze.”

“You did not. You didn’t notice me.”

He chuckles, letting go of your hands to rest his own on your waist. “Not like that. I just noticed you. Then you were walking. Your voice pitched high when you spoke to me.”

You groaned. “I was nervous. You’re intimidating when you don’t smile.”

“I know.” His thumbs brush up and down, still at your waist. You thought he might undress you immediately, but he seems content just to stand close, to touch. “I don’t know if I would have said yes if you hadn’t said it was your birthday. You were cute, but I’m not much of a dancer.”

“You’re a good dancer.”

His cheeks, already flushed, darken. “Am not.”

“Are too. I’ve danced with you, I know.” You take off his hat and let it fall to the floor, ignoring his frown at that. You push his hair back, off his forehead, looking at your skin compared to his. “Pale boy.”

“I don’t like the sun.”

You giggle at his pout. Your mind chastises you. How can you laugh when minutes ago you were

arguing?

How can you not?

You're leaving tomorrow and you want as much of Yoongi as you can get.

His eyes flutter closed when you let your nails scratch his scalp. You take advantage of this, leaning in to kiss him just as softly as he had earlier. When you draw back, his eyes are open.

“So if it hadn't been my birthday, or if I hadn't told you it was my birthday, we might not be here?”

You can see his eyes change when he hears it in your voice. “Jagiya, don't be sad. You did and we're here.”

“I know. Sometimes I still think I'm making this all up.”

He shakes his head, hands tightening at your waist to pull you against him. His mouth meets yours, open; tongue seeking and finding. You press close too, wanting no space, no distance between you and him. He's a lot warmer than you (he's wearing a lot more) and you soak in the heat he emanates, kissing him with more urgency the more you think about leaving tomorrow. You drop your hand to the waistband of his joggers.

“In a hurry?” he murmurs against your lips.

“Yes.”

“You?” He pulls back a little. “The woman who told me to slow down so she could remember every detail?”

You start to push down his pants, but he stops you.

“We have all night.”

You move to cradling his face in your hands, thumbs running back and forth along the apples of his cheeks.

“Some of us like sleep.”

“My favorite thing... after sex, probably.” He grins at you, all top teeth. “It’s a toss up.”

It’s there. In your heart, on the tip of your tongue. But you aren’t impulsive as much anymore. So you tuck it away.

“Why do I like you so much?”

He shrugs, giving you a bump, nose on nose. “I’m irresistible?”

“Hmmm,” you hum, kissing him and moving him toward your bed. He hops up onto it, scooting himself back with his hands. You climb on after him, intent. Maybe it’s the lingerie, but you feel pretty. Sexy even. He watches you with those darkened eyes, lips parted just the slightest. You straddle him on your knees, just a few inches above him. He’s looking up at you, but his eyes keep drifting back down to your exposed skin. “Maybe a little.”

“What?” He’s forgotten what he just said. It’s titillating. To know that you can distract him like that.

“You’re a little irresistible.”

“Oh.” His hands settle on your hips. “You look really... really good.”

You smile. “You always make me feel pretty. I had a friend who used to do that. I told him once that I would look for that in someone I want to be with. He taught me that.” You cup his face in your hands, leaning down to kiss him softly. “So thank you.”

“You don’t have to—” he stops talking when you ease down on his lap. “ *Fuck* .”

“Already?”

His fingers dig into your skin. “I can’t really—” He hisses when you bite his lower lip lightly. “... Explain how you picking that out to wear for me just... damn, it’s such a turn on. I was half-hard before you even put it on.”

You laugh, fingers moving into his hair and tugging so his gaze is on your face. His look of pleasure from the hair-pull makes you oh so warm.

You tug again and he lets out a low curse. He’s so attractive like this (like any way honestly) that you just want to stare at him for an interminable period of time. But you also want to kiss him, to run your hands over every part of him. Commit every sense to memory.

You shift in his lap and his eyes narrow.

“You’re the one who told me not to hurry.”

“I take it back,” he breathes, the sheen of sweat starting to show on his skin. You shift again and he groans. “Jagiya, you tease.”

You laugh again, going in for a deep kiss. His hands slid up from your hips to your back, making quick work of the bra clasp. He expertly draws down the straps, his chest still pressed to yours, his calloused fingertips lightly scratching down your arms. He draws back so he can remove it, his hands seeking the soft skin immediately.

You let out a sound that makes him smirk before you go back in, kissing him with all the turmoil and need building in you for the last week. Your desperation makes him fall back on the bed, you going with him. He grunts, but doesn’t break away for air, his fingers dancing from your front to your back and down, sliding under your underwear.

“Pretty, pretty girl,” he whispers against your lips.

“Pretty boy,” you reply, lifting your head. He gazes at you, hands never still. “You make me wish I could draw.”

His smile is soft. “Make me art?”

“On my wall for posterity,” you say before tilting your head, and wincing.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

He gives you a look and you sigh, clearly aware you’re killing the mood, though you also realize you do that.

“Just a knot.”

His forehead furrows. “In your back?”

“Shoulders,” you admit before kissing his collarbone. You hiss in pain and then find yourself on your back with Yoongi straddling you. “Um...” He moves off of you.

“Turn over.”

“Yoongi...”

“Turn. Over. Jagiya.”

You roll over, face burning with embarrassment, though hiding your nudity (mostly naked, your underwear is still on) is comforting. You let out an ‘oof’ when he settles on your ass. “Comfy?”

There’s a snicker as he pats your butt. “One of my favorite parts of you.”

You hide your face in the mattress. You *can't* with him.

You tense when you feel his hands on your upper back.

“Relax.”

“Uh huh.” You let out a heavy breath when he presses his thumb next to your shoulder blade.

“Yeah.” Your voice is squeaky and breathy. “Along there.”

He hums as he traces along the curve of your shoulder blade, paying attention when you stiffen in pain. “Are you always this tense?”

“It’s been less since—” You cut yourself off, again hiding your face into the mattress.

“Since?” You can hear the playfulness in his tone. “Since me?”

“Apparently orgasms are good stress relief.”

He laughs, continuing to rub along your upper back, spending longer on the muscles that are tense. You can feel some of it seeping away, the anxiety and strain.

But you’re feeling other things too. It’s an odd mix of relaxation and arousal and you just have to open your mouth.

“Yoongi?”

“Hmm?”

“Can I ask you a question?” You try not to moan at his hand on the back of your neck and down to your shoulders. It hurts, but a good hurt.

“Always.”

“What’s the appeal? I mean, from behind?”

His hands stop moving and you immediately regret everything.

“From behind?”

“You’re not going to make me spell it out?”

“I don’t know,” the humor is dripping from his words. “You’re the English prof. Shouldn’t clear communication be your thing?” He traces his fingers from your neck down your spine to the top of your underwear.

“What’s appealing about sex from behind?”

He doesn’t answer immediately, fingers dipping underneath the band of your underwear to tickle the skin of your lower back.

“Why?”

“Well...” You close your eyes like that will help with your embarrassment. “I mean, we’re one of the only creatures, or the only, I can’t remember, um, who do it face to face. There’s connection like that. That seems like it would be gone in another position.”

Again there’s a long pause, his hands lightly running up and down your back, your sides, leaving goosebumps in their wake.

“Well, most guys like the view.”

You try to look at him, but his hand rests on the back of your head.

“Don’t ruin what I just did, jagiya.”

“Most guys?”

“Different scenery.” He’s slowly tugging on your underwear, lifting himself up on his knees. “Also, it hits different. Literally.” He gently pulls it down your legs until it dangles from your ankle. “It’ll feel different.” He palms your right cheek. “Is this you asking to try it out?”

“Can I... Can I see you?” You know he hears the dread.

“Roll over.”

You do and he straddles you again, looking down at you with dark eyes.

“I’m scared.”

“Yeah. Of what?” he leans down, bracing himself on his hands so his mouth is only inches from yours. You lick your lips in nervousness, but he drops his head so his tongue meets yours before slipping into your mouth. You take the distraction, willing to kiss him for hours upon hours, but he draws back, waiting for your answer.

“I don’t really know. It just makes my stomach twist in fear when I think of it.”

“Sure that’s fear?” he teases.

“99% sure.”

He rubs his nose against yours. “You know I’ll stop if you ever say so, sweetheart.”

“But I hate to do that to you? I mean, it has to be hard—I mean difficult,” you stutter on your unintentional innuendo.

He chuckles.

“Sometimes. But you know what?” He gets close again. “You’re more important.” He presses his lips to the tear that trickles down your cheek. “And you always take care of me.” He grins at you. “I told you. I’m easy to please. And I want you to feel comfortable and safe with me.”

“I do.”

“Yeah?” He kisses you. “We don’t have to. But I’d like to if you want.” When he breaks away, he says, “Anything with you.”

You stare at him for a few seconds, summoning your minute courage. “Okay.”

He sits back up on his knees, eyes trained on you. “Sure?”

“Yes.”

You expect him to get off you so you can assume the position, but he doesn’t move. His hands do. His fingers caress your folds, his other hand squeezes your thigh. You cover your mouth.

“You don’t have to be quiet,” he whispers in his raspy timbre.

You watch him until he slides a finger in and then your eyes shut, back arches, and hands seek the bedding to hold on to.

“I thought we were—”

“You first,” he replies to your incomplete question.

“But—”

“Shut up, jagiya.” His tone is playful, but when you open your eyes, his expression is stern. Your

breathing is already getting shorter, especially when he stimulates your clit. You think you can tell now, how close you are, but he seems more in tune than you because he lifts an eyebrow when you gasp (you thought you had longer) and then release. He watches you unraveling, smirking the whole time. You'd hit him if you had the strength. Then he grabs your hands and pulls you up so he can kiss you. "Less stressed?"

You can barely form words, so you just attempt a glare at him which only makes him kiss you again.

"Still okay with this?" he asks and you nod. "On all fours."

He moves off you, hands not leaving your skin as you place your hands on the bed, knees too. It feels very wrong, very strange and very embarrassing, especially considering how shaky you are.

He strokes your back and then along the curve of your ass. "Okay?"

"Yes?"

"That's nice and confident." He lets go and you can hear him getting rid of his pants and underwear.

"I trust you. The rest of this..." You really don't know where you're going with that statement. Besides, now you feel both his hands on your hips. "Um, do I need to help you out?"

"Ohhhh, I've been good since you came out in the pink."

You feel your face heat at the compliment, but you're also a little proud. Your body, which you definitely have never thought could, can seduce someone. You can seduce someone.

That's something you thought would never be true.

"So..." you begin as he's still rubbing your skin, and you feel him right there (he is 'good' as he said). "Different scenery?"

There's a strained laugh. "Ask me after. I'll wax poetic about your back and ass." He eases in and you try to relax. He continues, one hand warm on your side as though reassuring you. You breathe in so quickly, you feel him tense. "Did I hurt you?"

"No, um, no." You try not to sound like you've inhaled helium. "Just, hits... different."

He leans over your back, kissing your shoulder. "Good different?"

"Yep."

There's an answering chuckle before he raises up again and pulls out. He goes back in and you grunt.

"That's... new." It is different. All you can focus on is where he's touching, both with his hands and cock. He's deeper than before, filling you in a way that makes you feel taken and conquered. Owned.

He's completely in charge and you're just here, letting him do what he wants.

Your feminism should be completely appalled at this, but you trust him. He has proven to you over and over that sex and its many iterations are safe to explore with him.

Another laugh. "I can hear your brain trying to process this." He doesn't say much more as the rhythm slowly increases. Your normally quiet home is filled with sounds that you can't imagine you'll ever get used to: they are so human, so base. In the best way possible.

One particular thrust hits so deep that you feel lightheaded.

You miss his face. Despite that the stroking is affecting new places in you, a lot more surely than they do normally, you love his face. Every expression, microexpression as he feels the build and subsequent shattering. The tension that highlights the lines of his body and face, followed by the melting. The drain of tautness, and the sleepy cat-eyed look when he snuggles into your neck or chest.

But it's building in you. Though you're satiated, you feel the coiling in your core, your limbs all the more trembling.

"Fuck," he breathes out. "Fuck, you feel so... so good." His hips stutter and he comes, collapsing on top of you. You don't have the resilience to hold him up and you collapse under him, which pulls him out of you.

"Sorry!" You are breathing nearly as hard as he is. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" He is panting against your back, mouth kissing whatever skin he can find. "Am I crushing you?" He manages to get out the question in between breaths.

He's sweaty and basically a heater, but you don't want him to move. "No."

He rolls off you anyway, his hand splayed on your back. "So?"

You turn your head to look at him. His face is pink and shiny. You just want to stare. "So?"

"Final analysis?"

You love his teasing smile. So you scoot closer to kiss it. His responding kiss is lazy, his exhaustion slowing his movements.

"I miss being able to see you. And touch you," you say softly. He pulls you close, arm wrapped around your middle. "Though it is... nice. I might have gotten close."

He gives you a peck on the nose. "I can get you off again. You sounded like it was more than just 'nice.'"

You bury your face in his shoulder. "I'm fine."

“Sure?” He grabs the blanket at the end of the bed to pull over both of you. “I don’t mind. If you hadn’t figured it out, I kind of like it.” You shake your head as he pulls you closer, kissing your sweaty brow and hair. “What time are we getting up?”

We .

You sniffle at the pronoun, but he doesn’t comment. Hopefully, he just thinks you just breathed him in.

“I’ve set my alarm for five.”

He groans. “The worst.”

You lift your head to see his eyes barely open, but on you. “You volunteered to be my driver.”

“I did.” He goes quiet, his fingers trailing along the slope of your back. “I saw the thing on the fridge.”

“All phone numbers you might need, trash day, what to do if my air conditioning stops... again and ___”

His mouth is on yours. You move to your side to align your body with his. Despite his fatigue (and yours), the kisses have the earlier urgency, the intensity that time is short. You let your hands wander wherever they want to, pulling on his hair just to hear his moan. He throws a leg over your hip, grinding against you even though he’s not recovered. He muffles a whimper when you press against his cock.

“Too much?” you ask, worried.

“Feels good,” he says. “You feel good.” He sucks on skin near your pulse.

“Are you... giving me a hickey?” You ask, though the breathlessness negates the admonishment you meant.

“To take with you,” he whispers. You cradle his face in your hands, so you can look at him. He blinks a few times, lips turned down into an almost-pout. You nibble on his lower lip and he puffs a breath in response.

“Give me as many as you want.”

--

It's quiet the next morning. Getting up and showering, getting dressed. Even when he joins you in the kitchen, neither of you speak beyond soft voices. He tells you he'll strip the bed and not to worry, he can do laundry. You walk around your house, checking for anything you might have missed and he stays by the back door, waiting. He looks so attractive with messy wet hair, jeans and a t-shirt, leaning against the door. The photo roll on your phone would be full of him if you didn't think it would embarrass the both of you.

Making him (sneakily taken at the bookstore while he shelved and you sat in the armchair) your home screen felt very relationshipy. You wonder if he's noticed. If he minds. If he understands how much of a big deal it is to you; never having someone to put there other than family and friends.

You hand him your keys and let him drive. You don't let him pick the music however, plugging in your phone for your coffeehouse mix. He complains a little about the mellowness, but even hums along after a while.

He reaches for your hand once you're on the interstate and doesn't let go until the Departures sign and arrow tells him where to go. You check your phone to see that your BFF and her husband are already inside. He pulls up to the curb and gets out even though you tell him he doesn't need to.

He ignores you.

Your suitcases and bag are on the sidewalk and he's standing next to your trunk, about a head shorter than you and you feel like you might cry.

He shuts the trunk and looks up at you.

He's so beautiful.

"Have fun."

You nod.

"Don't forget, okay?" He takes your hand and kisses it, like you both have stepped back a hundred-plus years. He doesn't have to elaborate. You know what he's talking about. Indeed, it'll probably be on your mind every time you see a man who looks remotely attractive.

You nod again, though you haven't changed your thoughts on the matter either. You stroke your hand on his cheek before leaning down to kiss him.

"I'll write you annoyingly long emails."

He smiles. "Nothing annoying about that." He lingers, lips on yours, gentle and sweet before you both draw back. He gives you that flat line of an expression as he steps away and hurries to the driver's side of your car. A security guard is already heading over to tell him to move on. You don't move until the car disappears in the chaos of more cars, taxis, and busses.

You wipe your eyes before texting your best friend back that you're on your way to the security gate. A text comes through.

yoongi :: miss you. already.

Part 11 - Missives

Greece - June 2

yoongi:: miss you. already

:: Here. Arrived. Alive. Lol

yoongi:: was in a meeting. glad you're there. have fun, okay?

:: How much fun? a little? a lot? :)

yoongi:: medium

:: medium it is

:: miss you, too.

Greece - June 5

yoongi:: i got your postcard

:: Sent it from the airport. lol

yoongi:: looked like it. how did I warrant a postcard with half-naked greek men on it?

:: I didn't want you to feel left out on the scenery. 😊

yoongi:: uh huh.

:: I have yet to see a man like that. Mostly grandpas and little boys. There's one who keeps asking me to play video games with him.

yoongi:: tae says you're the worst player he's ever seen

:: He's not wrong

Greece- June 6

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

Yoongi,

I miss you. Guess I'll get that out of the way now. I was going to say something more flirty or coy, but I can't. It was rainy here when we arrived. No sun for you to hide from. But now it's clear, almost like I could forget how dark and black the sea was. It's bright blue today, the light-colored buildings blinding with the sun reflecting off them. I need stronger sunglasses.

This seems silly. I'm talking to you about the weather.

Tomorrow the bff and husband are indulging me, and we're going to see the amphitheatre that is still mostly intact. I've always wanted to, like paying respects to the origins of theatre. They were so good at understanding acoustics, that people in the nosebleed seats could still hear. I find that amazing.

I hope studio work is good. I don't really expect you to have time to write me back. You're more of a texter, which is fine. Any words from you, don't feel pressured.

It's so pretty here. I'm sitting on the little balcony of the rooms we've rented, looking out to the

blue. Writing you. Telling you that you are in my thoughts.

Your (I had to look that up, I hope it's right)

--

Greece - June 6

I wonder if my teen self would claim me these days. We went to the amphitheatre which was indeed a sight to behold. It was so big, and still so intact, despite thousands of years working to erase it. Our tour guide led us down the steps/seats carefully to the stage at the bottom. Some of the tourists did things like 'To be or not to be.' (No one knows more than that and I don't know why that bothers me. English prof problems). It was my turn and I was embarrassed? Me? Me who used to get on the stage with only a trace of stage fright. Who loved being on stage so much it was my entire plan for my life?

I am not that girl anymore. I'd rather just watch others, maybe help them do better, but I don't want to be the center of attention. Not for strangers. My teen self would be appalled. And probably wonder if aliens had taken over her body. Teen me didn't even believe in aliens.

I did the opening of Henry V (what I could remember). BFF did the best line from Buffy. "Out. For. A. Walk. Bitch." Her husband declined. Then the tour guide started in with the history and the way things were performed during that time. I had to bite my tongue not to jump in with what I knew. No one wants that kind of tourist in their group.

I'm glad we did it, but I guess I thought I'd feel more. More loss for that part of my life or something. But not really. It's just a place. With history. People who sat here, people who performed here.

I'm writing all this out so I don't text Yoongi. I don't think he'd mind that much, but I've texted him nearly every day and that's just...well, it feels pathetic. It doesn't help that my best friend and her husband are super touchy with each other on vacation. I should be used to it. I am.

But now that I know what it's like to be close like that, I just miss him.

He's stupid if he thinks I'd even want to be with someone else like that.

--

June 10 (on the way to romania)

(19:43) yoongi:: audio.mp4

:: is this your song?

yoongi:: when you have time to kill. it's the drowning song. sorry i didn't let you listen before. i still don't know if i'm completely happy with it

:: are you ever really really happy with your music?

yoongi:: wow, called out.

:: i mean, that's partly why you're so talented. you don't settle for subpar work.

yoongi:: how on earth could you know that?

:: i pay attention. lol. there's this saying 'art is never finished, just abandoned.' let it go.

yoongi:: da vinci

:: i love that you know that.

yoongi:: yeah? is it hot?

:: uhhhh.

yoongi:: how hot is it?

:: you know you're very attractive

yoongi:: that's not how you sext, jagi.

:: i'm not going to sext you

yoongi:: why not?

:: i'm on a train to Romania. And you want me to listen to your song.

yoongi:: i want to think about you naked

:: my participation is unneeded for you to do just that.

yoongi:: lol. Fine. enjoy your train ride.

....

(20:02) yoongi:: i'd totally have you in the train bathroom

:: you're relentless

yoongi:: but you're thinking about it now, aren't you?

:: truthfully?

yoongi:: always

:: i wondered what it would be like in a sleeper car with you. those narrow beds, the rhythm of the train, being quiet enough for those thin walls

yoongi:: fuck.

--

Romania - email exchange (june 13)

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

Yoongi,

I have met no vampires. Or I have, but they have been very reticent about revealing themselves as vampires. My neck remains unmarred, and we still eat garlic in a lot of meals.

I'm not sure why I'm disappointed.

sent from minpd93@gmail.com:

I'm not into vampires. Sparkly or otherwise.

Yoongi

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

Yoongi,

Why not? They tend to be unworldly beautiful.

sent from minpd93@gmail.com:

Sweetheart,

They're dead.

m.y.

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

Yoongi,

They are undead. That's a very different thing.

sent from minpd93@gmail.com:

Cold and don't breathe. Nope.

m.y.

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

I had no idea you were so narrow-minded.

sent from minpd93@gmail.com:

Sorry to burst your bubble. No vampires.

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

What about werewolves?

sent from minpd93@gmail.com:

Claws kept short... okay.

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

So if I get bitten, we're okay?

sent from minpd93@gmail.com:

I could adjust.

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

Noted.

P.s. miss you.

sent from minpd93@gmail.com:

Back at you, . Don't forget to wear silver if you'd like to stay human for me.

--

Romania - June 15

sent from alwaysreading@gmail.com:

Yoongi,

You'll be grateful to know that after visiting two Romanian castles, I have no desire to live in a castle. It's too drafty.

But I've attached some photos for you to see how beautiful they are. Yes, that's the best friend imitating two of the statues we found in the abandoned castle garden. It's her thing.

The last one is me. BFF said I looked like a forest faerie. What do you think?

Text response - June 16

yoongi:: you are very much a faerie (who spells it like that?). Send more photos. Less clothes too.

:: are you asking me to send nudes?

yoongi:: i mean, i didn't say that exactly, but if your mind thought that, I won't argue.

:: image.jpg

yoongi:: this is a bird

:: it's naked, isn't it?

yoongi:: touche

--

June 17

Jagiya,

I don't even know if I'll send this. Emails aren't my thing. A lot of words in general aren't my thing. But I wanted to talk to you today.

I wanted to tell you that I'm frustrated. Not with you. Just work. Work. It's not school or class anymore, it's work. It's the career I've pursued and today I just wanted to quit and go find a 'normal' job. One that has a steady paycheck and requires no creativity at all. No blood. No soul. Not that I have much soul invested here. I know I have to put in my dues, but I just want to be heard.

Maybe that's why I wanted to talk to you today. To be heard. You listen and you hold my hand and life doesn't feel so shitty. I want my head on your lap, your hand in my hair, you reading poetry aloud. I want your mouth on mine.

I want you so much, sometimes I can't breathe.

-not sent-

June 17

sent from minpd93@gmail.com:

Jagiya,

Where are you now? I went to the farmer's market and bought tangerines. Tae tagged along and nearly bought out all the strawberries.

Yoongi

--

June 18

yoongi:: did you just send me 10 photos of violins?

:: ARE YOU LOOKING AT THEM?

yoongi:: of course i am. But 10?

:: THEY ARE WORKS OF ART YOONGI!!!

yoongi:: why are you all caps, jagi?

:: BECAUSE I FEEL VERY STRONGLY THAT MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE UP THE VIOLIN

yoongi:: it's hard af

:: I know. My music skills are pretty poor. Trying to hold harmony in musicals as an alto was so hard

yoongi:: maybe you can get a violin keychain?

:: way to build a girl up, yoongi.

yoongi:: if you want flattery, you picked the wrong guy

:: i'm crying on the inside

yoongi:: hurry home and i'll kiss it better

:: now that's what i'll be thinking over when i have dinner tonight

yoongi:: good. my work here is done.

:: bet you miss having your hair pulled

yoongi:: well played, jagiya. well played

--

June 20

I wish I knew more about music production so I could find something for him here. I went to a church today, just to listen to the organ playing. It was so gorgeous, my eyes welled up. I think it was just the music. Maybe it's Yoongi.

It's not that I need him here. I just want to share all of this with him. Sharing joy is like multiplying it.

Is this what it's like? Is this what everyone (or what seems like everyone) gets to experience every day?

I'm so tired of being an odd number. Number 3 in a group, Number 5. Number 7. Every time there's a deal for two people, or four. What about those of us in odd numbers?

I'm being whiny. I might open a coffeehouse someday and all the tables will have odd numbers of chairs.

--

Text - Austria (June 21)

(22:15) :: audio.mp4

yoongi:: is this sfw?

:: what the hell do you think i'd send you? As an audio file?

yoongi:: ☹

:: my brain does not work like that.

yoongi:: bullshit. you read. i know that's corrupted you just a little.

:: listen to the file

yoongi:: you're not denying it.

:: listen to it!

yoongi:: lolol. listening.

(22:25) yoongi:: damn

:: it's beautiful, right?

yoongi:: how long was the symphony?

:: two hours. Two glorious hours of stuff like that.

yoongi:: jealous

:: i wanted you there. So much.

yoongi:: i'm on my lunch break, you can't say shit like that

:: why not?

yoongi:: sighs. how are you so innocent?

:: 🌍at work?

yoongi:: you're the one saying things like 📢

:: it's not even sexual

yoongi:: so the idea of me getting you off at a symphony doesn't turn you on either?

:: YOONGI!

yoongi:: break's over. think of me.

:: you're the worst.

yoongi:: ☹

--

Czech - June 24

We've finally arrived in Prague, though we aren't staying quite in the city centre. We're near Petrin, which might be the only Czech name I can pronounce (and I think I'm doing that badly). There's a small bed and breakfast (only three rooms available) that we have settled in. The owner is Valentin (I know!) who asked us, in beautifully accented English, to call him Val. He has a daughter, a ten year old named Jitka who helps him with the dishes (she might help him with more, but that's all I've seen so far).

My room is tiny, which Val apologized for, but the other room is occupied for the next two nights. I told him I loved it, which I do. Especially the lace curtains dressing the window that looks out on a few trees before getting to the main street. When I pointed them out, he thanked me and said his wife had picked them out. She died two years ago, from some sickness (I didn't understand his translation). After that awkward quiet, he said that he offers tea in the evenings downstairs. He hoped we'd come.

We'll be here nearly a week, so I unpacked my clothes and set them in the small chest of drawers. I've loved traveling, but I really do look forward to not living out of a suitcase and having more than just these outfits to wear.

Sorry, I pretty much stopped writing in the middle of a thought and I don't remember where I was going with that. We did have tea and it was lovely. It was nice to talk to someone from the area. Other than the obvious touristy things, he gave us a lot of things to try. I cannot wait to try all the food! BFF says he kept looking at me and I think she's full of it. He is handsome. Very distinguished looking, with pretty blue eyes.

Even if it's all in her head, it would be nice if he did see me like that. I'm not going to do anything about it. Even if Yoongi wasn't a part of this, I probably wouldn't.

But who doesn't like to feel wanted? Even in the shallowest of senses?

--

--

Czech - June 27

"Hyung," Hoseok elbows him. "You're vibrating."

It takes Yoongi a second for his friend's words to make sense. He had been in his own world for the last few minutes. The whole house is in a debate over dinner plans and Yoongi is too tired to make a decision.

Not that he doesn't vote for hotpot, but he's always alone in that one.

He grabs his phone from the coffee table, squinting as though that will explain how you are calling him. He slides his thumb across the screen and brings it up to his ear.

“Jagiya?”

“Yoongi,” your voice is so warm and effusive that he can feel his cheeks heat. “You answered.”

“You called.”

“Thought you might be working. I was trying to figure out what to say on your voicemail.” Your words are slower than usual, but he wonders if that’s just the reception on the call. “Where are you?”

“At home. Your home. With the guys.” He winces. He knows you said it was okay, but on the weekends, the guys really like leaving the city and coming to your place. It only took a week for them to realize that. “If that’s okay.”

“Four wonderful men in my house? No one would believe me.” You giggle.

“Are you drunk?”

“Um... Maybe?”

He gets up, waving off Hoseok who wants to steal the phone and talk to you. “You don’t know?”

“Welllllll, it’s my first time having absinthe, so I am not sure of the correct lingo.”

He pauses on his way back to your bedroom. “Absinthe.”

All three of his housemates stop talking and look at him.

“It’s really easy to get here in Czech. That’s where I am. Yoongi, it’s beautiful here.”

He continues to the bedroom, shutting the door behind him. “I bet. So are you drunk-dialling me?”

He can't help the little smile on his face. He's never seen you legitimately intoxicated. He's bummed he can't see it now.

"No! Yes! I mean, I wanted to hear your voice."

"Yeah?" He plops on your bed, laying back with his arm under his head.

"I think the BFF and her hubby have ditched me for the night."

That didn't sound like them.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes. In the bedroom of our B and B."

He breathes a sigh of relief. "So, you're safe."

"Yes, but I think they went to find a hotel room so they can have crazy hot sex."

He snickers. "So?"

"It's unfair. You're not here, so no crazy hot sex for me." Your voice has a whine to it and god help him, he thinks it's adorable. "And before you say it, yes, I could go sleep with someone else, but I don't wanna. Even the really nice owner with the cute kid here. Like if I was gonna, I would."

His heart freezes. "You've met someone?"

"He runs this place. Single dad," you sound like you're pouting. "And he's handsome and speaks really good English. Best friend says he's interested, but she's biased. Even if he was... he's not you."

Yoongi swallows. “Oh.”

“I want to be with you. I wake up all alone in this sweet little bed, in this cozy room. I can see so many beautiful buildings outside my window and I just wish...” You trail off. “I wish you were here.”

“Jagi—”

“And this isn’t meant to make you feel bad or anything. I know you can’t come out here. You’re doing your studio hours and you are so close to the end of your degree. It’s dumb, but I’m so proud of you. You work so hard. You’re so tired, but you still came out to drive me to the airport.” There’s a snuffle on the other end. “Maybe you are an angel.”

“Probably not.”

“You’re right. I mean, an angel having sex with a mere mortal probably kicks them right out of heaven and I wouldn’t want that for you. Eternal damnation is not a great trade, no matter how good the sex is.”

He laughs at your rambling.

“Am I talking too much?”

“Not at all. I like hearing your voice, too.”

You sigh. “You say the loveliest things. In the loveliest voice.”

The warmth is back and he closes his eyes. “I can say lovelier things if you want.”

There is a moment of silence. “You’re talking about phone sex, aren’t you? You really want to. This is like the millionth time you’ve mentioned it.”

He chuckles. “I think that’s a bit exaggerated.”

“More than once. Less than a million.” You don’t say anything more. “I feel you judging me.”

“Not a bit, jagiya. Also, you can’t say you don’t want to.”

“How do you figure?”

“You brought it up without me saying anything really. So you’re thinking about it.” He waits for a protest, but there is none. Which makes him sit up and say your name.

There’s a huff on the other end. “Okay yes. Like hearing your voice, being stupidly tipsy and I haven’t seen you in days and days, haven’t touched you in weeks...”

“You’re horny.” It’s half question, half statement and Yoongi is beyond delighted. “What are you wearing?”

There’s another huff. “That’s not very original.”

He chuckles. “Give me something.”

“Should I lie? Silky, black and lacy?”

He covers his mouth and laughs full out. “No. Tell me the truth.”

“My favorite old jeans and that black t-shirt of yours that you snuck into my suitcase.”

“You’re welcome for that, by the way.”

“Yoongi, this is too weird.”

“How much do you miss my touch?”

You hiss and whimper. His smile grows. He opens his mouth, more than ready to continue, but then hears a knock through the phone.

“Uh, hello?”

He hears your name spoken in a muffled way (like through a door) in a very male voice.

“Who is that?”

“The owner,” you whisper. “I, uh... Yes! I’ll be down in a bit!”

“The single one?”

“There’s only one owner.” He can hear you getting up and rustling around. “He’s making tea and invited me to join him.”

“Jagi.”

“I should let you go anyway. I’m sorry to keep you on the phone this long.”

“Sweetheart.” It’s not the interrupted session of phone sex that has him so worried, is it? He’s pretty sure he wouldn’t have gotten too far with you.

“Have a good night with the guys. Give them my love.” You hang up and Yoongi is left on your bed, alone. He rolls off, sliding the phone into his back pocket and rubbing his hands over his face.

“Fuck,” he exclaims to the empty room. You’re tipsy, with a man, in a foreign country. And yeah, maybe he said this is exactly what he wanted.

He really doesn't want this.

--

Journal - Jun 28

Well, I did it.

Part 13 - Home

Chapter Notes

warnings: SMUT (of course) in the form of penetrative sex w/o protection, hand job, oral f. receiving; language, FEELINGS, alcohol intake (we know everyone is way of age here), FEELINGS, talking about feelings, yoongi being way too amazing for words

a/n: hahaha, so um, thanks for not you know...hurting me for last chapter's cliffhanger. i swear it's the last one. speaking of last, this is the penultimate chapter, but really, it wraps up things (I think and hope). I will do an epilogue and i already have a few drabble ideas in mind, but this....holy shit....this is it. hugs to my support team of @sasseone, @deoxyribonucleicacidworld, @xjoonchildx, @hobi-gif for encouragement and critique. to my patreon ppl who support me with some finances and lovely comments.

and to you dear readers, wow and expletive (i have no idea what to put here). this has been a real journey for me as a writer and me as a person. you all have sent me the kindest asks, comments, messages about birthday girl and this yoongi; and how much they mean to you. i can't express what that does for me. thank you. from the bottom of my cynical, dried-up heart: thank you. i hope this doesn't disappoint.

yoongi:: i'm so so sorry, jagi. I can't get off work to pick you up. I'll bring the car the moment i can tonight.

You don't mind. Not really. You're gross from being on a plane for over thirteen hours, never mind living out of a suitcase for nearly a month. The idea of going home to an empty house to take a shower and do laundry and possibly nap for seventy hours sounds like heaven.

The best friend and her husband have no problem dropping you off, with a travel-weary hug and a promise to have a meal together soon. It doesn't matter that you've been with them this whole time. You always have it in you to spend time with them.

You find the spare key under the deck chair and let yourself in. It smells clean. Not that you live in a disaster, but it's a very nice lemon-clean smell that you recognize as one of your bottles of cleaner.

Did he clean?

You lock the door and set your keys on the table, pulling your suitcase and carry on with you down the hall to your bedroom. Before you'd left, you'd emptied a drawer in your dresser (no easy feat as you hated to throw things away that were mildly functional) for Yoongi if he needed it if/when he stayed.

You didn't mention it to him before you left, your mind and body too occupied with other thoughts and actions.

You set your case on your bed and pull open the once empty drawer.

It's dumb, right? Dumb to feel so much at a drawer full of black and grey t-shirts, black boxer briefs and a few rolled up pairs of socks (he really doesn't do much color, does he)?

Dumb to touch one of the shirts and sigh at its softness?

You close the drawer, shaking your head and move to do the unpleasant task of unpacking. You make sure that the first load is going before you turn on your shower. Your phone beeps at you.

yoongi:: home?

:: yes, thank you. The place looks better than how I left it.

yoongi:: i wanna claim responsibility but a lot of it was hoseok.

You laugh at the honesty.

yoongi:: it'll be late when I get in.

:: if you need to stay in the city, that's fine. I'm not planning on leaving for at least 24 hours.

Was that okay? Yes, you needed, wanted to see him, but you're nervous. And when you're nervous you procrastinate.

What a great adult you are.

yoongi:: i might like your bed better than mine.

Your face heats. Even if it really just means that you chose your mattress well and it's a delight to sleep on.

You take a shower, washing off the hours of canned air and so much human interaction, and enjoying your own loofah and large bottles (no more travel size). You have one of the longest showers you've probably ever taken.

You resist falling into your bed in your towel, knowing it's still a little too early to go to sleep, even though it's six hours later according to your body. You reluctantly dry yourself off, leaving your hair a wet and tangled mess.

It's dinner time, so you scrounge in your own kitchen to come up with leftover fried rice. The idea that he has just chilled here and had takeout gives you way too many feelings. It smells okay and all of a sudden you're starving.

Most of the hours pass in a whirl of laundry and going through a month of mail. Yoongi didn't throw away anything. Not even the obvious 'or resident' mail. It amuses you that he didn't, that you are now stuck with life insurance offers, and realtors wanting to 'be the one' to sell your house. The pile of pointless and rather wasteful mail is much taller than the bills, one letter from your surrogate grandmother, and two 'this much off if you spend more than you should' coupons.

You can be gone for a month and very little has changed.

And yet... a lot has changed.

You glance out the window of your back door as though your car and Yoongi will suddenly be there.

Fuck, you're really anxious.

Which part do you say first? It doesn't matter that you've thought of nothing else on the entire way back. Probably why your dreams had been so unsettling when you dozed on the plane.

As you sit on the couch, exhaustion falls, making you yawn. You glance at the clock over your television. It could be hours with what Yoongi considered 'late'.

Maybe closing your eyes isn't the worst idea.

"Jagi?"

It's amazing to hear his voice, even in your dreams. You've never been really great at remembering too much of your nightly imagines, only the emotions stirred. To hear the low rasp of his voice makes you hum.

"Jagiya?"

You think if you reached out you could actually touch him.

"I can't carry you to bed. I'd probably drop you."

Your eyes open and there he is, sitting on the end of the couch, looking at you with messy hair (did he get a haircut?) and his glasses fogged up.

"Yoongi." You're up and moving over to him before your brain can catch up, your hands seeking to touch. "You're here." His skin barely feels real in your hazy state. You brush your thumbs over the apples of his cheeks. You can feel his skin heat under your hands.

"Yep."

"I missed you," you say, wanting to infuse those three words with everything you're feeling. Every time you thought of him while halfway across the world. Every time you wanted to hold his hand, to kiss him.

You can see that he is holding a takeout bag and his messenger bag, so he's not touching you back. But he's looking.

What are you so nervous for?

"I missed you too." He leans in and presses his forehead to yours. "You smell good."

"You smell like fast food."

He chuckles and you close your eyes to soak in that laugh of his. The one that always sounds like he didn't mean to.

"What do you mean you'd drop me?" you ask, eyes opening again. "Are you calling me fat?"

You can't stop smiling. He's here. You're here. A month apart felt like ages but also only two seconds. He bumps noses with you.

"You did say you ate your way through Europe."

You laugh and playfully push his shoulder, drawing back from him. All you want to do is stare at him. He looks great, but tired. The messy hair is adorable, but the smudges under his eyes make you want to wrap him in your arms.

"How's work?"

He sighs and then sets down both bags, right on the coffee table. He brushes back your still wet hair.

"I'm exhausted."

"You look it."

“My honest girl.”

You feel your eyes well up. You have to tell him.

“I need to talk to you.”

Something flickers in his eyes, noticeable even though the lights aren’t bright in your living room.

But he nods, slowly. “Okay. But I’m honestly half-dead and you look like you might conk out in three seconds.”

“You’re just full of compliments tonight.” Your quick answer covers your disappointment that he wants to wait. You need to get it all out. Right? “Okay.”

He smiles, a slow sexy stretch of his lips. “Can I sleep in your bed?”

You make a face at him, wrinkling your nose. “Only if you shower first.”

He rolls his eyes. “So no kiss?”

Your lips part, eyes dropping to his as though the mere mention makes them a target. The smirk is back.

“Not even a little one?” he whispers, moving closer, reminding you how much you need to tell him. You gently place your hand over his face, pushing him away.

“Nope.”

He huffs, but his grin is sly. “You’ll probably be asleep by the time I get into bed.” He gets up off the sofa, stretching

“Probably.” You reach out to grab his bag, but you’re startled by a kiss to your temple. You look up at him and he gives you a lopsided smile. But he doesn’t say anything, just takes his stuff and leaves you in the living room.

You press your hand over your heart like a southern belle in a bad period film. You’re not sure what your heart is doing. You’re not sure your heart knows what it’s doing.

You eventually make your way to your bedroom, checking the doors and turning off lights. It’s more early than late for bed, but jet lag is a bitch. You curl up under the sheets, inhaling the scent of your laundry detergent (who knew that felt like home). The sound of water running in your bathroom causes your eyes to drift shut.

It’s in that sleepy fog that you feel your bed dip with his weight. You reach out, almost instinctively now. His hand clasps yours.

“Okay, jagiya?”

“Okay,” you whisper, tired enough that your inhibitions are almost gone. But you’re too aware of the power of the words you wish to say.

It’s about timing, right?

--

He wakes you with another kiss. This time, on your nose. The softness of it, the sweetness draws you out of whatever dream island you were on.

“Yoongi?”

“Morning.” His voice is effectively rumble and despite the heaviness of your limbs, you feel much more alert.

You squint your eyes open to see him right above you, looking down as though this is normal. Waking you up after a night by your side is just... normal.

You immediately cover your mouth with your hand and he smiles.

“I really don’t care.” Never mind that you can smell the mint of your toothpaste on him.

“I do.” You maneuver away from him, trying not to laugh as his lips chase your covered ones. He lands a kiss on your fingers, not too far off from where your lips are. You roll out of your bed, avoiding his legitimate grabby hands and hurry to the bathroom. You attempt to tame your hair before brushing the morning out of your mouth. You look like you’ve been sleeping and as you spit and rinse, you remember all the things you’ve been turning over in your brain for what feels like days and weeks, maybe even months. Turning over like those rock tumblers, smoothing the rough edges away until something acceptable is left.

You really hope it’s acceptable.

When you return to your bedroom, he’s slipping on a t-shirt. You pause and he catches your gaze. He sighs, making a sheepish face.

“I couldn’t get off work today.”

Of course he couldn’t. It’s a very important ‘last step’ of his schooling. He needs to be there.

You nod. “Of course. You’re going in early?”

He sits up, opening his drawer and grabbing a pair of clean boxer-briefs. With his eyes squarely on you, he strips the underwear he slept in and puts on the new ones.

Your cheeks heat at his ease stripping in front of you, especially when there’s no aim for sex.

“If I go in early, I can get off early. And come home to you.” He runs a hand through his hair, messing it up even more.

His words are so powerful. Does he understand how much his words mean to you?

“Oh.”

He approaches you, still clad in just a t-shirt and his underwear. He tilts his head to the side.

“That okay?”

“Yes.”

Your response has him grinning wide, all teeth, and moving in to kiss you.

You have to tell him.

“Yoongi.”

He stops. “What is it?”

You open your mouth, but close it. Maybe you’re really aware of everything or maybe you read him better, but is he nervous? Is that the little shake in his voice?

“When do you have to leave?” You look beyond him at the clock on your vanity. He turns too.

“Like 15 minutes.” He looks back at you. “Bad timing.”

Isn’t it just?

You press your lips together. You can tell him this much. Let him decide what to do with the information.

“The night I called you.” You watch him take a step back as you begin. “Um, when I was drunk?”

“You said you were tipsy.” The teasing is in his voice, there beneath the worry.

You force a smile to your face. “Same thing. I ended the call.”

He lets out a long breath before backing up to sit on the bed. “You know it doesn’t matter, right?”

You blink at him, taken out of your carefully thought-out, though rather dumb, speech. “Huh?”

“Whatever happened. With that guy. It doesn’t matter.”

You don’t feel very impressive in your pajamas, standing in your bedroom. But you cross your arms anyway.

“How could it not matter?”

“I mean, to me. Whatever happened. You still—” He swallows. “I mean, you aren’t acting like you want to break up.”

Your eyes widen. “I’m sorry?” You can hear your voice drift into that shrill range and you work to keep it even. “Why would I share my bed with—? No. No. I’m not, but you—”

His head lifts at that, having dropped after his bombshell. “But me?”

You drop your arms. “Can I just… get this out?”

His smile is tiny, but encouraging, like he can’t help but be fond. “Go on, sweetheart.”

The endearment makes you falter, but you strive on, determined. “I kissed him.”

He waits as though you plan to say more. “And?”

“That’s it. I was a little drunk, and he was nice and handsome and I figured, maybe you had a point. Maybe I just want you because you want me. So I kissed him.”

He swallows again and you watch the movement of his throat. “I see.”

“Do you?” You walk to him, intent on finding the right words to make him understand. “Do you understand that the kiss was nice, but it wasn’t you? Kissing him was like... eating my favorite meal, but not made right. He wasn’t right.” You stop walking when your legs touch his bent ones. You don’t know what to do with your hands, so you just lay them lightly on his knees. “He wasn’t you.”

Yoongi’s face can be completely unreadable, but at the moment, you think he’s in shock. He thought you’d slept with Val, which is both frustrating (you’ll never agree with him) and sad.

“I wasn’t sure you’d want to kiss me if you knew I’d kissed someone else.”

He encircles your wrists with his fingers, a little too tight. “I thought you had slept with him. And I still wanted you. A kiss...”

You interrupt him. “Do not say a kiss is nothing.”

His hold loosens. “I won’t. I just...” His head drops and rests on your upper chest. “When you hung up, I hated myself for saying it. For encouraging you to be with someone else.”

Well, that is satisfying.

“Really?”

“Don’t sound so smug,” he replies, not looking up. “I still think—”

“No.”

He sighs. “I know.” He runs his hands up and down your forearms, raising up his head.

“Promise me you’ll never suggest it again?”

He purses his lips. “Yeah.” He glanced over at the clock, halting you from continuing. “I have to go.” He stands up, causing you to back up a few steps. Without hesitation, he cups your face in his hands and kisses you.

You melt.

There’s no other way to describe kissing him. It’s the same motions, the same body parts touching as anyone else you’d ever kissed, but it was different. It is different.

You realize you’ve rarely kissed anyone, loaded with feelings as you are right now. A sad commentary on your love life, but even the first night, kissing Yoongi was different.

Better.

“I’ll be home before supper, okay?” he says against your mouth. You kiss him again, gripping his t-shirt. “Can I use your car?”

“Yes. I plan to not do anything all day.”

He smiles, making you open your eyes to gaze at him. “I’m jealous.”

“You wanna stay and ‘not do,’ with me?”

“If I stay, we’re definitely doing something.” He punctuates the suggestion with another kiss, lingering this time, his fingers tracing along the curve of your ears.

“You might want to put on pants before you go.”

“You think?” he says, chuckling before letting go of you. He walks around to your closet. You watch as he pulls a haphazardly folded pair of jeans off the shelf in the corner. As he puts them on, he speaks again: “You emptied a drawer.”

“Yes. I thought you might need one.” You don’t say that you debated it for about three days before clearing out the ridiculous amount of t-shirts you own (how many is too many?). You don’t say that you’ve never made space in your home for someone. A guest room is one thing. A drawer is something else entirely.

“Thanks.” He buttons his jeans, allowing him to slide his hands into his pockets. “You sure about the car?”

“Of course. I might sleep more.”

He bites his lower lip to keep from grinning too wide before pulling you in for a hug. “I’ll hurry home.”

“Okay.”

“Thank you for telling me. Even if it doesn’t matter.”

“It does.”

“It matters to you. But it doesn’t change anything for me.” He rubs his cheek on the top of your head. “You can show me all your pictures when I get back.”

You just nod, holding him closer.

“Jagiya?” He notices. He notices everything.

“It was a long month.”

His breath catches before he replies. “Yeah.” He draws back. “Go back to bed.” Another kiss to your forehead and he heads out of the bedroom. You don’t move for several seconds, listening to him gather his things, including your keys. When the door closes, you mouth the words you want to say, trying them out.

You don’t give them voice. Not yet.

You doze for an hour or so after he leaves, your nose buried in his pillow before drifting off, wondering how he smells both comforting and desirable (much like the man himself). It takes a little while, your brain back to dissecting your plans, thoughts, feelings, and in general, the very makeup of you.

But jet lag is stronger than your ability to overanalyze and sleep does come. When you wake again, you feel better; maybe not emotionally, but your brain is less hazy. Enough to go through work emails that you avoided during your trip (out of sight, out of mind), learning that someone left suddenly and you are now no longer an assistant professor.

You pause, staring at the email.

You send a quick text.

:: I just got promoted.

It’s several minutes before a response comes in.

bff:: bout damn time

yoongi:: while you were gone? that’s talent

You smile at both texts.

:: I'm kinda still in shock.

yoongi:: i'll bring home something to celebrate, okay? gotta go. congrats, birthday girl

The moniker surprises you. He seems to prefer 'jagiya' to anything else, saying it like it's your real name. Does he still think of you like that? The bold but naive woman who approached him in a club, resulting in a one-night stand that has now lasted almost half a year, at least in communication.

You grab the book you'd taken with you on the trip, that you'd never gotten round to finishing and decide that maybe you'll forget for a few hours, enough to finish the book and perhaps Yoongi will be home.

You close your eyes at your own thoughts. Home.

It's not completely gone from your mind, but the book is entertaining enough to make two hours pass relatively quickly. You haven't moved for those two hours and you can feel it. So, you close your laptop and walk back to your bedroom, standing in the doorway to see the stack of jeans on your closet shelf.

You've lived most of your life alone, and often in your own thoughts and feelings. Many times someone you offered your heart to wasn't interested, citing reasons that you fall short. Making you feel like you misinterpreted anything that had appeared like affection, fondness, or interest.

You aren't making this up now, right? You're not alone in this. You can't be.

Inclined to picture the worst scenario, you comfort yourself that this might be devastating, but you risked it. You won't play it safe.

"Hey."

You jump, so completely in your thoughts that you didn't hear the car approach, the door or even

his footsteps. You spin around to see him at the end of the short hall. He holds up a bottle.

“What’s that?”

“Something sweet and bubbly. You like that.”

“You’re home for lunch?”

“Yeah.” He shrugs, walking toward you, glancing at his watch. “A late lunch. It’s nearly three, jagiya.”

Your grasp of time is really off currently. He leans in to kiss you.

“You didn’t hear me?”

“I was... thinking.”

He draws back, eyebrows raised. “That sounds ominous.”

He’s not wrong.

“You’re not denying it.” He sets the bottle on the washing machine, placing his hands on your shoulders. “What’s going on? You just got promoted. I thought I could take you out for dinner. I’d really like to see you tipsy when I can actually touch you.” His smirk is mischievous and when you don’t smile back, his eyes lose their mirth. “I thought we were good.”

“We are. I just...” You should wait, right? For the right moment, for the perfect setting. “I need to tell you something.”

His hands drop from you, a glaze over his eyes. “That’s... not good.”

“It could be.” Why are you talking? Just say it. He’s taking you out to dinner for a tiny promotion, something that no one but those who care for you would do: your parents, your bff.

“Jagiya... I really don’t want you—”

“I love you.”

Your confession *would* interrupt the man you love who almost sounds like he’s saying he doesn’t want you. But you’re trusting him. And yourself.

“What?” You had no idea his voice could go that high.

You take a deep breath, deciding to relish the words because who knew when you’d get to say them again.

“I love you.”

Gobsmacked.

You’ve never actually seen the expression so clearly on someone’s face, but Yoongi is gobsmacked.

Which makes your confidence teeter just a little.

Maybe you should have waited for a nice dinner, the setting and atmosphere all romantic. Maybe not in the middle of your hallway, the bottle of something sweet and bubbly dripping condensation onto the white metal lid of your washing machine. Maybe wearing something a little nicer than yoga pants and a t-shirt. Maybe with Yoongi having styled his hair, not under a beanie.

Maybe you fucked it all up.

He still hasn’t said anything.

“You don’t have to say it back.” That’s what they say in the movies, right? Even though that is probably the only thing you want to hear in this very moment of your rather uneventful, certainly boring life.

What would it be like to hear someone say ‘I love you’ and not because it’s family or friends? *The* love; eros, romantic, the wanting of someone for life. A partner. A person you choose.

A person who chooses you. Chooses you first. Not last, or in second place. You’re the one he chooses.

“Yoongi?” You reach out to put your hand near his nose, just to make sure he’s breathing. It’s silly, but he really looks frozen.

“You love me.”

Can you get an allergic reaction from words? Your face feels so hot, like the sun is beneath your skin, blasting outward.

“Yes.”

Is this what it means when writers write ‘time stopped’? You always thought it might be a good thing. The world disappears and time stops. But right now, all you feel is a weird combination of both relief (you finally said it) and anxiety (what the fuck is going to happen now?).

“You... love me.”

This is not how you saw this going in any imagined scenario.

“Yes.” You move your hand to rest on his cheek. His eyes close. “I think you are one of the most wonderful men I’ve ever met. Ever known. I know I always seem nervous or jumpy, but being with you is so safe. You are—” Oh great, you’re gonna tear up. How many times has he seen you cry by now? “You’re the person I always want to be with.”

He releases a shuddery breath before turning his head to press his lips to the inside of your palm. Your heart rate, already rather staccato, speeds up. He meets your eyes and you curse how not helpful the one hall light is in revealing anything about his gaze.

Like a brighter light could help you understand this man.

“Yoongi?”

He shakes his head, moving in toward you, ushering you backwards and into your room. You stumble against the side of your bed. His hands fit round your waist to help you sit on the edge.

Perhaps you are now gobsmacked.

The hand kiss meant something good, right? He wouldn't do that if he was bothered, or burdened, or just in it for sex, right?

You want to speak again, but you press your lips together and wait. Hoping that he'll say something to ease the marathon of thoughts in your head.

“I am so fucking in love with you.” It comes out of him like water released from a dam, bursting and gushing. His head is dropped, as though the mere act of speaking has exhausted him.

Now time stops.

He looks up, those dark eyes sharp and burning.

You can't speak.

“You're so giving and warm. You have your shit together. You don't need a barely-making-it-by grad student, almost out of school, with no secure job in a completely unstable industry. I live with guys, pretty much everything I own fits into one tiny bedroom.” He swallows and you see his fingers dig into your bedspread on either side of your hips. “You don't need me.” He tilts his head to the side, half-smiling at you. “You're crying.”

You hadn't noticed. You wipe your eyes, mostly so he doesn't go blurry. This is the moment of all moments to be savored. To be remembered.

"You're also the person I always want to be with." His hands find your hips, one thumb dipping under the waistband to touch your skin.

He waits, that little half-smile never wavering. You try to stop crying. You are more or less unsuccessful.

"Please say it again."

"Which part?"

"Any."

He chuckles, low and deep, before leaning in to kiss you softly. "I love you." He cuts off any reply, mouth back on yours, not softly. You open to him, your hands eagerly seeking his hair as he nudges your knees apart with his leg.

Can you hold him closer? Can you hold him too tightly? You want to be so close that not even air can separate you. He groans when you tug his hair after dislodging his beanie.

His mouth leaves yours only to trail down to your neck. You gasp and he chuckles into your skin.

"My pretty, sensitive girl." He looks up at you, frowning. "You're still crying."

"I'm... overwhelmed."

He makes a face at you. "You're dumb. How could I not fall in love with you?" He gently pushes you so you fall back on the bed, letting him climb over you, his arms bracing so only his lower half touches yours.

You shudder.

He smirks.

“I thought... we were doing dinner?” he asks playfully, sliding his leg back between yours, pressing his knee right against your core. “Aren’t you hungry?”

You glare at him, even though you’re trembling with need right now.

“Now you say something like ‘Yes, I’m hungry. Hungry for you’ or you know, some variation.” He looks so pleased with himself that you grab his shirt by the collar, pulling him down so you can kiss that stupid smirking mouth. He grunts at the move, but acquiesces to sliding his tongue along yours, one hand guiding your leg to bend and wrap around him. His other hand slips under your t-shirt, calloused fingers pleasant against the soft skin of your stomach.

Then your stomach growls.

He breaks the kiss, rolling over and laughing hysterically. You can feel your face burn with embarrassment and you cover your betraying body part with your arms. He’s still giggling when he rolls to his side to stare at you.

“Let’s go out.”

You stare back. “Us?”

“Yeah. Let me take you out. We’ll eat, drink, be merry.” He leans in, nosing and kissing the curve of your shoulder. “I took tomorrow off.”

“You did?”

He reaches out to lace his fingers with yours, resting both hands on your stomach. Which growls again, making him grin.

“Well, my sort of boss made me.” His eyes move away from your clasped hands to your face. “When I asked off early to be with my partner who’d been gone a month, she told me to take tomorrow off too.”

Partner.

“Is that what you call me?”

He shrugs. “Girlfriend always seemed so...”

“Young?”

He rolls his eyes. “Kinda. Just not right for what we are.” He brings your clasped hands up to his mouth, kissing yours lightly. “Partner.”

“If I say that with a southern accent, it’ll be weird.”

He grins and kisses you. “Pardner.” It’s an atrocious attempt at the dialect and you snicker.

“Keep your day job, Min Yoongi.”

He opens his mouth to respond, but once again your stomach makes noise.

“I’m gonna shower. We’ll leave in thirty?”

It’s much later. After he takes you to his favorite Cajun restaurant. After he slides in next to you in the booth, hip to hip. After he teases you for your sensitive mouth, but makes sure you have plenty of water and cocktails to drink to abate the burn. Afterwards you order crème brûlée for the both of you, but you eat all of it as he grins and sips his whiskey.

It’s later. After you get an Uber, swaying slightly as he ushers you into the backseat, giving your address to the driver. You know you’re tipsy, drunk more on him and his presence than anything you consumed. He kisses you once in the back seat, squeezing your thigh to get you to stop. Which

does nothing to lessen the new kind of burn. You just want him so much.

It's after all that that you're back home in your bedroom. He's pulling off his army jacket (never mind that it's midsummer and hot outside) to hook on the back of your bedroom door.

"Yoongi."

He turns to give you his attention.

"I love you a lot."

His smile is so soft. Almost like he doesn't realize he's smiling.

"Yeah?" He walks toward you. You've planted yourself on your bed for safety as you are still spinny from everything. "Cause I'm pretty?" He wears arrogance so well.

You nod, enjoying his face so close. You cradle his face in your hands once he's on the bed with you.

"Pretty. Inside and out."

The smile goes back to soft. He kisses your nose.

"You too, birthday girl." He moves to kiss you solidly, pressing you back onto your pillows. "I really, really want to be inside you right now." He meets your eyes. "That okay?"

You nod, taken with the gruffness of his tone, the lower register giving you tingles. He starts to peel away the simple sundress you'd put on for dinner. He starts to tug it down your frame, but you shake your head.

"What's wrong?"

“Won’t go over my hips.”

His flash of smile is dark and tempting. He reverses, sliding it up, his hands along your sides, making you tremble. When it’s over your head, he kisses you leisurely, letting the fabric keep your arms above your head, restrained. You have a moment of doubt, of fear that he’ll leave you like this, unable to touch him.

He continues to kiss you, biting your lower lip as he removes the dress from you entirely, letting it fall on the side of the bed.

“I won’t ever do anything without asking, or checking in with you, jagiya.”

You’re so easy to read.

“I’m sorry.”

He shakes his head, looking down at your underwear-clad body. “No apologies.” He sits up on his knees, his hands running back down your sides until he’s at your waist, his thumbs right under your ribs.

You squirm.

“Ticklish?” He doesn’t really want an answer, continuing his path now at your hips, his fingers brushing along the width and roundness of them, where the bone protrudes slightly, where it’s all cushioned because you will never be skinny. “I had dreams of your body, its shape when you were gone.”

You try and sit up, but he hooks a finger in your underwear, tugging it down just a bit. He chuckles when you squeeze your legs together.

“You did?”

“I keep thinking I can somehow get that into my music. But no effect quite works.” He raises up off of you, removing your underwear completely. “Fuck, I have missed every part of you.”

You turn your head, unable to watch him stare at your cunt like that.

“Embarrassed, jagiya?”

“I’m still adjusting to someone wanting my body... and me.”

He waits until you look back at him, eyes both heated and soft before sliding down to kiss and lick your folds. You make an indescribable noise and he laughs against your skin. You try and squeeze again, but he has one hand on your inner thigh and he’s holding you open.

A month is a long time and you hardly feel like you have time to enjoy his gifted mouth when you come, your body shuddering with waves of release. He doesn’t move away until you push at his head, causing him to sit back up and wink at you. He removes his shirt, wiping his face on it and letting it fall, probably next to your discarded dress. He’s quiet when you sit up, shaky from your orgasm, but determined to get rid of his pants and underwear. He idly traces his finger along the cups of your bra.

You shove down his pants to his thighs, then his boxer briefs. He hisses when you take him in hand.

“Too harsh?” you ask, worried you gripped him too hard in your eagerness to make him feel good.

“No...” He grins sheepishly at you. “Just really missed your hand.”

You roll your eyes. “It’s a hand.”

He wraps his own around yours as you stroke him, smearing his precum to make him slick. His hand tightens around yours making you look up.

“It’s yours.”

You feel tears again, so you lift up to your knees to kiss him. He sighs into your mouth, his free

hand sliding to the back of your head, fingers in your hair. He pulls firmly, making you bare your throat to him. The sounds his mouth makes against your skin only add to the already obscene soundtrack.

Then his hand stops yours from moving.

“You good?” you ask as he loosens his hold on your hair. His face is flushed, glistening with exertion, lips shiny and pink. You kiss him, breathing him in. He inhales sharply, hands on your shoulders to push you back on the bed. He moves some of your pillows, propping you up some, his hand gently keeping your head from hitting the headboard. “I love you.”

He looks up. “I love you. *Saranghae*.”

You mouth the foreign word back.

He smiles, eyes bright before he puts one more pillow behind your head. He lifts one of your legs and slides in. You both moan in tandem.

“Oh fuck,” he mutters. “Fuck, you feel good.”

“Absence makes the heart grow fonder?” You barely can speak, but you get that out. His nose flares at your teasing and his only retort is to pull out and push back in, rendering you silent.

No matter how long you get this, you know it won’t ever be ‘just sex’ to you. It still mystifies you: both the ordinariness of it, and the sacredness of it. It’s just bodies, doing something that bodies have been doing for millenia. And yet.

Yet.

There’s no way to put it into words, just how much having Yoongi this close affects you. You won’t come from this. You don’t. But it doesn’t matter. He will. Tugging on his hair, kissing his jaw, his neck, moving in rhythm with him will make him feel good.

Just like he makes you feel good.

You hope you make him feel as good, cared for, and loved as he does for you. That's what love is, right? Just giving and giving to the other person as they give and give to you.

You hope so. You can't wait to know for sure.

When he falls on top of you, exhausted and spent, you play with his hair, feeling his rough breath panting against your chest. You kiss the top of his head.

"You good?" you ask after a few minutes.

"Yeah, jagiya." He kisses your collarbone. "I'm good. I might fall asleep like this."

"Okay."

You feel his body vibrate with his chuckles. "I don't think it'll be comfortable for you."

"I don't care."

He pushes himself up and off you, pulling out and you both wince. "Come on. Let's clean up and go to bed. We can sleep in tomorrow."

You nod tiredly and take his proffered hand and get off the bed too. You clean yourself up in the bathroom as he strips the bed. You pull on one of his t-shirts from his drawer and he smirks at the sight of you in it. While he pops into the shower, you put on new sheets.

Your phone, discarded on the dresser, flashes with a message. You smooth out the comforter before opening your phone to see.

bff:: hell yeah he loves you! don't forget to hydrate while having marathon sex. you don't want to pass out.

You show Yoongi the text when he comes back in and you're laughing. He smiles wide, gums and teeth showing.

"Should I tell her we're about to go to sleep?"

He takes your phone from you, setting it back on the dresser. He wraps his arm around your waist, pulling you under the clean sheets and against him.

"Let her think that and I'll make it up to you with marathon sex and water to drink in the morning." He buries his face in your hair, holding you close. You turn to face him, hands resting on his chest. His eyes already shut, face smooth in repose.

"Do you think you can say 'I love you' too many times?" you ask quietly. He scrunches his nose, telling you that he heard you.

"Don't know. Let's find out."

Part 14 - Anniversary (Epilogue)

Chapter Summary

warnings: no smut (just implied), happy happy feel good basically, Hoseok sings a lot, people are drinking and intoxicated, positivity,

I'm not really sure I need to do warnings.

thank you dear readers. for your love, your kindness, your support. i hope you will find my future stories even a little as entertaining as you found this story.

“Hoseok,” you say again and he just tuts at you, holding you by the chin.

“It’s his big night, noona.”

You sigh and let Hoseok continue doing whatever he’s doing to your face. It is indeed Yoongi’s big night. The album he’s been producing all on his own for some up and coming singer-songwriter has consumed his last few months. It’s the first one the studio has given him nearly free reign on. And it’s done.

Tonight is the launch party.

And you and Hoseok are his plus two.

So, Hoseok was at your house, doing your makeup because you’d promised him one night while intoxicated that he could make you up after gushing how good he’d done Yoongi’s the night you two had met. You hadn’t had someone do your makeup since the last play you’d been in (years ago), and it was nice to let someone else handle it.

“There.” He stands back, smiling at you like he’s a proud father or something and you turn toward your mirror to see what magic he has weaved.

He's done some contouring, what the actual hell?

You look far more sophisticated than usual. More put together.

Hopefully like someone who was the partner of a music producer.

It didn't worry you much, but the errant thought did sometimes taunt you, especially when Yoongi stayed late to work on a track. You know it's only a matter of time before he's sought after, before his talent and perseverance pays off.

You shake your head and Hoseok's smile drops.

"No?"

"No, I mean, yes, I mean... it's amazing, Hoseok," you quickly reassure him, standing up and going to ruffle his newly cut, newly blonde hair. He ducks away, laughing.

"I worked on this."

"Wait, that's worked on?"

His eyes widen with horror. "You think this tousled look is natural?"

"I'm guessing not."

He shakes his head, clearly disappointed in your knowledge. He points at you, then points at your bedroom, and therefore your closet.

"Change."

You drive the two of you to the station, finding short-term parking for the next several hours. You'd never been on the subway as fancily (for you anyway) dressed and certainly not with your makeup as flawless. It's a phenomenon to see people's reactions, and Hoseok is quick to point out several who are looking at you with admiration.

You think perhaps he enjoys teasing you almost as much as his best friend enjoys teasing you.

The walk to the party venue isn't far from your stop and you appreciate that it's winter, which means you get to wear boots instead of heels (though really, you rarely wear heels at any time because fancy isn't you, fancy isn't Yoongi... though he likes when you wear them because he says when you're taller, you're a different kind of sexy). Hoseok reaches out and takes your hand, spinning you around once and making you laugh.

"Calm down, noona."

"How did—?"

He points to your forehead. "Wrinkles right there." He smooths his fingers over your skin. "We're here for Yoongi. Hyung just needs moral support."

You know this. Yoongi told you he's nervous about the launch, worried that his first solo producer venture might flop. You are so excited for him, but despite six months of being official, you're no less aware of your age and his. Meeting new people in his life, looking like you do, never fails to concern you.

Yoongi likes the grey in your hair. Still calls it moonlight when he's had a few drinks and is feeling poetic. You offered to dye it, if it bothered him and he'd given you such an offended expression before dragging you to the floor of your guest room (now his studio away from the studio) and showing you how very attractive he found you.

Twice.

You follow Hoseok to the doors of the bar that the studio had rented for the evening. It's what you would term an urban bar—focused more on cocktails than beers, LED lights and shiny surfaces. Hoseok gives your names to the man at the door, who checks his phone and nods before letting you in.

Hoseok is still holding your hand and you are absolutely grateful for the grounding it gives you.

People. There seem to be people everywhere, wearing any and all things. You can smell a heady mix of alcohol and perfumes, possibly with a touch of weed. Hoseok wrinkles up his nose about the same time you think that and you laugh.

You're so grateful that Yoongi's friends are your friends.

"Where do you think he is?" you ask, moving closer so Hoseok can hear you. He shrugs, eyes roving around, taking in the people. You recognize Namjoon, Yoongi's former classmate who also is working in the business. He's more into song-writing than producing, but Yoongi goes to him for brainstorming sessions and vice versa. You can't say you feel like you can wave or seek out Namjoon just yet. Besides, he's talking to someone very passionately... probably about Nas, or Biggie, or someone else you don't know.

"Want a drink?" Hoseok asks, tugging you along as you weave through people like you're in a moving hedge maze, but people block your path, instead of overly tall shrubs.

You nod your assent as you both find the bar. Hoseok orders you a coke (you plan to drive and let the boys have all the fun) and himself a glass of wine.

As you sip your soda, a laugh catches your ear.

It reminds you of when you'd had crushes in school. When had a crush radar that could find the object of your affections in any situation, room, crowd, wherever.

You know that laugh.

Turning with a tap to Hoseok's shoulder, you search through the crowd until you see him. He's scratching the back of his head, hair still black as midnight though currently styled off his forehead, showing those pretty eyes of his. He's speaking with someone, eyes darting to them then away.

He told you once that he has a hard time making eye contact while sober. You replied that you'd never noticed.

He grinned, lacing his fingers with yours. “You wouldn’t. I never had any trouble looking at you.”

You made sure that he understood how attractive you found him that afternoon.

Twice.

“There he is.” Hoseok has no problem leading the way from the bar toward Yoongi. “Hyung!”

You can see around Hoseok’s shoulders when Yoongi sees his friend; his smile going from polite and tiny to just a little bigger. Then his eyes rest on you.

You read him so much better now, but he’s still pretty good at cloaking his emotions. The flicker of heat in his eyes is all that tells you he’s seen you.

Yoongi lets Hoseok hug him, rolling his eyes before reaching out for you.

“Hi.”

You love his soft voice; a little nervous and shy. You smile, mostly happy to see him and the rest is effort to be his moral support.

“Hi.”

“You two are still sickening,” Hoseok says before introducing himself to whoever Yoongi was just talking to. Yoongi looks at the woman, nods once before taking you by the arm. He loops it with his and moves along the wall until he finds a more sparsely populated area.

“You okay?” you ask once you think he can hear without you yelling over the din.

“Mostly.” He leans against the wall, holding you close. “I’m glad you’re here.”

“Of course.”

He looks over at you, then down to your feet and back up to your eyes. “Did Hoseok pick that out?”

‘That’ is what you’re wearing, though you think it’s mostly the form-fitting black jeans that hold his interest. The top is a pale blue, off one shoulder and your hair is up. Your coat and Hoseok’s checked in before walking up to the upper room.

He reaches out to touch your earring, making it tremble.

“You still nervous?”

He nods.

“Why don’t we get you a drink?” You start to pull him away from the safety of the wall and he lets you. You order him a whisky which he sips while you ask him to point out the people he works with. He does so, making you laugh with tidbits of his interactions with them; stories about thrown tantrums, and late night, and questionable lyric choices.

“Shit.”

“What?”

“I gotta go talk to—” He looks at you, eyes softening (which could be the whisky as he’s on his second). “I need to ‘network.’” You laugh when he makes the finger quotation marks and his answering smile is as soft as his eyes.

“Go on. I’ll be fine. I’ll find Hoseok and make sure he hasn’t enchanted everyone here.”

He drops his head just a bit, as though he’ll kiss you (he won’t, not in this kind of public) before his nose lightly touches yours. It’s his public display of affection and it melts your heart every time.

He leaves you near the bar and you find yourself seated on one of the stools, watching people. There are those dressed to the nines as they say (whoever they are) and those wearing what looks like it came from a tossed clothes pile (but probably worth more than you'll ever see).

You watch as Yoongi talks to whoever he needs to talk to, shaking hands and gesturing when you can tell he's talking about his work. He loves music like you love story. He understands the ins and outs of how music gets made and though he often explains it, you know you'll never quite 'get' it.

It's not like he fully 'gets' you when you discuss the use of cliches in *Candide* as a way to mock the adventure romance genre. He understands it, but you know he doesn't really care.

But he listens to you anyway.

The background music fades out all of a sudden and you find Hoseok by your side as someone comes on the microphone. There's a litany of thank you's and shoutouts. You and Hoseok giggle when someone ushers Yoongi to the mic.

He clears his throat.

"This project has been a work of love by our esteemed musician and I have been very fortunate to work with her. Thank you." He glances over at you and Hoseok and quirks a grin. "And to those loved ones who didn't complain when I didn't come home a few times."

There's a few scattered chuckles as Yoongi's face reddens and he moves away from the mic. The esteemed musician speaks next, then who you believe is the CEO (you really don't understand how it all works).

Then the room dims and you realize that the wall behind the CEO is a screen.

"The video," Hoseok whisper-yells at you. You can smell the wine on him. It's not unpleasant, just sort of adds to his overall brightness. "We get to see it first!"

You laugh at his enthusiasm just as a hand touches your arm. You turn to see Yoongi at your side.

“I’m hiding,” he says to the question in your gaze. You rest your arm over his shoulders (being on a barstool has its uses), fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck. You can see him relax a little as the theme music for the logo starts. Then he tenses again.

You don’t know why he was nervous (yes you do, the man is a perfectionist). It’s beautiful. The video itself matches the mood of the song so well. You’ll never understand how blended a song can sound when you know that Yoongi has worked on layers upon layers of track, instruments, and vocals.

You glance over to see his reaction.

He’s smiling.

You look back at the screen, closing your eyes to hear the last few measures without the distraction of the visual. It has the strings in it (you love those), the heavy beat (you know Yoongi loves that), and the singer’s soft and clear mezzo soprano voice all working together to change the entire atmosphere of the party. Before it felt like what you assume a night on the town in your twenties (you only had a few of those) would be like.

Now it’s calm, and a little yearning.

When the music stops, you open your eyes and see the black screen. It’s quiet for a split second and you can feel Yoongi’s neck stiffen under your hand. It’s automatic, your soft squeeze and low ‘it’s okay’, but your voice is drowned out by applause and a few cheers. You see the young musician smiling broadly, waving at the crowd. You can’t see all of Yoongi’s face, just his profile, but the muscles beneath your fingers go lax and his cheeks (or cheek as you can only see one) are dusted pink.

He turns to you, eyes bright and happy. You open your mouth to congratulate him (because what else can you say to your partner who’s a music genius), but he’s pulled away by someone from the studio. He mouths ‘I’m sorry’ and you wave him away.

“Do you think he’ll remember us when he’s big and famous?” Hoseok asks. You roll your eyes.

“How could anyone forget you?”

He grins, sipping his glass of wine. “So... I’m already imagining the choreo that I could do to his song.”

You order yourself another Coke and strain to hear above the dull roar of people schmoozing another talented genius share with you.

--

It’s probably not that late when you get both of them to the subway station. It’s only a little after 1am after all. But for you, it’s late. The Coke has kept you awake though and neither Hoseok nor Yoongi is a belligerent drunk. Hoseok is giggly and Yoongi is sleepy. So you sit between them, quietly reminding Hoseok that some people might not want to hear his rendition of " Don’t Stop Believing" at all decibels, while Yoongi is resting comfortably on your shoulder. His breath tickles the skin of your neck not covered by your coat.

“What time is it?” he mumbles once Hoseok has moved on to whisper-singing Piano Man . You glance at your phone.

“1:32.”

He lifts his head and blinks a few times, causing you to turn toward him. “I missed it.”

“Missed what?”

“Your birthday. 1:29.”

You blink back. “What?”

“I asked your mom. She said that you were born at 1:29am. I was waiting to say something.”

You knew that he was aware that your birthday was the day after, morning after the launch party. Tentative plans for a nice meal with your best friend and husband had been made, but it was a

Sunday and Sunday birthdays mean naps and hot cider and getting work done because life doesn't stop for the anniversary of one more year.

"When did you ask her that?"

"Last week." He smiles warmly. "She called to check if your present had arrived yet."

"You talk?"

He chuckles and slips his hand in yours. The sound of the subway trucking through tunnels and over tracks is an odd soundtrack (with Hoseok's somewhat on-key renditions of classic 80s songs) for the realization that your partner and your mom occasionally have conversations.

"Yeah."

You hadn't been nervous when Yoongi met your parents. Not even the age difference really worried you (though he'd been sweaty-palms and fidgety). Your parents were more than pleased to meet a man in your life. You saw a pinch in your dad's brow on the fact that Yoongi often stayed with you, but he didn't say anything. Even Yoongi replied that he hadn't said anything when your father had taken Yoongi aside for the 'man to man' talk.

"He loves you a lot." And that was all Yoongi said about the matter.

"So," Yoongi says, squeezing your hand, eyes still full of sleep. "Happy Birthday." He leans in and kisses you on the cheek. "And happy anniversary."

Your stop is announced over the speaker and Hoseok stands, ready. You hurriedly kiss Yoongi back, to say that you heard, you appreciate, and you'll say more later; before jumping up to make sure Hoseok grabs something to steady him when the subway car comes to a complete stop.

There is still singing in the car on the way back to your house, but now Yoongi has joined in; his impossibly low voice punctuating Hoseok's melody. It's not exactly something you'd suggest they work on for an album, but it's not unpleasant. Hoseok asks for a glass of water, which you get him once you're all in for the night, along with several pain meds. He kisses you on the mouth, then Yoongi the same, before trudging upstairs to the guest bedroom.

Yoongi laughs at your bewildered expression.

“He kissed me.”

Your hand is wrapped in his as he leads you to your (both of yours) bedroom.

“How was it?”

You watch as Yoongi peels off his shirt, messing up his hair. When you don’t answer, he looks back at you.

“Jagi?”

“Oh, um... nice, I guess? Kinda bruising, he kissed so hard.”

There’s another laugh and you find yourself wrapped in Yoongi’s arms. Your nose wrinkles at the scent-mix of whisky and people who are not Yoongi. He kisses your nose.

“I’ll take a shower. Join me?”

You do. Scrubbing his back and soaping up his hair. He leans back against you (and you lean against the shower wall), sighing.

“It was good, huh?”

“The party? Your song?”

“The song.”

“The song was amazing, hon. Absolutely beautiful and haunting. I really love her voice.”

He turns around, pushing your wet hair out of your eyes. He’s not saying anything, and just staring at you.

“We are not having sex in here,” you say firmly. He giggles before kissing you.

“I love you and I love being inside you, but sweetheart, I don’t think I even could if I wanted to.”

With a roll of your eyes, you turn him around so he’s under the spray and he sputters, but relaxes as you rub his head to make sure all the shampoo is out.

When you curl up next to him in bed (after making sure the house is locked and all lights are off), he’s humming to himself.

“Yoongi?”

“Hmm?”

“I’m really proud of you.”

His eyes open. “Yeah?”

“I hope you’re proud of yourself.”

“That’s never been a problem.” He scoots closer. “I met you a year ago, you know.”

You feel warm. “Yeah.” It feels like yesterday and a lifetime ago. You are different, but not. Bold enough to ask a beautiful man to dance, but worried he might laugh. To go home with him and find yourself a year later, in bed with him.

“So it’s your birthday and the anniversary of us meeting.” He kisses you softly, fingers reaching to tuck your hair behind your ear, lingering along your skin. “I’ve been thinking.”

“Sounds dangerous.”

“No, that’s you, professor.” He runs his hand down your side, his heat seeping through your fuzzy pajamas. He maneuvers your leg so it’s draped over his before he continues. “I make enough now.”

“What is enough?”

He pokes your side and you laugh. “I mean, it’s an actual ‘I can live off this’ salary as opposed to, ‘I hope ramen is on sale this week’ salary.”

You brush back his hair, waiting. “So?”

“Let’s find a place together.”

Your hand freezes in his hair, eyes dropping to his.

He squeezes your hip. “I know you love your place and I love it too, but we could use a bit more space.”

“But your house with the guys?”

“I want to be with you.” His fingers run from your hip to under your pajama shirt to touch your stomach. “My stuff, your stuff... our stuff.”

“Move in together. For real?”

He nods, eyes so sharp as he waits for your response. “If you want.”

It's not like you haven't thought of it. You've thought of any and all scenarios with Yoongi. Sometimes, you just can't believe he's here. That this thing between you continues to continue. It's not without bumps and hard conversations. But you have the conversations, and he always holds your hand when you do, so it's okay.

He's still here.

"Of course I want."

He lets out a small breath. "Good. Cause I need more than a drawer."

You make a face at him and he kisses you, wrapping his arms around you to pull you close. From small kisses to a long lingering one, he eventually draws back, forehead pressed to yours.

"I love you."

You hum back, the notes from his song still floating in your mind. "Love you too."

--

You wake the next morning with Yoongi's hands under your pajamas and a very excited voice calling from the kitchen, which halts all matters of what's going on under your pajamas.

"Noona! You bought me mini cakes?"

End Notes

© 2020-21 btsarmy9593: BTS belongs to BigHit and they are just inspiration. I am fully aware that my stories are not them, in any way. They are far better than any thing I could write.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!